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DE QUINCEY'S WORKS.

VOLUME XIII.

POLITICAL ECONOMY

AND

OTHER PAPERS

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

SEVERAL papers in this Volume were revised by the Author; others are republished (1860) in their original form.*

Two of those in the latter class demand a special remark, in justice to the Author's memory. The "Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected," were always kept in abeyance, with the intention of being considerably extended. In like manner, the paper "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," was marked out for alteration and enlargement.

EDINBURGH, *January* 1863.

* The paper on the "Traditions of the Rabbins," inadvertently included with the above in Messrs Hogg's original edition, having been discovered to be the work of Dr Croly, is now omitted, and its place supplied by "The Logic of Political Economy." The latter is here reprinted, by permission, from the edition published by Messrs William Blackwood & Sons in 1844

EDINBURGH, *February* 18, 1876

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LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN

WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

LETTER I.

My dear Sir,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ch—, for the second time in my life, I was much concerned to remark the general dejection of your manner. I may now add, that I was also much surprised; your cousin's visit to me having made it no longer a point of delicacy to suppress that feeling. General report had represented you as in possession of all which enters into the worldly estimate of happiness—great opulence, unclouded reputation, and freedom from unhappy connexions. That you had the priceless blessing of unfluctuating health, I know upon your own authority. And the concurring opinions of your friends, together with my own opportunities for observation, left me no room to doubt that you wanted not the last and mightiest among the sources of happiness—a fortunate constitution of mind, both for moral and intellectual ends. So many blessings as these, meeting in the person of one man, and yet all in some mysterious way defeated and poisoned, presented a problem too interesting, both to the selfish and the generous curiosity of man, to

make it at all wonderful that at that time and place you should have been the subject of much discussion. Now and then some solutions of the mystery were hazarded; in particular, I remember one from a young lady of seventeen, who said, with a positive air, "That Mr. M—'s dejection was well known to arise from an unfortunate attachment in early life," which assurance appeared to have great weight with some other young ladies of sixteen. But, upon the whole, I think that no account of the matter was proposed at that time which satisfied myself, or was likely to satisfy any reflecting person.

At length the visit of your cousin L—, in his road to Th—, has cleared up the mystery in a way more agreeable to myself than I could have ventured to anticipate from any communication short of that which should acquaint me with the entire dispersion of the dejection under which you laboured. I allow myself to call such a disclosure agreeable, partly upon the ground that where the grief or dejection of our friends admits of no important alleviation, it is yet satisfactory to know that it may be traced to causes of adequate dignity; and, in this particular case, I have not only that assurance, but the prospect of contributing some assistance to your emancipation from these depressing recollections, by co-operating with your own efforts in the way you have pointed out for supplying the defects of your early education.

L— explained to me all that your own letter had left imperfect; in particular, how it was that you came to be defrauded of the education to which even your earliest and humblest prospects had entitled you; by what heroic efforts, but how vainly, you laboured to repair that greatest of losses; what remarkable events concurred to raise you to your present state of prosperity; and all other circumstances

which appeared necessary to put me fully in possession of your present wishes and intentions.

The two questions which you addressed to me through him I have answered below: these were questions which I could answer easily and without meditation; but for the main subject of our future correspondence, it is so weighty, and demands such close attention (as even *I* find, who have revolved the principal points almost daily for many years), that I would willingly keep it wholly distinct from the hasty letter which I am now obliged to write; on which account it is that I shall forbear to enter at present upon the series of letters which I have promised, even if I should find that my time were not exhausted by the answers to your *two questions below.*

To your first question,—Whether to you, with your purposes and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities, or at any foreign university, can be of much service?—my answer is, firmly and unhesitatingly, No. The majority of the undergraduates of your own standing, in an academic sense, will be your juniors by twelve or fourteen years; a disparity of age which could not but make your society mutually burthensome. What, then, is it that you would seek in a university? Lectures? These, whether public or private, are surely the very worst modes of acquiring any sort of accurate knowledge; and are just as much inferior to a good book on the same subject, as that book hastily read aloud, and then immediately withdrawn, would be inferior to the same book left in your possession, and open at any hour, to be consulted, retraced, collated, and in the fullest sense studied. But, besides this, university lectures are naturally adapted, not so much to the general purpose of communicating knowledge, as to the specific purpose of meeting a particular form of exami-

nation for degrees, and a particular profession to which the whole course of the education is known to be directed. The two single advantages which lectures can ever acquire, to balance those which they forego, are either, *first*, the obvious one of a better apparatus for displaying illustrative experiments than most students can command; and the cases where this becomes of importance it cannot be necessary to mention; *second*, the advantage of a rhetorical delivery, when *that* is of any use (as in lectures on poetry, &c.) These, however, are advantages more easily commanded in a great capital than in the most splendid university. What, then, remains to a university, except its libraries? And with regard to those the answer is short: to the greatest of them undergraduates have not free access; to the inferior ones (of their own college, &c.) the libraries of the great capitals are often equal or superior; and, for mere purposes of study, your own private library is far preferable to the Bodleian or the Vatican. To you, therefore, a university can offer no attraction except on the assumption that you see cause to adopt a profession; and, as a degree from some university would in that case be useful (and indispensable except for the bar), your determination on this first question must still be dependent on that which you form upon the second.

In this second question you call for my opinion upon the eleventh chapter of Mr. Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, as applied to the circumstances in which you yourself are placed. This chapter, to express its substance in the most general terms, is a dissuasion from what Herder, in a passage there quoted, calls "Die Authorschaft;' or, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, "the trade of authorship;" and the amount of the advice is,—that, for the sake of his own happiness and respectability, every man should adopt some

trade or profession, and should make literature a subordinate pursuit.' On this advice, I understand you to ask, *first*, whether it is naturally to be interpreted, as extending to cases such as yours; and, *second*, if so, what is my judgment on such advice so extended? As to my judgment upon this advice, supposing it addressed to men of your age and situation, you will easily collect, from all which I shall say, that I think it as bad as can well be given.

Waiving this, however, and to consider your other question—in what sense, and with what restrictions, the whole chapter is to be interpreted—that is a point which I find it no easy matter to settle. Mr. Coleridge, who does not usually offend by laxity and indecision of purpose, has, in this instance, allowed the very objects of his advice to shift and fluctuate before him; and, from the beginning to the end, nothing is firmly constructed for the apprehension to grasp, nor are the grounds of judgment steadily maintained. From the title of the chapter (an affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors), and, from the express words of Herder, in the passage cited from him as the final words of the chapter, which words discountenance "authorship" only as "zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht" (practised too early, or with too little temperance), it would have been a natural presumption that Mr. Coleridge's counsels regarded chiefly or altogether the case of very youthful authors, and the unfortunate thirst for premature distinction. And if this had been the purpose of the chapter, excepting that the evil involved in such a case is not very great, and is generally intercepted by the difficulties which prevent, and overpunished by the mortifications which attend any such juvenile acts of presumption, there could have been no room for differing with Mr. Coleridge, except upon the propriety of occupying his

great powers with topics of such trivial interest. But this, though from the title it naturally should have been, is *not* the evil, or any part of it, which Mr. Coleridge is contemplating. What Mr. Coleridge really has in his view are two most different objections to literature, as the principal pursuit of life; which, as I have said, continually alternate with each other as the objects of his arguments, and sometimes become perplexed together, though incapable of blending into any real coalition. The objections urged are: *First*, To literature considered as a means of livelihood; as any part of the resources which a man should allow himself to rely on for his current income, or worldly credit and respectability. Here the evils anticipated by Mr. Coleridge are of a high and positive character, and such as tend directly to degrade the character, and indirectly to aggravate some heavy domestic evils. *Second*, To literature considered as the means of sufficiently occupying the intellect. Here the evil apprehended is an evil of defect; it is alleged that literature is not adequate to the main end of giving due and regular excitement to the mind and the spirits, unless combined with some other summons to mental exercise of periodical recurrence—determined by an overruling cause, acting from without—and not dependent therefore on the accidents of individual will, or the caprices of momentary feeling springing out of temper or bodily health. Upon the last objection, as by far the most important in any case, and the only one at all applicable to yours, I would wish to say a word; because my thoughts on that matter are from the abundance of my heart, and drawn up from the very depths of my own experience. If there has ever lived a man who might claim the privilege of speaking with emphasis and authority on this great question,—By what means shall a man best support the

activity of his own mind in solitude?—I probably am that man; and upon this ground, that I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age whom I have ever either met with, heard of, or read of. With such pretensions, what is it that I offer as the result of my experience, and how far does it coincide with the doctrine of Mr. Coleridge? Briefly this: I wholly agree with him that literature, in the proper acceptation of the term, as denoting what is otherwise called *Belles Lettres*, &c.—that is, the most eminent of the fine arts, and so understood, therefore, as to exclude *all science* whatsoever—is not, to use a Greek word, *αὐταρκης*,—not self-sufficing; no, not even when the mind is so far advanced that it can bring what have hitherto passed for merely literary or *æsthetic* questions under the light of philosophic principles; when problems of "taste" have expanded to problems of human nature. And why? Simply for this reason, that our power to exercise the faculties on such subjects is not, as it is on others, in defiance of our own spirits; the difficulties and resistances to our progress in these investigations are not susceptible of minute and equable partition (as in mathematics); and, therefore, the movements of the mind cannot be continuous, but are either of necessity tumultuary and *per saltum*, or none at all. When, on the contrary, the difficulty is pretty equally dispersed and broken up into a series of steps, no one of which demands any exertion sensibly more intense than the rest, nothing is required of the student beyond that sort of application and coherent attention which, in a sincere student of any standing, may be presumed as a habit already and inveterately established. The dilemma, therefore, to which a student of pure literature is continually reduced—such a student, suppose, as the

Schlegels, or any other man who has cultivated no acquaintance with the severer sciences—is this: either he studies literature as a mere man of taste, and perhaps also as a philologer—and in that case his understanding must find a daily want of some masculine exercise to call it out and give it play—or (which is the rarest thing in the world) having begun to study literature as a philosopher, he seeks to renew that elevated walk of study at all opportunities; but this is often as hopeless an effort as to a great poet it would be to sit down upon any predetermination to compose in his character of poet. Hence, therefore, if (as too often it happens) he has not cultivated those studies (mathematics, *e.g.*) which present such difficulties as will bend to a resolute effort of the mind, and which have the additional recommendation that they are apt to stimulate and irritate the mind to make that effort, he is often thrown by the very cravings of an unsatisfied intellect, and not by passion or inclination, upon some vulgar excitement of business or pleasure, which becomes constantly more necessary to him.

I should do injustice to myself if I were to say that I owed this view of the case solely to my own experience; the truth is, I easily foresaw, upon the suggestion almost of an instant, that literature would not suffice for my mind with my purposes. I foresaw this, and I provided for it from the very first; but how? *Not* in the way recommended by Mr. Coleridge, but according to a plan which you will collect from the letters I am to write, and which, therefore, I need not here anticipate. What, however, you will say (for *that* is the main inquiry), what has been the success? Has it warranted me to look back upon my past life, and to pronounce it upon the whole a happy one? I answer in calmness, and with sincerity of heart, Yes. To you, with your knowledge of life, I need not say that it is

a vain thing for any man to hope that he can arrive at my age without many troubles; every man has his own, and more especially he who has not insulated himself in this world, but has formed attachments and connexions, and has thus multiplied the avenues through which his peace is assailable. But, setting aside these inevitable deductions, I assure you that the great account of my days, if summed up, would present a great overbalance of happiness; and of happiness during those years which I lived in solitude, of necessity derived exclusively from intellectual sources. Such an evil, indeed, as time hanging heavy on my hands, I never experienced for a moment. On the other hand, to illustrate the benefits of my plan by a picture of the very opposite plan, though pursued under the most splendid advantages, I would direct your eyes to the case of an eminent living Englishman, with talents of the first order, and yet, upon the evidence of all his works, ill-satisfied at any time either with himself or those of his own age. This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz; that is to say, he designed to make himself (as Leibnitz most truly was) a *Polyhistor*, or Catholic student. For this reason, and because at a very early age I had become familiar with the writings of Leibnitz, I have been often tempted to draw a parallel between that eminent German and the no less eminent Englishman of whom I speak. In many things they agreed; these I shall notice at some other opportunity; only in general I will say, that, as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both were these fine endowments completed and accomplished for works of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of a bodily constitution resembling that of horses. They were centaurs; heroic

intellects with brutal capacities of body. What partiality in nature! In general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the great lottery of this life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach; but that any man should draw both is truly astonishing, and, I suppose, happens only once in a century. Thus far (as indeed much further) they agreed. The points of difference were many, and not less remarkable. Two I shall allege as pertinent to the matter before me. First, I remarked that Leibnitz, however anxious to throw out his mind upon the whole encyclopædia of human research, yet did not forget to pay the price at which only any *right* to be thus discursive can be earned. He sacrificed to the austerer muses. Knowing that God geometrizes eternally, he rightly supposed that in the universal temple Mathesis must furnish the master-key which would open most shrines. The Englishman, on the contrary, I remarked to have been too self-indulgent, and almost a voluptuary in his studies; sparing himself all toil, and thinking, apparently, to evade the necessity of artificial power by an extraordinary exertion of his own native power. Neither as a boy nor as a man had he submitted to any regular study or discipline of thought. His choice of subjects had lain too much amongst those dependent upon politics, or rather fleeting interests; and, when this had not happened, yet never amongst those which admitted of *continuous* thinking and study, and which support the spirits by perpetual influxes of pleasure, from the constant sense of success and difficulty overcome. As to the use of books, the German had been a discursive reader,—the Englishman a desultory reader.

Secondly, I remarked that Leibnitz was always cheerful and obliging, most courteous and communicative to his

fellow-labourers in literature or science; with a single exception (which rests, I think, as the sole stain upon his memory), just, and even generously just, to the claims of others; uncensorious, and yet patient of censure; willing to teach, and most willing to be taught. Our English contemporary was not, I think, naturally less amiable than Leibnitz; and therefore I ascribe it to his unfortunate plan of study—leaving him, of necessity, too often with no subjects for intellectual exertion but such as cannot be pursued successfully, unless in a state of genial spirits—that we find him continually in ill-humour, distempered and untuned with uncharitable feelings; directing too harsh and acrimonious a spirit of criticism always against the age in which he lives, sometimes even against individuals; querulous* under criticism, almost to the extent of believing himself the object of conspiracies and organized persecution; finally (which to me is far the gloomiest part of the picture), he neither will consent to believe that any man of his own

* That this appears on the very face of his writings, may be inferred from a German work, published about two years ago, by a Hamburg barrister (I think)—Mr. Jacobs. The subject of the book is, the Modern Literature of England, with the lives, etc., of the most popular authors. It is made up in a great measure from English literary journals, but not always; and in the particular case of the author now alluded to, Mr. Jacobs imputes to him not merely too lively a sensitiveness to censure, but absolutely a "*wasserscheue*" (hydrophobia) with regard to reviewers and critics. How Mr. Jacobs came to use so strong an expression, or this particular expression, I cannot guess; unless it were that he had happened to see (which, however, does not appear) in a work of this eloquent Englishman the following picturesque sentence: "By an unconscionable extension of the old adage, '*Noscitur a socio*,' my friends are never under the waterfall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray." *Spray*, indeed! I wish some of us knew no more of these angry cataracts than their spray.

age (at least of his own country) can teach *him* anything,—professing all his obligations to those *who are dead*, or else to some rusty old German; nor, finally, will he consent to teach others, with the simple-minded magnanimity of a scholar, who should not seek to mystify and perplex his pupil, or to illuminate only with half-lights, nor put himself on his guard against his reader, as against a person seeking to grow as knowing as himself. On the contrary, who should rejoice to believe—if he could believe it—that all the world knew as much as himself; and should adopt as his motto (which I make it my pride to have done from my earliest days) the simple grandeur of that line in Chaucer's description of *his* scholar:

"That gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

Such were the two features of difference which I had occasion perpetually to remark between two great scholars, in many other features so closely resembling each other. In general these two features would be thought to exist independently; but, with my previous theory of the necessity, in all cases, that, with studies of so uncertain and even morbid an effect upon the spirits as literature, should be combined some analytic exercise of *inevitable* healthy action, in this respect it was natural that *I* should connect them in my mind as cause and effect; and, in that view, they gave a double attestation to Mr. Coleridge's advice where it agrees with mine, and to mine where it differs from his.

Thus far I have considered Mr. Coleridge's advice simply as it respects the student. But the object of his studies is also entitled to some consideration. If it were better for the literary body that all should pursue a profession as their ἔργον (or business), and literature as a παρεργον (an

accessary, or mere by-business), how far is literature itself likely to benefit by such an arrangement? Mr. Coleridge insists upon it that it will; and at page 225 he alleges seven names, to which at page 233 he adds an eighth, of celebrated men, who have "shown the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment." On various grounds it would be easy, I think, to cut down the list, as a list any way favourable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose, to one name, viz., that of Lord Bacon. But, waiving his examples, let us consider his arguments. The main business, the ἔργον, after exhausting a man's powers during the day, is supposed to leave three hours at night for the παρέργον. Now, we are to consider that our bright ideal of a literatus may chance to be married,—in fact, Mr. Coleridge agrees to allow him a wife. Let us suppose a wife, therefore; and the more so, because else he will perhaps take one without our permission. I ask, then, what portion of these three hours is our student to give up to the pleasure of his wife's society? For, if a man finds pleasure in his wife's company at any time, I take it for granted that he would wish to spend the evening with her. Well, if you think so (says Mr. Coleridge, in effect, who had at first supposed the learned man to "retire into his study"), in fact he need *not* retire. How then? Why, he is to study, not in his study, but in his drawing-room, whilst "the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere." Silence, by the way, is a strange mode of social pleasure. I know not what Mr. Coleridge does when he sits with a young woman; for my part, I do "mon possible" to entertain her, both with my wit and my wisdom; and am happy to hear *her* talk, even though she should chance to be my own wife; and never think of

tolerating silence for one instant. But, not to quarrel about tastes, what is this "sister" that so pleasantly intrudes herself into the party? The wife, I understand; but, in the north of England, or any place where I have lived, wives do not commonly present men with sisters, but with children. Suppose, then, our student's wife should give him a son; or, what is noisier, a daughter; or, what is noisier than either, both? What's to be done then? Here's a worshipful audience for a philosopher!—here's a promising company for "undisturbing voices," and "social silence!" I admire Mr. Coleridge's way of blinking this question, of masking this youthful battery with "a sister." Children, however, are incidents that do and will occur in this life, and must not be blinked. I have seen the case again and again; and I say it, and say it with pain, that there is no more respect for philosophy amongst that lively part of society than Mr. Coleridge and I have for French philosophy. They may, however, be banished to their nursery. True; but if they are ever admitted to the drawing-room, in houses where not so much company is kept, I observe that this visit is most interesting to all parties in the evening; and if they would otherwise be admitted, no good-natured student would wish to have their expulsion charged upon his books. After all, however, it is clear that Mr. Coleridge's voice is for the "retiring" system; and he gives us pretty plainly to understand (p. 230) that it is far better for men to be separated from their wives throughout the day. But, in saying this, he forgets that, in the case under consideration, the question is not so properly whether they are ever to be separated, as whether they are ever to meet. Indeed, taking what Mr. Coleridge says on the subject as addressed to literary men especially, I know not why they should

be supposed likely to make unhappy marriages more than other men. They are not called upon to pass more of their time with their wives than country gentlemen, or men generally without a profession. On the other hand, if we are to understand the words of Mr. Coleridge as of universal application, I hope that he gives us a very unfair view of the average tenor of life in *this* important particular. Yet, if it be settled that men will quarrel, and must quarrel with their wives, or their wives with them, unless separated, would not a large screen meet the emergency? Or, might not the learned man, as soon as breakfast is ended, bow to his wife and withdraw to his library, where he might study or be sulky according to his taste, leaving her for the rest of the day to amuse or to employ herself in the way most agreeable to her sex, rank, and previous education? But, in whatever way this difficulty may be disposed of, one point is clear to my judgment: that literature must decay unless we have a class *wholly* dedicated to that service,—not pursuing it as an amusement only, with wearied and pre-occupied minds. The reproach of being a "*nation boutiquière*," now so eminently inapplicable to the English, would become indeed just, and in the most unfortunate sense just, if, from all our overstocked trades and professions, we could not spare men enough to compose a garrison on permanent duty for the service of the highest purposes which grace and dignify our nature.

You will not infer from all this any abatement in my old respect for Mr. Coleridge's great and various powers; no man admires them more. But there is no treason, I hope, in starting a little game now and then from the thickets of *The Friend*, the *Biographia Literaria*, or even from Mr. Coleridge's *Sermons*, considering that they are *Lay* ones. Young men must have some exercise this fro-ty

weather. Hereafter I shall have occasion to break a lance with Mr. Coleridge on more difficult questions; and very happy I shall be if the amusement which I shall make it my business to strike out, by my hammering, from the flinty rock of his metaphysics, should either tempt any one to look into his valuable writings, or should tempt Mr. Coleridge to sally out of his hiding-place into a philosophic passion, and to attack me with the same freedom. Such an exhibition must be amusing to the public. I conceive that two transcendentalists, who are also two ——s, can hardly ever before have stripped in any ring. But, by the way, I wish he would leave transcendentalism to me and other young men; for, to say the truth, it does not prosper in his hands. *I* will take charge of the public principles in that point, and he will thus be more at leisure to give us another *Ancient Mariner*, which, I will answer for it, the whole literary body would receive with gratitude and a fervent "plaudite."

LETTER II.

OUTLINE OF THE WORK—NOTICE OF FORMER WRITERS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

My dear M.—In this my second and last letter of preface, I shall settle the idea and the arrangement of my papers. There will be in all about seven, of which four will exhibit the material on which the student is to work; the other three, the tools with which the workmanship is to be conducted. First, *what* is to be done, and, secondly, *how* is the natural

and obvious distribution of the work; that is to say, the business is to assign, first, the end, and, secondly, the means. And, because the end should reasonably determine the means, it would seem natural that, in the arrangement of the work, all which relates to *that* should have precedency. Nevertheless, I mean to invert this order, and for the following reason: All that part of the means, which are so entirely determined by the end as to presuppose its full and circumstantial development, may be concluded specially restricted to that individual end. In proportion to this restriction they will, therefore, be of narrow application, and are best treated in direct connexion, and concurrently with the object to which they are thus appropriated. On the other hand, those means or instruments of thought, which are sufficiently complex and important to claim a separate attention to themselves, are usually of such large and extensive use that they belong indifferently to all schemes of study, and may safely be premised in any plan, however novel in its principles or peculiar in its tendencies. What are these general instruments of study? According to my view they are three, —first, Logic; secondly, Languages; thirdly, Arts of Memory. With respect to these, it is not necessary that any special end should be previously given. Be his end what it may, every student must have thoughts to arrange, knowledge to transplant, and facts to record. Means which are thus universally requisite may safely have precedency of the end; and it will not be a preposterous order if I dedicate my first three letters to the several subjects of Logic, Languages, and Arts of Memory, which will compose one half of my scheme, leaving to the other half the task of unfolding the course of study for which these instruments will be available. Having thus settled

the arrangement, and implicitly, therefore, settled in part the idea or *ratio* of my scheme, I shall go on to add what may be necessary to confine your expectations to the right track, and prevent them from going above or below the true character of the mark I aim at. I profess, then, to attempt something much higher than merely directions for a course of reading. Not that such a work might not be of eminent service; and in particular at this time, and with a constant adaptation to the case of rich men, not literary, I am of opinion that no more useful book could be executed than a series of letters (addressed, for example, to country gentlemen, merchants, &c.) on the formation of a library. The uses of such a treatise, however, are not those which I contemplate; for, either it would presume and refer to a plan of study already settled—and in that light it is a mere complement of the plan I propose to execute—or else it would attempt to *involve* a plan of study in the course of reading suggested; and *that* would be neither more nor less than to do *in concreto*, what it is far more convenient, as well as more philosophical, to do (as I am now going to do) directly and *in abstracto*. A mere course of reading, therefore, is much below what I propose; on the other hand, an organon of the human understanding is as much above it. Such a work is a labour for a life; that is to say, though it may take up but a small part of every day, yet could it in no other way accumulate its materials than by keeping the mind everlastingly on the watch to seize upon such notices as may arise daily throughout a life under the favour of accident or occasion. Forty years are not too large a period for such a work; and my present work, however maturely meditated must be executed with rapidity. Here, in fact, I do but sketch or trace in outline (ὡς ἐν τυπῳ περιλαβειν) what there it would become my duty to

develop, to fill up in detail, to apply, and to illustrate on the most extensive scale.

After having attempted in my first part to put you in possession of the best method for acquiring the *instruments* of study; and, with respect to logic in particular, having directed a philosophic light upon its true meaning and purpose, with the hope of extinguishing that anarchy of errors which have possessed this ground from the time of Lord Bacon to the moment at which I write,—I then, in the second division, address myself to the question of *ends*. Upon which word let me distinguish: upon ends, in an absolute sense, as ultimate ends, it is presumption in any man to offer counsel to another of mature age. Advice of that sort, given under whatever hollow pretences of kindness, is to be looked upon as arrogance in the most repulsive shape; and to be rejected with that sort of summary disdain, which any man not of servile nature would testify towards him who should attempt to influence his choice of a wife. A student of mature age must be presumed to be best acquainted with his own talents and his own intellectual infirmities, with his "forte" and his "foible," with his own former experience of failure or success, and with the direction in which his inclinations point. Far be it from me to violate by the spirit of my counsels a pride so reasonable, which, in truth, I hold sacred. My scheme takes an humbler ground. *Ends*, indeed, in a secondary sense, the latter half professes to deal with; but such ends as, though bearing that character in relation to what is purely and merely instrumental, yet again become *means* in relation to ends absolutely so called. The *final* application of your powers and knowledge it is for yourself only to determine; my pretensions in regard to that election are limited to this,—that I profess to place you on a vantage ground

from which you may determine more wisely, by determining from a higher point of survey. My purpose is not to map the whole course of your journey, but to serve as your guide to that station at which you may be able to lay down your future route for yourself. The former half of my work I have already described to you; the latter half endeavours to construct such a system of study as shall combine these two advantages: 1. Systematic unity; that is, such a principle of *internal* connexion, as that the several parts of the plan shall furnish assistance interchangeably. 2. The largest possible compass of *external* relations. Some empires, you know, are built for growth; others are essentially improgressive, but are built for duration, on some principle of strong internal cohesion. Systems of knowledge, however, and schemes of study, should propose both ends: they should take their foundations broad and deep,

"And lay great bases for eternity,"

which is the surest key to internal and systematic connection; and, secondly, they should provide for future growth and accretion, regarding all knowledge as a nucleus and centre of accumulation for other knowledge. It is on this latter principle, by the way, that the system of education in our public schools, however otherwise defective, is justly held superior to the specious novelties of our suburban academies; for it is more radical, and adapted to a larger superstructure. Such, I say, is the character of my scheme; and, by the very act of claiming for it, as one of its benefits, that it leaves you in the *centre* of large and comprehensive relations to other parts of knowledge, it is pretty apparent that I do not presume to suggest in what direction of these manifold relations you should afterwards advance; *that*, as I have now sufficiently explained, will be left to your own self-knowledge; but to your self-knowledge illu-

mined at the point where I leave you by that other knowledge which my scheme of study professes to communicate.

From this general outline of my own plan, I am led by an easy transition to a question of yours, respecting the merits of the most celebrated amongst those who have trod the same ground in past times. Excepting only a little treatise of Erasmus, *De Ratione Studii*, all the essays on this subject by eminent continental writers appeared in the seventeenth century; and, of these, a large majority before the year 1640. They were universally written in Latin; and, the Latin of that age being good, they are so far agreeable to read; beyond this, and the praise of elegance in their composition and arrangement, I have not much to say in their behalf. About the year 1645, Lewis Elzevir published a *corpus* of these essays, amounting in all to four-and-twenty. In point of elegance and good sense, their merits are various; thus far they differ; but, in regard to the main point, they hold a lamentable equality of pretension —being all thoroughly hollow and barren of any practical use.* I cannot give you a better notion of their true place

* Not for the sake of any exception in its favour from the general censure here pronounced on this body of essays, but for its extraordinary tone of passion and frantic energy, and at times of noble sentiment eloquently expressed, I must notice, as by far the most memorable of these essays of the seventeenth century, that of Joachim Forz Ringelberg, *On the Method of Study* (De Ratione Studii). It is one of those books which have been written most evidently not merely by a madman (as many thousands have), but by a madman under a high paroxysm of his malady; and, omitting a few instances of affectation and puerility, it is highly affecting. It appears that the author, though not thirty years of age at the date of his book, was afflicted with the gravel—according to his belief, incurably; and much of the book was actually written in darkness (on waxen tablets, or on wooden tablets, with a *stylus* formed of charred bones), during the sleepless nights of pain consequent upon his disease.

and relation to the class of works of which you are in search of, than by an analogy drawn from the idea of didactic poetry, as it exists in the Roman literature and our own. So thoroughly is this sometimes misunderstood, that I have seen it insisted on as a merit in a didactic poem, that the art which it professed to deliver might be learned and practised in all its technicalities, without other assistance than that which the poem supplied. But, had this been true, so far from being a praise, it would instantly have degraded the poem from its rank as a work among the products of Fine Arts; *ipso facto*, such a poem would have settled down from that high intellectual rank into the ignoble pretensions of mechanic art, in which the metre, and the style which metre introduces, would immediately have lost their justification. The true idea of didactic poetry is this: either the poet selects an art which furnishes the *occasion* for a series of picturesque exhibitions (as Virgil, Dyer, &c.); and, in that case, it is true that he derives part of his power from the art which he delivers; not, however, from what is essential to the art, but from its accidents and adjuncts. Either he does this, or else (as

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"Ætas abiit," says he, "reditura nunquam—Ah! nunquam reditura! Tametsi annum nunc solum trigesimum ago, spem tamen ademit calculi morbus." And again: "Sic interim meditantem calculi premunt, ut gravi ipsa dolore mœreat mens, et plerumque noctes abducat insomnes angor." Towards the end it is that he states the remarkable circumstances under which the book was composed. "Bonam partem libri hujus in tenebris scripsi, quando somnus me ob calculi dolorem reliquerat; idque quum sol adversa nobis figeret vestigia, nocte vagante in medio cœlo. Deerat lumen; verum tabulas habeo, quibus etiam in tenebris utor." It is singular that so interesting a book should nowhere have been noticed to my knowledge in English literature, except, indeed, in a slight and inaccurate way, by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, in his Winter Evening Lucubrations.

is the case with Lord Roscommon, Pope, &c.), so far from seeking in his subject for any part of the *power*, he seeks in *that* only for the *resistance* with which he contends by means of the power derived from the verse and the artifices of style. To one case or other of this alternative all didactic poems are reducible; and, allowing for the differences of rhetoric and poetry, the same ideal must have presided in the composition of the various essays of the seventeenth century, addressed to students; the subject was felt to be austere and unattractive, and almost purely scholastic; it was the ambition of the writers, therefore, to show that they could present it in a graceful shape; and that under their treatment the subject might become interesting to the reader, as an arena, upon which skill was exhibited, baffling or evading difficulties, even at the price of all benefit to the anxious and earnest disciple. *Spartam nactus es*, was their motto, *hanc exorna;* and, like Cicero, in his Idea of an Orator, with relation to the practical duties; or Lord Shaftesbury, with relation to the accurate knowledge of the academic philosophy; they must be supposed deliberately to have made a *selection* from the arts or doctrines before them, for the sake of a beautiful composition which should preserve all its parts in harmony, and only secondarily (if at all) to have regarded the interests of the student. By all of them the invitation held out was not so much *Indocti discant*, as *Ament meminisse periti.*

In our own country there have been numerous "letters," &c., on this interesting subject; but not one that has laid any hold on the public mind, except the two works of Dr. Watts, especially that upon the "Improvement of the Mind." Being the most imbecile of books, it must have owed its success—1. To the sectarian zeal of his party in religion,—his fellows and his followers; 2. To the fact of

its having gained for its author, from two Scotch universities, the highest degree they could bestow; 3. To the distinguished honour of having been adopted as a lecture-book (q. as an examination-book?) by both English universities; 4. To the extravagant praise of Dr. Johnson, amongst whose infirmities it was to praise warmly when he was flattered by the sense of his own great superiority in powers and knowledge. Dr. Johnson supposes it to have been modelled on Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; but surely this is as ludicrous as to charge upon Silence any elaborate imitation of Mr. Justice Shallow. That Silence may have borrowed from another man half of a joke, or echoed the roar of his laughter, is possible; but of any more grave or laborious attempts to rob he stands ludicrously acquitted by the exemplary imbecility of his nature. No; Dr. Watts did *not* steal from Mr. Locke; in matters of dulness a man is easily original; and I suppose that even Feeble or Shallow might have had credit for the effort necessary to the following counsels, taken at random from Dr. Watts, at the page where the book has happened to fall open.

1. Get a distinct and comprehensive knowledge of the subject which you treat of; survey it on all sides, and make yourself perfect master of it; then (then! what then? —Think of Feeble making an inference. Well, "then") you will have all the sentiments that relate to it in your view; 2. Be well skilled in the language which you speak; 3. Acquire a variety of words, a *copia verborum*. Let your memory be rich in synonymous terms, p. 228, edit. 1817.

Well done, most magnanimous Feeble! Such counsels I suppose that any man might have produced, and you will not wish to see criticised. Let me rather inquire, what common defect it is which has made the works of much

more ingenious men, and in particular that of Locke, utterly useless for the end proposed. The error in these books is the same which occurs in books of ethics, and which has made them more or less useless for any practical purpose. As it is important to put an end to all delusion in matters of such grave and general concern as the improvement of our understandings, or the moral valuation of actions, and as I repeat that the delusion here alluded to has affected both equally (so far as they can be affected by the books written professedly to assist them), it may be worth while to spend a few lines in exposing it. I believe that you are so far acquainted with the structure of a syllogism as to know how to distinguish between the major and minor proposition; there is, indeed, a technical rule which makes it impossible to err; but you will have no need of *that*, if you once apprehend the *rationale* of a syllogism in the light under which I will here place it. In every syllogism one of the two premises (the major) lays down a rule, under which rule the other (the minor) brings the subject of your argument as a particular case. The minor is, therefore, distinguished from the major by an act of the *judgment, namely*, a subsumption of a special case under a rule. Now consider how this applies to morals: here the conscience supplies the general rule, or major proposition, and about this there is no question; but, to bring the special case of conduct, which is the subject of your inquiry, under this general rule; here first commences the difficulty, and just upon this point are ethical treatises for the most part silent. Accordingly, no man thinks of consulting them for his direction under any moral perplexities; if he reads them at all, it is for the gratification of his understanding in surveying the order and relation amongst the several members of a system; never for the information of his moral judgment.

For any practical use in that way, a *casuistry*, that is, a subsumption of the *cases* most frequently recurring in ordinary life, should be combined with the system of moral principles*—the latter supplying the major (or normal) proposition; the former supplying the minor proposition, which brings the special case under the rule. With the help of this explanation, you will easily understand on what principle I venture to denounce, as unprofitable, the whole class of books written on the model of Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*. According to Locke, the student is not to hurry, but again not to loiter; not to be too precipitate, nor yet too hesitating; not to be too confiding, but far less too suspicious; not too obstinate in his own opinions, yet again (for the love of God!) not too resigned to those of others; not too general in his divisions, but (as he regards his own soul) not too minute, &c. &c.

But surely no man, bent on the improvement of his

* Accordingly, our fashionable moral practitioner for this generation, Dr. Paley, who prescribes for the consciences of both universities, and, indeed, of most respectable householders, has introduced a good deal of casuistry into his work, though not under that name. In England there is an aversion to the mere name, founded partly on this, that casuistry has been most cultivated by Roman Catholic divines, and too much with a view to an indulgent and dispensing morality; and partly on the excessive subdivision and hair-splitting of cases; which tends to the infinite injury of morals, by perplexing and tampering with the conscience, and by presuming morality to be above the powers of any but the subtlest minds. All this, however, is but the abuse of casuistry; and without casuistry of some sort or other, no practical decision could be made in the accidents of daily life. Of this, on a fitter occasion, I could give a cumulative proof. Meantime let it suffice to observe that law, which is the most practical of all things, is a perpetual casuistry; in which an immemorial usage, a former decision of the court, or positive statute, furnishes the major proposition; and the judgment of the jury, enlightened by the knowledge of the bench, furnishes the minor or casuistical proposition.

faculties, was ever guilty of these errors under these names, that is, knowingly and deliberately. If he is so at all, it is either that he has not reflected on his own method, or that, having done so, he has allowed himself in the act or habit offending these rules on a false view of its tendency and character; because, in fact, having adopted as his rule (or major) that very golden mean which Mr. Locke recommends, and which, without Mr. Locke's suggestion, he would have adopted for himself, it has yet been possible for him, by an erroneous judgment, to take up an act or habit under the rule, which with better advice he would have excluded; which advice is exactly what Mr. Locke has—*not* given. Over and above all this, the method of the book is aphoristic; and, as might be expected from that method, without a plan; and which is partly the cause and partly the consequence of having a plan without foundation.

This word *foundation* leads me to one remark suggested by your letter; and with that I shall conclude my own. When I spoke above of the student's taking his foundations broad and deep, I had my eye chiefly on the corner-stones of strong-built knowledge, namely, on logic; on a proper choice of languages; on a particular part of what is called metaphysics; and on mathematics. Now you allege (I suppose upon occasion of my references to mathematics in my last letter) that you have no "genius" for mathematics; and you speak with the usual awe (*pavor attonitorum*) of the supposed "profundity" of intellect necessary to a great progress in this direction. Be assured that you are in utter error, though it be an error all but universal. In mathematics, upon two irresistible arguments which I shall set in a clear light, when I come to explain the procedure of the mind with regard to that sort of evidence, and that sort

of investigation, there can be no subtlety; all minds are levelled except as to the rapidity of the course, and, from the entire absence of all those acts of mind which do really imply profundity of intellect, it is a question whether an idiot might not be made an excellent mathematician. Listen not to the romantic notions of the world on this subject; above all, listen not to mathematicians. Mathematicians, as *mathematicians*, have no business with the question. It is one thing to understand mathematics; another, and far different, to understand the philosophy of mathematics. With respect to this, it is memorable, that in no one of the great philosophical questions which the ascent of mathematics has from time to time brought up above the horizon of our speculative view, has any mathematician who was merely such (however eminent) had depth of intellect adequate to its solution, without insisting on the absurdities published by mathematicians, on the philosophy of the *infinite*, since that notion was introduced into mathematics, or on the fruitless attempts of all but a metaphysician to settle the strife between the conflicting modes of valuing *living forces*;—I need only ask what English or French mathematician has been able to exhibit the notion of *negative quantities*, in a theory endurable even to a popular philosophy, or which has commanded any assent? Or again, what Algebra is there existing which does not contain a false and ludicrous account of the procedure in that science, as contrasted with the procedure in geometry? But, not to trouble you with more of these cases so opprobrious to mathematicians, lay this to heart, that mathematics are very easy and very important; they are, in fact, the organ of one large division of human knowledge. And, as it is of consequence that you should lose no time by waiting for my letter on that subject, let me forestall so much of it, as to

advise that you would immediately commence with Euclid; reading those eight books of the Elements which are usually read, and the Data. If you should go no further, so much geometry will be useful and delightful; and so much, by reading for two hours a day, you will easily accomplish in about thirteen weeks, that is, one quarter of a year.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR SIR,—IN my three following letters I am to consider, 1st, Languages; 2d, Logic; Arts of Memory; not as parts of knowledge sought or valued on their own account, but simply as the most general amongst the means and instruments of the student, estimated therefore with a reference to the number and importance of the *ends* which they further, and fairly to be presumed in all schemes of self-improvement liberally planned. In this letter I will speak of languages; my thoughts, and a twenty years' experience as a student, having furnished me with some hints that may be useful in determining your choice, where choice is at first sight so difficult, and the evils of an erroneous choice so great. On this Babel of an earth which you and I inhabit, there are said to be about three thousand languages and jargons. Of nearly five hundred you will find a specimen in the Mithridates of Adelung, and in some other German works of more moderate bulk.*

* Especially one, whose title I forget, by Vater, the editor and completer of the *Mithridates*, after Adelung's death. By the way, for the sake of the merely English reader, it may be well to mention that the *Mithridates* is so called with an allusion to the great king of

The final purposes of this vast engine for separating nations it is not difficult in part to perceive; and it is presumable that those purposes have been nearly fulfilled; since there can be little doubt that within the next two centuries all the barbarous languages of the earth (that is, those without a literature) will be one after one strangled and exterminated by four European languages, namely, the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Russian. Central Africa, and *that* only, can resist the momentum of civilisation for a longer period. Now, languages are sometimes studied, not as a key to so many bodies of literature, but as an object *per se*, for example, by Sir William Jones, Dr. Leyden, &c.; and where the researches are conducted with the enthusiasm and the sagacity of the late extraordinary Professor of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Murray, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration; *he* had a theory, and distinct purposes, which shed light upon his paths that are else "as dark as Erebus." Such labours conducted in such a spirit must be important, if the eldest records of the human race be important; for the affinities of language furnish the main clue for ascending, through the labyrinths of nations, to their earliest origins and connexions. To a professed linguist, therefore, the natural advice would be—examine the structure of as many languages as possible; gather as many thousand specimens as possible into your *hortus siccus*, beginning with the eldest forms of the Teutonic, namely, the Visigothic and the Icelandic, for which the aids rendered by modern

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that name contemporary with Sylla, Lucullus, &c., of whom the tradition was that, in an immense and polyglot army, composed from a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language.

learning are immense. To a professed philologist, I say, the natural advice would be this. But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages simply as avenues to literature not otherwise accessible, I will frankly say, start from this principle—that the act of learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages, that the largest possible body of literature *available for your purposes* shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy squandered in this direction. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you, that one of the habits most unfavourable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our day, is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labour of language-learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement, and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the dry rot of the human mind. How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a science is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it; the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth are true intellectual energies, and his very errors are full of instruction. He fails to construct some leading idea, or he even misconstructs it; he places himself in a false position with respect to certain propositions; views them from a false centre; makes a false or an imperfect antithesis; apprehends a definition with insufficient rigour; or fails in his use of it to keep it self-consistent. These and a thousand other errors are met by a thousand appropriate resources—all of a true intellectual character; comparing, combining, distinguishing, generalizing, subdividing, acts of abstraction and evolution, of synthesis and analysis, until the most torpid minds are

ventilated, and healthily excited by this introversion of the faculties upon themselves.

But, in the study of language (with an exception, however, to a certain extent, in favour of Latin and Greek, which I shall notice hereafter), nothing of all this can take place, and for one simple reason—that all is arbitrary. Wherever there is a law and system, wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way—will interfuse amongst the dry bones the blood and pulses of life, and create "a soul under the ribs of death." But whatsoever is arbitrary and conventional—which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law—must, by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect. If this be true, it becomes every student to keep watch upon himself, that he does not, upon any light temptation, allow himself an overbalance of study in this direction; for the temptations to such an excess, which in our days are more powerful than formerly, are at all times too powerful. Of all the weapons in the armoury of the scholar, none is so showy or so captivating to commonplace minds as skill in languages. *Vanity* is, therefore, one cause of the undue application to languages. A second is the national *fashion*. What nation but ourselves ever made the language of its eternal enemy an essential part of even a decent education?* What should we think of Roman policy, if, during the Second Punic War, the Carthaginian language had been taught as

* See the advertisements of the humblest schools; in which, however low the price of tuition, &c., is fixed, French never fails to enter as a principal branch of the course of study. To which fact I may add, that even twelve or fifteen years ago I have seen French circulating libraries in London chiefly supported by people in a humble rank.

a matter of course to the children of every Roman citizen? But a third cause, which I believe has more efficacy than either of the former, is mere *levity*—the simple fact of being unballasted by any sufficient weight of plan or settled purpose to present a counterpoise to the slightest momentum this way or that, arising from any impulse of accident or personal caprice. When there is no resistance, a breath of air will be sufficient to determine the motion. I remember once that, happening to spend an autumn in Ilfracombe, on the west coast of Devonshire, I found all the young ladies whom I knew busily employed on the study of marine botany. On the opposite shore of the channel, in all the South Welsh ports of Tenby, &c., they were no less busy upon conchology. In neither case from any previous love of the science, but simply availing themselves of their local advantages. Now, here a man must have been truly ill-natured to laugh; for the studies were in both instances beautiful. A love for it was created, if it had not pre-existed; and, to women and young women, the very absence of all austere unity of purpose and self-determination was becoming and graceful. Yet, when this same levity and liability to casual impulses come forward in the acts and purposes of a man, I must own that I have often been unable to check myself in something like a contemptuous feeling; nor should I wish to check myself, but for remembering how many men of energetic minds constantly give way to slight and inadequate motives, simply for want of being summoned to any anxious reviews of their own conduct. How many cases have I known where a particular study—as, suppose, of the Hartleian philosophy—was pursued throughout a whole college simply because a man of talents had talked of it in the junior common-room? How many where a book became popular because it had been

mentioned in the House of Commons? How many where a man resolved to learn Welsh because he was spending a month or two at Barmouth? or Italian because he had found a Milan series of the poets in his aunt's library? or the violin because he had bought a fine one at an auction?

In 1808-9 you must well remember what a strong impulse the opening of the Peninsular War communicated to our current literature. The presses of London and the provinces teemed with editions of Spanish books, dictionaries, and grammars; and the motions of the British armies were accompanied by a corresponding activity among British compositors. From the just interest which is now renewed in Spanish affairs, I suppose something of the same scene will recur. Now, for my own part, though undoubtedly I would, for the sake of Calderon alone (judging of him through a German translation), most willingly study the Spanish literature (if I had leisure), yet I should be ashamed to do so upon the irrelevant and *occasional* summons of an interesting situation in Spanish affairs. I should feel that by such an act I confessed a want of pre-occupation in my mind, a want of self-origination in my plans, an inertness of will, which, above all things, I do and ought to detest. If it were right for me (right, I mean, in relation to my previous scheme of study) to have dedicated a portion of my life to the Spanish literature, it must have been right before the Spanish politics took an interesting aspect. If it were not right, it could not become so upon a suggestion so purely verbal as the recurrence of the word Spanish in the London journals.

This, I am sure, you will interpret candidly. I am not supposing you less furnished with powers of self-determination than myself. I have no personal allusion or exception; but I suppose every man liable to be acted on unduly, or by

inadequate impulses, so long as he is not possessed by some plan that may steady that levity of nature which is implied in the mere state of indifference to all settled plans. This levity, in our days, meets with an accidental ally in the extraordinary facilities for studying languages in the shape of elementary books; which facilities of themselves form a fourth cause of the disproportionate study given to languages. But a fifth cause occurs to me, of a less selfish and indolent character than any of the preceding; and, as it seems to me hardly possible that it should not influence you more or less to make your choice of languages too large and comprehensive, I shall tell you, from my own case, what may be sufficient to set you on your guard against too much indulgence to a feeling in itself just and natural. In my youthful days, I never entered a great library, suppose of one hundred thousand volumes, but my predominant feeling was one of pain and disturbance of mind,—not much unlike that which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his immense army, and reflecting that in one hundred years not one soul would remain alive. To me, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by my own death. Here, said I, are one hundred thousand books, the worst of them capable of giving me some pleasure and instruction; and before I can have had time to extract the honey from one-twentieth of this hive, in all likelihood I shall be summoned away. This thought, I am sure, must have often occurred to yourself; and you may judge how much it was aggravated when I found that, subtracting all merely professional books—books of reference, as dictionaries, &c. &c. &c.—from the universal library of Europe, there would still remain a total of not less than twelve hundred thousand books over and above what the presses of Europe are still disemboguing into the ocean

of literature, many of them immense folios or quartos. Now, I had been told by an eminent English author, that, with respect to one single work, namely, the History of Thuanus, a calculation had been made by a Portuguese monk, which showed that barely to read over the words (and allowing no time for reflection) would require three years' labour, at the rate of (I think) three hours a day. Further, I had myself ascertained that to read a duodecimo volume, in prose, of four hundred pages—all skipping being barred, and the rapid reading which belongs to the vulgar interest of a novel—was a very sufficient work for one day. Consequently, three hundred and sixty-five per annum—that is (with a very small allowance for the claims of life on one's own account and that of one's friends), one thousand for every triennium; that is, ten thousand for thirty years—will be as much as a man who lives for that only can hope to accomplish. From the age of twenty to eighty, therefore—if a man were so unhappy as to live to eighty—the utmost he could hope to travel through would be twenty thousand volumes,—a number not, perhaps, above *five per cent.* of what the mere *current* literature of Europe would accumulate in that period of years. Now, from this amount of twenty thousand make a deduction on account of books of larger size, books to be studied and books to be read slowly and many times over (as all works in which the composition is a principal part of their pretensions),—allow a fair discount for such deductions, and the twenty thousand will perhaps shrink to eight or five thousand. All this arithmetical statement you must not conceive to relate to any fanciful case of misery. No; I protest to you that I speak of as real a case of suffering as ever can have existed. And it soon increased; for the same panic seized upon me with respect to the works of art. I found that I

had no chance of hearing the twenty-five thousandth part of the music that had been produced. And so of other arts. Nor was this all; for, happening to say to myself, one night as I entered a long street, "I shall never see the one thousandth part of the people who are living in this single street," it occurred to me that every man and woman was a most interesting book, if one knew how to read them. Here opened upon me a new world of misery; for, if books and works of art existed by millions, men existed by hundreds of millions. Nay, even if it had been possible for me to know all of my own generation, yet, like Dr. Faustus, who desired to see "Helen of Greece," I should still have been dissatisfied; for what was one generation to all that were past? Nay, my madness took yet a higher flight; for I considered that I stood on a little isthmus of time, which connected the two great worlds, the past and the future. I stood in equal relation to both; I asked for admittance to one as much as to the other. Even if a necromancer could have brought up the great men of the seventeenth century, I should have said, "What good does all this do me? Where are those of the twentieth century?" —and so onward! In short, I never turned my thoughts this way but I fell into a downright midsummer madness. I could not enjoy what I had.—craving for that which I had not, and could not have; was thirsty, like Tantalus, in the midst of waters; even when using my present wealth, thought only of its perishableness; and "wept to have what I so feared to lose."

But all this, you will say, was, by my own admission, "madness." Madness, I grant; but such a madness! not as lunatics suffer; no hallucination of the brain; but a madness like that of misers,—the usurpation and despotism of one feeling, natural in itself, but travelling into an excess.

which at last upset all which should have balanced it. And I must assert that, with allowance for difference of degrees, no madness is more common. Many of those who give themselves up to the study of languages do so under the same disease which I have described; and, if they do not carry it on to the same extremity of wretchedness, it is because they are not so logical, and so consistent in their madness, as I was. Under our present enormous accumulation of books, I do affirm that a miserable distraction of choice (which is the germ of such a madness) must be very generally incident to the times; that the symptoms of it are, in fact, very prevalent; and that one of the chief symptoms is an enormous "gluttonism" for books, and for adding language to language; and in this way it is that literature becomes much more a source of torment than of pleasure. Nay, I will go further, and will say that, of many who escape this disease, some owe their privilege simply to the narrowness of their minds, and contracted range of their sympathies with literature, which, enlarged, they would soon lose it. Others again, owe it to their situation; as, for instance, in a country town, where books being few, a man can use up all his materials; his appetite is unpalled, and he is grateful for the loan of a MS., &c. But bring him up to London; show him the waggon-loads of unused stores which he is at liberty to work up; tell him that these even are but a trifle, perhaps, to what he may find in the libraries of Paris, Dresden, Milan, &c., of religious houses, of English noblemen, &c.,—and this same man who came up to London blithe and happy will leave it pale and sad. You have ruined his peace of mind. A subject which he fancied himself capable of exhausting he finds to be a labour for centuries. He has no longer the healthy pleasure of feeling himself master of his materials; he is de-

graded into their slave. Perhaps I dwell too much on this subject; but allow me, before I leave it, to illustrate what I have said by the case of two eminent literati, who are at this moment exhibiting themselves as a couple of figurantes (if I may so say) on the stage of Europe, and who have sacrificed their own happiness and dignity of mind to the very madness I have been describing; or, if not, to the far more selfish passion for notoriety and ostentatious display. The men I mean are Frederick Schlegel, better known to the English public as the friend of Madame de Staël, and F. Bouterwek.

The history of the first is somewhat ludicrous. Coming upon the stage at a time when Kant possessed the national mind of Germany, he thought it would be a good speculation not to fall into the train of the philosopher, but to open a sort of chapel of dissent. He saw no reason why men should not swear by Bouterwek, as well as by Kant; and, connecting this fact with the subsequent confession of Bouterwek, that he was in reality playing off a conscious hoax, it is laughable to mention, that for a time he absolutely found some followers—who worshipped him, but suspiciously and provisionally. Unfortunately, however, as he had no leisure or ability to understand Kant, he was obliged to adopt Dr. Priestley's plan of revoking and cancelling in every successive work all his former works, as false, pestilent, and heretical. This upset him. The philosopher was unfrocked; and in that line of business he found himself bankrupt. At this crisis things looked ill. However, being young, he pleaded his tender years. George Barnwell and others had been led astray as well as himself, by keeping bad company: he had now quitted all connexion with metaphysics; and begged to inform the public that he had opened an entirely new concern for criticism in all its

branches. He kept his word; he left off hoaxing, and applied himself to a respectable line of business.

The fruits of his labours were a history, in twelve volumes, of modern literature from the end of the thirteenth century. Of this work I have examined all that I pretend to judge of, namely, the two sections relating to the German and the English literature; and, not to do him injustice, if it professed to be no more than a bibliographical record of books, it is executed with a very laudable care and fidelity. But imagine to yourself the vast compass of his plan. He professes to give the history of—1. Spanish; 2. Portuguese; 3. English; 4. German; 5. French; 6. Italian literature; no sketch, observe, or abstract of them, but a full and formal history. Conceive, if you can, the monstrous and insane pretensions involved in such a scheme. At starting he had five languages to learn, besides the dialects of his own; not only so, but five languages, each through all its varieties for the space of half a millennium: English, for instance, not merely of this day, but the English of Chaucer, of the Metrical Romances; nay, even of Robert of Gloucester, in 1280. Next, the mere printed books (to say nothing of the MSS.) in any one of these languages, to be read and meditated, as they ought to be by a *historian* of the literature, would have found full employment for twelve able-bodied men through an entire life. And after all, when the materials were ready, the work of composition would be still to begin. Such were Bouterwek's pretensions. As to Schlegel's, who, without any more genius or originality, has much more talent,—his were still more extravagant, and were pushed to an extremity that must, I should think, at times disquiet his admirers with a feeling that all is not sound. For, though he did not profess to go so much into detail as Bouterwek, still his

abstracts are represented as built on as much reading, though not directly quoted; and to all that Bouterwek held forth in his promises Schlegel added, as a little *bonus* to his subscribers, 1. Oriental literature; 2. The Scandinavian literature; 3. The Provençal literature; and, for aught I know, a billion of things besides; to say nothing of an active share in the current literature, as reviewer, magazinist, and author of all work. Now, the very history of these pretensions exposes their hollowness: to record them is to refute them. Knowing, as we all know, how many years it demands, and by what a leisurely and genial communication with their works it is that we can gain any deep intimacy with even a few great artists, such as Shakspere, Milton, or Euripides, how monstrous a fiction would that man force on our credulity, who tells us that he had read and weighed in the balances the total products of human intellect dispersed through thirty languages for a period of three thousand years; and how gross a delusion does *he* practise upon his own mind who can persuade himself that it is *reading* to cram himself with words, the bare sense of which can hardly have time to glance, like the lamps of a mail coach, upon his hurried and bewildered understanding! There is a picture at Oxford, which I saw when a boy, of an old man, with misery in his eye, in the act of copying a book; and the story attached (I forget whether with any historic foundation) is that he was under a vow to copy out some great portion of the Bible before he allowed himself (or was allowed) to eat. I dare say you know the picture; and perhaps I tell the story wrong. However, just such a man, and just so wo-begone, must this man of words appear when he is alone in his study; with a frozen heart and a famished intellect; and every now and then, perhaps exclaiming with Alcibiades, "O ye

Athenians! what a world of hardship I endure to obtain your applause!" So slightly is his knowledge worked into the texture of his mind, that I am persuaded a brain fever would sweep it all away. With this sketch of Messrs. Bouterwek and Schlegel, it is superfluous to add that their criticisms are utterly *worthless;* being all words—words—words: however, with this difference, that Bouterwek's are simply = 0, being the mere rubbishy sweepings from the works of literatuli long since defunct: but Schlegel's, agreeably to his natural haughtiness and superior talents, are bad in a positive sense—being filled with such conceits, fancies, and fictions, as you would naturally expect from a clever man talking about what he had never, in any true sense of the word, read.* O genius of English good sense,

* The most disingenuous instances in Schlegel of familiar acquaintance claimed with subjects of which he is necessarily ignorant, are the numerous passages in which he speaks of philosophers, especially of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. In such cases his sentences are always most artifically and jesuitically constructed, to give him the air of being quite at his ease on the one hand, and yet, on the other, to avoid committing himself by too much descent into particulars. So dangerous, however, is it for the ablest man to attempt speaking of what he does not understand, that, as a sailor will detect a landsman, however expert in the use of nautical diction, before he has uttered two sentences, so, with all his art and finesse, and speaking besides to questions of his own choosing, yet cannot Schlegel escape detection in any one instance when he has attempted to act the philosopher. Even where the thing said is not otherwise objectionable, it generally detects itself as the remark of a novice, by addressing itself to something extra-essential in the philosophy, and which a true judge would have passed over as impertinent to the real business of the system. Of the ludicrous blunders which inevitably arise in both Bouterwek and Schlegel, from hasty reading, or no reading at all, I noted some curious instances in my pocket-book; but, not having it with me, I shall mention two from memory. Bouterwek and Schlegel both would be highly offended, I suppose, if I were to doubt whether they had ever read the Paradise Lost.

keep any child of mine from ever sacrificing his peace and intellectual health to such a life of showy emptiness, of pretence, of noise, and of words; and even with a view to the opinion of others, if it were worth while sacrificing very much to *that*, teach him how far more enviable is the reputation of having produced even one work, though but in a lower department of art, and which has given pleasure to myriads—(such, suppose, as *The Vicar of Wakefield*)—than to have lived in the wonderment of a gazing crowd, like a rope-dancer, or a posture-master, with the fame of

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"O calumny, vile calumny! We that have given such fine criticisms upon it, not to have read it!" Yes; but there is such a case *in rerum naturâ* as that of criticising a work which the critic had not even seen. Now, that Bouterwek had not read the Paradise Lost, I think probable from this: Bodmer, during part of the first half of the last century, as is known to the students of German literature, was at the head of a party who supported the English literature against the French party of the old dolt Gottsched. From some work of Bodmer's, Bouterwek quotes with praise a passage which, from being in plain German prose, he supposes to be Bodmer's, but which, unfortunately, happens to be a passage in the Paradise Lost, and so memorable a passage that no one having once read it could have failed to recognise it. So much for Bouterwek. As to Schlegel, the presumption against him rests upon this; he is lecturing Milton in a high professor's style for his choice of a subject: "Milton," says he, "did not consider that the fall of man was but an inchoate action, but a part of a system, of which the restoration of man is another and equally essential part. The action of the Paradise Lost is, therefore, essentially imperfect." (Quoting from memory, and from a memory some years old, I do not pretend to give the words, but this is the sense.) Now, *pace tanti viri*, Milton *did* consider this, and has provided for it by a magnificent expedient, which a man who had read the Paradise Lost would have been likely to remember, namely, by the Vision combined with the Narrative of the Archangel, in which his final restoration is made known to Adam; without which, indeed, to say nothing of Mr. Schlegel's objection, the poem could not have closed with that *repose* necessary as the final impression of any great work of art.

incredible attainments that tend to no man's pleasure, and which perish to the remembrance of all men as soon as their possessor is in his grave.

Thus, at some risk of fatiguing you, I have endeavoured to sharpen your attention to the extreme danger which threatens a self-instructor in the besetting temptations to an over cultivation of languages; temptations which, whether appealing to his vanity and love of ostentation, or to his craving for a multifarious mastery over books, terminate in the same evil of substituting a barren study of words, which is, besides, the most lingering of all studies, for the healthy exercises of the intellect. All the great European poets, orators, and wits, are mentioned in a man's hearing so often, and so much discussion is constantly going on about their comparative merits, that a body of irritation and curiosity collects about these names, and unites with more legitimate feelings to persuade a man that it is necessary he should read them all—each in his own language. In a celebrated satire (*The Pursuits of Literature*), much read in my youth, and which I myself read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel—there addressed to young men, but, in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to *dare* to be ignorant of many things:" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favourable to the ultimate ends of knowledge. In you, however, *that* sort of courage may be presumed; but how will you "dare to be ignorant" of many things in opposition to the cravings of your own mind? Simply thus: destroy these false cravings by introducing a healthier state of the organ. A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by this one test—that it will exclude as powerfully as it will

appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction; once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement; just as you will sometimes see a man superficially irritated, as it were, with wandering fits of liking for three or four women at once, which he is absurd enough to call "being in love;" but, once profoundly in love (supposing him capable of being so), he never makes such a mistake again, all his feelings after *that* being absorbed into a sublime unity. Now, without anticipating this scheme of study out of its place, yet in general you know whether your intentions lean most to science or to literature. For upon this decision revolve the whole motives which can determine your choice of languages; as, for instance, if you are in quest of science or philosophy, no language in Europe at this day (unless the Turkish) is so slenderly furnished as the Spanish; on the other hand, for literature, I am disposed to think that after the English none is so wealthy (I mean in quality, not in quantity).

Here, however, to prevent all mistakes, let me establish one necessary distinction. The word *literature* is a perpetual source of confusion, because it is used in two senses, and those senses liable to be confounded with each other. In a philosophical use of the word, literature is the direct and adequate antithesis of books of knowledge. But, in a popular use, it is a mere term of convenience for expressing inclusively the total books in a language. In this latter sense, a dictionary, a grammar, a spelling-book, an almanac, a pharmacopœia, a Parliamentary report, a system of farriery, a treatise on billiards, the Court Calendar, &c., belong to the literature. But, in the philosophical sense, not only would

it be ludicrous to reckon these as parts of the literature, but even books of much higher pretensions must be excluded—as, for instance, books of voyages and travels, and generally all books in which the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner or form of its communication ("ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri"). It is difficult to construct the idea of "literature" with severe accuracy; for it is a fine art—the supreme fine art, and liable to the difficulties which attend such a subtle notion; in fact, a severe construction of the idea must be the *result* of a philosophical investigation into this subject, and cannot precede it. But, for the sake of obtaining some expression for literature that may answer our present purpose, let us throw the question into another form. I have said that the antithesis of literature is books of knowledge. Now, what is that antithesis to *knowledge*, which is here implicitly latent in the word literature? The vulgar antithesis is *pleasure* ("aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ"). Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! However, not to spend any words upon it, I suppose you will admit that this wretched antithesis will be of no service to us. And, by the way, let me remark to you, in this, as in other cases, how men by their own errors of understanding, by feeble thinking, and inadequate distinctions, forge chains of meanness and servility for themselves. For, this miserable alternative being once admitted, observe what follows. In which class of books does the Paradise Lost stand? Among those which instruct, or those which *amuse?* Now, if a man answers among those which instruct, he lies; for there is no instruction in it, nor could be in any great poem, according to the meaning which the word must bear in this distinction, unless it is meant that it should involve its own antithesis.

But if he says, "No; amongst those which amuse," then what a beast must he be to degrade, and in this way, what has done the most of any human work to raise and dignify human nature. But the truth is, you see that the idiot does not wish to degrade it; on the contrary, he would willingly tell a lie in its favour, if that would be admitted; but such is the miserable state of slavery to which he has reduced himself by his own puny distinction; for, as soon as he hops out of one of his little cells, he is under a necessity of hopping into the other. The true antithesis* to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but power. All that is literature seeks to communicate power; all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I, in my turn, would ask by what name a man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely or never

* For which distinction, as for most of the sound criticism on poetry, or any subject connected with it that I have ever met with, I must acknowledge my obligations to many years' conversation with Mr. Wordsworth. Upon this occasion it may be useful to notice that there is a rhetorical use of the word "power," very different from the analytic one here introduced, which, also, is due originally to Mr. Wordsworth, and will be found in no book before 1798; this is now become a regular slang term in London conversation. In reference to which, it is worth notice that a critic, speaking of the late Mr. Shelley, a year or two ago, in the most popular literary journal of the day, said, "It is alleged that there is power in Mr. Shelley's poetry; now, there can be no power shown in poetry, except by writing good poems" (or words to that effect). Waiving, however, the question of Mr. Shelley's merits, so far is this remark from being true, that the word was originally introduced expressly to provide for the case where, though the poem was *not* good from defect in the *composition*, or from other causes, the stamina and *matériel* of good poetry as fine thinking and passionate conceptions, could not be denied to exist.

supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unwakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—as myriads of modes of feeling are at this moment in every human mind for want of a poet to organize them? I say, when these inert and sleeping forms *are* organized, when these possibilities *are* actualized, is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*, or what is it?

When, in King Lear, the height, and depth, and breadth, of human passion is revealed to us, and, for the purposes of a sublime antagonism, is revealed in the weakness of an old man's nature, and in one night two worlds of storm are brought face to face—the human world, and the world of physical nature—mirrors of each other, semichoral antiphonies, strophe and antistrophe heaving with rival convulsions, and with the double darkness of night and madness,—when I am thus suddenly startled into a feeling of the infinity of the world within me, is this power, or what may I call it? Space, again, what is it in most men's minds? The lifeless form of the world without us, a postulate of the geometrician, with no more vitality or real existence to their feelings than the square root of two. But, if Milton has been able to *inform* this empty theatre, peopling it with Titanic shadows, forms that sat at the eldest counsels of the infant world, chaos and original night,—

> "Ghostly shapes,
> To meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
> Death the Skeleton,
> And Time the Shadow,"—

so that, from being a thing to inscribe with diagrams, it has become under his hands a vital agent on the human mind,—I presume that I may justly express the tendency of the Paradise Lost, by saying that it communicates

power; a pretension far above all communication of knowledge. Henceforth, therefore, I shall use the antithesis power and knowledge as the most philosophical expression for literature (that is, Literæ Humaniores) and anti-literature (that is, Literæ didacticæ—Παιδεια).

Now, then, prepared with this distinction, let us inquire whether—weighing the difficulties against the benefits—there is an overbalance of motive for you with your purposes to study what are inaccurately termed the "classical" languages.* And first with respect to Greek, we have often had the question debated, and in our own days, solemn challenges thrown out, and solemn adjudications given on the question, whether any benefit corresponding to the time and the labour can be derived from the study of the ancient classics. Hitherto, however, the question could not be rightly shaped; for, as no man chose to plead "amusement" as a sufficient motive for so great an undertaking, it was always debated with a single reference to the *knowledge* involved in those literatures. But this is a ground wholly untenable. For, let the knowledge be what it might, all knowledge is

* A late writer has announced it as a matter of discovery, that the term "classics" is applicable also to the modern languages. But, surely, this was never doubted by any man who considered the meaning and origin of the term. It is drawn, as the reader must be reminded, from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was rated as to his income in the third class, such another in the fourth, and so on; but he who was in the highest was said emphatically to be of *the* class, "classicus," a class-man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous. Hence, by an obvious analogy, the best authors were rated as classici, or men of the highest class; just as in English we say, "men of rank," absolutely, for men who are in the highest ranks of the State. The particular error by which this more formal term of relation was *materiated* (if I may so say) in one of its accidents (namely, the application to Greek and Roman writers), is one of the commonest and most natural.

translateable; and translateable without one atom of loss. If this were all, therefore, common sense would prescribe that faithful translations should be executed of all the classics, and all men in future depend upon these vicarious labours. With respect to the Greek, this would soon be accomplished; for what is the knowledge which lurks in that language? All knowledge may be commodiously distributed into science and erudition; of the latter (antiquities, geography, philology, theology, &c.), there is a very considerable body; of the former, but little, namely, the mathematical and musical works, and the medical works—what else? Nothing that can deserve the name of science, except the single *organon* of Aristotle. With Greek medicine I suppose that you have no concern. As to mathematics, a man must be an idiot if he were to study Greek for the sake of Archimedes, Apollonius, or Diophantus. In Latin or in French you may find them all regularly translated, and parts of them embodied in the works of English mathematicians. Besides, if it were otherwise, where the notions and all the relations are so few, elementary, and determinate, and the vocabulary therefore so scanty, as in mathematics, it could not be necessary to learn Greek, even if you were disposed to read the mathematicians in that language. I see no marvel in Halley's having translated an Arabic manuscript on mathematics, with no previous knowledge of Arabic; on the contrary, it is a case (and not a very difficult case) of the art of deciphering, so much practised by Wallis and other great mathematicians contemporary with Halley. But all this is an idle disputation; for the knowledge of whatsoever sort which lies in Grecian mines, wretchedly as we are furnished with vernacular translations, the Latin version will always supply. This, therefore, is not the ground to be taken by

the advocate of Greek letters. It is not for knowledge that Greek is worth learning, but for power. Here arises the question—Of what value is this power? that is, how is the Grecian literature to be rated in relation to other literatures? Now, is it not only because "De Carthagine satius est silere quam parciùs dicere," but also because in my judgment there is no more offensive form of levity than the readiness to speak on great problems, incidentally and occasionally,—that I shall wholly decline this question. We have hitherto seen no rational criticism on Greek literature; nor, indeed, to say the truth, much criticism which teaches anything, or solves anything, upon any literature. I shall simply suggest one consideration to you. The question is limited wholly, as you see, to the value of the literature in the proper sense of that word. Now, it is my private theory, to which you will allow what degree of weight you please, that the antique or pagan literature is a polar antagonist to the modern or Christian literature; that each is an evolution from a distinct principle, having nothing in common but what is necessarily common to all modes of thought, namely, good sense and logic; and that they are to be criticised from different stations and points of view. This same thought has occurred to others; but no great advance is made simply by propounding the general thesis; and as yet nobody has done more.* It is only by the development of this thesis that any real service

* Nor do I much expect, *will* do more: which opinion I build on the particular formula chosen for expressing the opposition of the antique and the Christian literature, namely, the classical and the romantic. This seeming to me to imply a total misconception of the true principle on which the distinction rests, I naturally look for no urther developments of the thesis from that quarter.

can be performed. This I have myself attempted, in series of "reveries" on that subject; and, if you continue to hesitate on the question of learning Greek now that you know exactly how that question is shaped, and to what it points, my manuscript contains all the assistance that it is in *my* power to offer you in such a dilemma. The difference of the antique from the Christian literature, you must bear in mind, is not like that between English and Spanish literature—species and species—but as between genus and genus. The advantages, therefore, are—1, the *power* which it offers generally as a literature; 2, the new phases under which it presents the human mind; the antique being the other hemisphere, as it were, which, with our own or Christian hemisphere, composes the entire sphere of human intellectual energy.

So much for the Greek. Now, as to the Latin, the case is wholly reversed. Here the literature is of far less value; and, on the whole, with your views, it might be doubted whether it would recompense your pains. But the anti-literature (as for want of a strict antithesis I must call it) is inestimable; Latin having been the universal language of Christendom for so long a period. The Latin works since the restoration of letters are alone of immense value for knowledge of every kind; much science, inexhaustible erudition; and to this day in Germany, and elsewhere on the Continent, the best part of the latter is communicated in Latin. Now, though all knowledge *is* (which power is not) adequately communicable by translation, yet as there is no hope that the immense bibliotheca of Latin accumulated in the last three centuries ever will be translated, you cannot possibly dispense with this language; and, that being so, it is fortunate that you have already a superficial

acquaintance with it. The best means of cultivating it further, and the grounds of selection amongst the *modern* languages of Christendom, I will discuss fully in my next letter.

LETTER IV.

My dear Sir,—It is my misfortune to have been under the necessity too often of writing rapidly, and without opportunities for after-revision. In cases where much *composition** is demanded, this is a serious misfortune, and sometimes irreparable, except at the price of recasting the whole work. But, to a subject like the present, little of what is properly called composition is applicable; and somewhat the less from the indeterminate form of *letters* into which I have purposely thrown my communications. Errors in composition apart, there can be no others of importance, except such as relate to the matter; and those are not at all the more incident to a man because he is in a hurry. Not to be too much at leisure is, indeed, often an advantage. On no occasion of their lives do men generally speak better than on the scaffold, and with the executioner at their side; partly, indeed, because they are then most in earnest, and unsolicitous about effect; but partly, also, because the pressure of the time sharpens and

* "*Composition.*"—This word I use in a sense, not indeed peculiar to myself, but yet not very common, nor anywhere, that I know of, sufficiently developed. It is of the highest importance in criticism; and, therefore, I shall add a note upon the true construction of the idea, either at the end of this letter or the next, according to the space left.

condenses the faculty of abstracting the capital points at issue. On this account I do not plead haste as an absolute and unmitigated disadvantage. Haste palliates what haste occasions. Now, there is no haste which can occasion oversights, as to the matter, to him who has meditated sufficiently upon his subject; all that haste can do in such a case is to affect the language with respect to accuracy and precision; and thus far I plead it. I shall never plead it as shrinking from the severest responsibility for the thoughts and substance of anything I say; but often in palliation of expressions careless or ill chosen. And at no time can I stand more in need of such indulgence than at present, when I write both hastily and under circumstances of— But no matter what. Believe, in general, that I write under circumstances as unfavourable for careful selection of words as can well be imagined.

In my last letter I declined to speak of the antique literature, as a subject too unwieldy and unmanageable for my limits. I now recur to it for the sake of guarding and restraining that particular sentence in which I have spoken of the Roman literature as inferior to the Greek. In common with all the world, I must, of necessity, think it so in the drama, and generally in poetry κατ' ἐξοχην. Indeed, for some forms of poetry, even of the lower order, it was the misfortune of the Roman literature that they were not cultivated until the era of fastidious taste, which in every nation takes place at a certain stage of society. They were harshly transplanted as exotics, and never passed through the just degrees of a natural growth on Roman soil. Notwithstanding this, the most exquisite specimens of the lighter lyric which the world has yet seen must be sought for in Horace; and very few writers of any country have approached to Virgil in the art of *composition*, how-

ever low we may be disposed at this day to rank him as a poet, when tried in the unequal contest with the sublimities of the Christian literature. The truth is (and this is worth being attended to), that the peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought, in their poetry. Poetry, according to the Roman ideal of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the national mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts and in Roman sayings.

For the acts, see their history for a thousand years, the early and fabulous part not excepted,—which, for the very reason that it *is* fabulous,* must be taken as so much the purer product of the Roman mind. Even the infancy of Rome was like the cradle of Hercules, glorified by splendid marvels,—"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre." For their sayings, for their anecdotes, their serious bon-mots, there are none equal to the Roman in grandeur. "English-

* In addition to the arguments lately urged in the *Quarterly Review*, for bastardizing and degrading the early history of Rome, I may here mention two others, alleged many years ago in conversation by a friend of mine. 1. *The immoderate length of time assigned to the reigns of the kings.* For though it is possible that one king's reign may cover two entire generations (as that of George III.), or even two and a half (as that of Louis XIV.), yet it is in the highest degree improbable that a series of seven kings, immediately consecutive, should, average, in the most favourable cases, more than twenty-four years for each: for the proof of which, see the Collective Chronology of Ancient and Modern Europe. 2. *The dramatic and artificial casting of the parts for these kings.* Each steps forward as a scenical person, to play a distinct part or character. One makes Rome; another makes laws; another makes an army; another, religious rights, &c. And last of all comes a gentleman who "enacts the brute part" of destroying, in effect, what his predecessors had constructed; and thus furnishes a decorous catastrophe for the whole play, and a magnificent birth for the republican form of government.

man!" said a Frenchman once to me, "you that contest our claim to the sublime, and contend that 'la manière noble' of our artists wears a falsetto character, what do you think of that saying of a king of ours, That it became not the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans (that is, of himself, under that title)?" "Think!" said I, "why, I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before."* I would willingly give five shillings myself to purchase the copyright of the saying for the French nation; for *they* want it, and the Romans could spare it. Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt! Cursed be the name of Hadrian that stands between France and the sublimest of bon-mots! Where, again, will you find a more adequate expression of the Roman majesty than in the saying of Trajan—Imperatorem oportere stantem mori—that Cæsar ought to die standing, a speech of imperatorial grandeur; implying that he, who was "the foremost man of all this world," and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act,—should die *in procinctu*,—and should meet the last enemy,† as the first, with a

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* Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum? adjectâ civili voce,—Minime licere Principi Romano, ut quæ privatus agitasset odia—ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian in Had.*—Vid. Histor. August.

† Neither let it be objected that it is irrational to oppose what there is no chance of opposing with success. When the Roman Senate kept their seats immovably upon the entrance of the Gauls reeking from the storm of Rome, they did it not as supposing that this spectacle of senatorial dignity could disarm the wrath of their savage enemy; if they had, their act would have lost all its splendour. The language of their conduct was this: So far as the gran-

Roman countenance, and in a soldier's attitude. If this had an imperatorial, what follows had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandest story upon record. Marius, the man who rose *à caligâ* to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon, and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons,—the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were, by the caprice of fortune, monstrously inverted. The consul was in chains: the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reinstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels, drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing "like Teneriffe," he smote him with his eye, and said, "Tune, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?" Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground, turned round upon his hands and feet, and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude, as steadfast and immovable as the capitol.

In such anecdotes as these it is—in the actions of trying

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deur of the will is concerned, we have carried our resistance to the last extremity, and have expressed it in the way suitable to our rank. For all beyond we were not answerable; and, having recorded our "protest" in such an emphatic language, death becomes no dishonour. The *stantem mori* expresses the same principle, but in a symbolic act.

emergencies and their appropriate circumstances—that I find the revelation of the Roman mind under its highest aspect. The Roman mind was great in the presence of man, mean in the presence of nature; impotent to comprehend or to delineate the internal strife of *passion*,* but powerful beyond any other national mind to display the energy of the *will* victorious over all passion. Hence it is that the true Roman sublime exists nowhere in such purity as in those works which were *not* composed with a reference to Grecian models. On this account I wholly dissent from the shallow classification which expresses the relations of merit between the writers of the Augustan period and that which followed, under the type of a golden and silver age. As artists, and with reference to composition, no doubt many of the writers of the latter age were rightly so classed; but an inferiority *quoad hoc* argues no uniform and absolute inferiority; and the fact is, that, in weight and grandeur of thought, the silver writers were much superior to the golden. Indeed, this might have been looked for on *à priori* grounds; for the silver writers were more truly Roman writers from two causes: first, because they trusted more to their own native style of thinking, and, looking less anxiously to Grecian archetypes, they wrote more naturally, feelingly, and originally; secondly, because the political circumstances of their times were advantageous, and liberated them from the suspicious caution which cramped the natural movements of a Roman mind on the first establishment of the monarchy. Whatever outrages of despotism occurred in the times of the silver

* So palpable is this truth, that the most unreflecting critics have hence been led to suspect the pretensions of the Atys to a Roman origin.

writers were sudden, transient, capricious, and personal, in their origin and in their direction: but, in the Augustan age, it was not the temper of Augustus, personally, and certainly not the temper of the writers leading them to any excesses of licentious speculation, which created the danger of bold thinking. The danger was in the times, which were unquiet and revolutionary. The struggle with the republican party was yet too recent; the wounds and cicatrices of the State too green; the existing order of things too immature and critical: the triumphant party still viewed *as a* party, and for that cause still feeling itself a party militant. Augustus had that chronic complaint of a "crick in the neck," of which later princes are said to have an acute attack every 30th of January. Hence a servile and timid tone in the literature. The fiercer republicans could not be safely mentioned. Even Cicero it was not decorous to praise; and Virgil, as perhaps you know, has, by insinuation, contrived to insult* his memory in the *Æneid*. But, as the irresponsible power of the emperors grew better secured, their jealousy of republican sentiment abated much of its keenness. And, considering that republican freedom of thought was the very matrix of Roman sublimity, it

* Orabunt alii causas melius. *Æn.* VI.—An opinion upon the Grecian superiority in this point, which is so doubtful even to us in our perfect impartiality at this day, as a general opinion without discrimination of persons, that we may be sure it could not spontaneously have occurred to a Roman in a burst of patriotic feeling, and must have been deliberately manufactured to meet the malignant wishes of Augustus. More especially because, in whatever relation of opposition or of indifference to the principles of a military government, to the Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos, Virgil might view the fine arts of painting, statuary, &c., he could not but have viewed the arts of forensic eloquence as standing in the closest alliance with that principle.

ought not to surprise us, that as fast as the national mind was lightened from the pressure which weighed upon the natural style of its sentiment, the literature should recoil into a freer movement, with an elasticity proportioned to the intensity and brevity of its depression. Accordingly, in Seneca the philosopher, in Lucan, in Tacitus, even in Pliny the Younger, &c., but especially in the two first, I affirm that there is a loftiness of thought more eminently and characteristically Roman than in any preceding writers: and in *that* view to rank them as writers of a silver age, is worthy only of those who are servile to the commonplaces of unthinking criticism.

The style of thought in the silver writers, as a raw material, was generally more valuable than that of their predecessors, however much they fell below them in the art of working up that material. And I shall add further that, when I admit the vast defects of Luther, for instance, as an artist, I would not be understood as involving in that concession the least toleration of the vulgar doctrine, that the diction of the silver writers is in any respect below the standard of pure Latinity as existing in the writers of the Ciceronian age. A better structure of Latinity I will affirm boldly, does not exist than that of Petronius Arbiter: and taken as a body, the writers of what is denominated the silver age are for diction no less Roman, and for thought much more intensely Roman, than any other equal number of writers from the preceding ages; and, with a very few exceptions, are the best fitted to take a permanent station in the regard of men at your age or mine, when the meditative faculties, if they exist at all, are apt to expand, and to excite a craving for a greater weight of thought than is usually to be met with in the elder writers of the Roman literature. This explanation made, and having made that

"amende honorable" to the Roman literature which my own gratitude demanded, I come to the remaining part of my business in this letter, namely, the grounds of choice amongst the languages of modern Europe. Reserving to my conclusion anything I have to say upon these *languages*, as depositories of *literature* properly so called, I shall first speak of them as depositories of *knowledge*. Among the four great races of men in Europe, namely—1. The Celtic, occupying a few of the western extremities* of Europe; 2. The Teutonic, occupying the northern and midland parts;† 3. The Latin (blended with Teutonic tribes) occupying the south;‡ and, 4. The Sclavonic, occupying the east, it is evident that of the first and the last it is unnecessary to say anything in this place, because their pretensions to literature do not extend to our present sense of the word. No Celt even, however extravagant, pretends to the possession of a body of Celtic philosophy and Celtic science of independent growth. The Celtic and Sclavonic languages therefore dismissed, our business at present is with those of the Latin and the Teutonic families. Now three of the Latin family, namely, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are at once excluded for the purpose before us: because it is notorious that, from political and religious causes, these three nations have but feebly participated in the gene-

* Namely: 1. In the Cornish, Welsh, Manks, Highland, Scotch, and Irish provinces of the British empire (in the first and last it is true that the barbarous Celtic blood has been too much improved by Teutonic admixture to allow of our considering the existing races as purely Celtic; this, however, does not affect the classification of their genuine literary relics); 2. In Biscay; and 3. In Basse Bretagne (Armorica): to say nothing of a Celtic district said to exist in the Alps, &c.

† Namely: Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Netherlands, England, and Scotch Lowlands.

‡ Namely: Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal.

ral scientific and philosophic labours of the age. Italy, indeed, has cultivated natural philosophy with an exclusive zeal; a direction probably impressed upon the national mind by patriotic reverence for her great names in that department. But, merely for the sake of such knowledge (supposing no other motive), it would be idle to pay the price of learning a language,—all the current contributions to science being regularly gathered into the general garner of Europe by the scientific journals both at home and abroad. Of the Latin languages, therefore, which are wholly the languages of Catholic nations, but one—that is, the French—can present any sufficient attractions to a student in search of general knowledge. Of the Teutonic literatures, on the other hand, which are the adequate representatives of the Protestant intellectual interest in Europe (no Catholic nations speaking a Teutonic language except the southern states of Germany and part of the Netherlands), all give way at once to the paramount pretensions of the English and the German. I do not say this with the levity of ignorance, as if presuming, as a matter of course, that in a small territory, such as Denmark, *e.g.*, the literature must, of necessity, bear a value proportioned to its political rank. On the contrary, I have some acquaintance with the Danish literature;* and though, in the proper sense of the word literature as a body of creative art, I cannot esteem

* I take this opportunity of mentioning a curious fact which I ascertained about twelve years ago, when studying the Danish. The English and Scotch philologists have generally asserted that the Danish invasions in the ninth and tenth centuries, and their settlements in various parts of the island (as Lincolnshire, Cumberland, &c.), had left little or no traces of themselves in the language. This opinion has been lately reasserted in Dr. Murray's work on the European languages. It is, however, inaccurate. For the remarkable dialect spoken amongst the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland,

it highly, yet as a depository of knowledge in one particular direction—namely, the direction of historical and antiquarian research—it has, undoubtedly, high claims upon the student's attention. But this is a direction in which a long series of writers descending from a remote antiquity is of more importance than a great contemporary body; whereas, for the cultivation of knowledge in a more comprehensive sense, and arrived at its present stage, large simultaneous efforts are of more importance than the longest successive efforts. Now, for such a purpose, it is self-evident that the means at the disposal of every State must be in due proportion to its statistical rank; for not only must the scientific institutions, the purchasers of books, &c., keep pace with the general progress of the country, but commerce alone, and the arts of life, which are so much benefited by science, naturally react upon science in a degree proportioned to the wealth of every State in their demand for the aids of chemistry, mechanics, engineering, &c. &c.; a fact with its inevitable results, to which I need scarcely call your attention. Moreover, waiving all mere presumptive arguments, the bare amount of books annually published in the several countries of Europe puts the matter out of all doubt that the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day con-

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together with the names of the mountains, tarns, &c., most of which resist all attempts to unlock their meaning from the Anglo-Saxon, or any other form of the Teutonic, are pure Danish—generally intelligible from the modern Danish of this day, but in all cases from the elder form of the Danish. Whenever my *Opera Omnia* are collected, I shall reprint a little memoir on this subject, which I inserted about four years ago in a provincial newspaper: or possibly before that event, for the amusement of the lake tourists, Mr. Wordsworth may do me the favour to accept it as an appendix to his work on the English lakes.

ducted in three languages—the English, the German, and the French. You, therefore, having the good fortune to be an Englishman, are to make your choice between the two last; and this being so, I conceive that there is no room for hesitation,—the "detur pulchriori" being, in this case (that is, remember, with an exclusive reference to *knowledge*), a direction easily followed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say of the French literature, as the kindest thing he had to say about it, that he valued it chiefly for this reason—that it had a book upon every subject. How far this might be a reasonable opinion fifty years ago, and understood, as Dr. Johnson must have meant it, of the French literature, as compared with the English of the same period, I will not pretend to say. It has certainly ceased to be true even under these restrictions, and is in flagrant opposition to the truth if extended to the French in its relation to the German. Undoubtedly the French literature holds out to the student some peculiar advantages, as what literature does not?—some, even, which we should not have anticipated; for, though we justly value ourselves as a nation upon our classical education, yet no literature is poorer than the English in the learning of classical antiquities,—our Bentleys, even, and our Porsons, having thrown all their learning into the channel of philology; whilst a single volume of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions contains more useful antiquarian research than a whole English library. In digests of history, again, the French language is richer than ours, and in their dictionaries of miscellaneous knowledge (*not* in their encyclopedias). But all these are advantages of the French only in relation to the English and not to the German literature, which, for vast compass, variety, and extent, far exceeds all others as a depository for

the current accumulations of knowledge. The mere number of books published annually in Germany, compared with the annual product of France and England, is alone a satisfactory evidence of this assertion. With relation to France, it is a second argument in its favour that the intellectual activity of Germany is not intensely accumulated in one great capital, as it is in Paris; but whilst it is here and there converged intensely enough for all useful purposes (as at Berlin, Königsberg, Leipsic, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, &c.), it is also healthily diffused over the whole territory. There is not a sixth-rate town in Protestant Germany which does not annually contribute its quota of books: intellectual culture has manured the whole soil: not a district but it has penetrated,

"Like Spring,
Which leaves no corner of the land untouched."

A third advantage on the side of Germany (an advantage for this purpose) is its division into a great number of independent states. From this circumstance it derives the benefit of an internal rivalship amongst its several members, over and above that general external rivalship which it maintains with other nations. An advantage of the same kind we enjoy in England. The British nation is fortunately split into three great divisions, and thus a national feeling of emulation and contest is excited,—slight, indeed, or none at all on the part of the English (not from any merit, but from mere decay of patriotic feeling), stronger on the part of the Irish, and sometimes illiberally and odiously strong on the part of the Scotch (especially as you descend below the rank of gentlemen). But, disgusting as it sometimes is in its expression, this nationality is of great service to our efforts in all directions. A triple power is gained for internal excitement of the national energies; whilst, in

regard to any external enemy or any external rival, the three nations act with the unity of a single force. But the most conspicuous advantage of the German literature is its great originality and boldness of speculation, and the character of masculine austerity and precision impressed upon their scientific labours by the philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolff heretofore, and by the severer philosophy of modern days. Speaking of the German literature at all, it would be mere affectation to say nothing on a subject so far-famed and so much misrepresented as this. Yet, to summon myself to an effort of this kind at a moment of weariness and exhausted attention, would be the certain means of inflicting great weariness upon you. For the present, therefore, I take my leave.

LETTER V.

My dear Sir,—In my last letter, having noticed the English, the German, and the French, as the three languages in which the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted, and having attributed three very considerable advantages to the German as compared with the French, I brought forward in conclusion, as an advantage more conspicuous even than any I had before insisted on, the great originality and boldness of speculation which have distinguished the philosophic researches of Germany for the last hundred and fifty years.* On this point, as it stood opposed to some prejudices and gross mis-statements among ourselves, I naturally declined to speak at the close of a letter which had, perhaps, already

* Dating from the earliest works of Leibnitz, rather more.

exhausted your attention. But, as it would be mere affectation wholly to evade a question about which so much interest* has gathered, and an interest which, from its objects and grounds, must be so durable, I gave you reason to expect that I would say a few words on that which is at this time understood by the term *German Philosophy*, that is, the philosophy of Kant. This I shall now do. But, let me remind you for what purpose, that you may not lay to my charge, as a fault, *that* limited notice of my subject which the nature and proportions of my plan prescribe. In a short letter it cannot be supposed possible, if it were otherwise right on this occasion, that I should undertake

* I have heard it alleged as a reason why no great interest in the German philosophy can exist or can be created amongst the English that "there is no demand for books on that subject:" in which remark there is a singular confusion of thought. Was there any "demand" for the Newtonian philosophy, until the Newtonian philosophy appeared? How should there be any "demand" for books which do not exist? But, considering the lofty pretensions of the Kantean philosophy, it would argue a gross ignorance of human nature to suppose that no interest had already attended the statement of these pretensions whenever they have been made known; and, in fact, amongst thoughtful and intellectual men a very deep interest has long existed on the subject, as my own experience has been sufficient to convince me. Indeed, what evidence could be alleged more strong of apathy and decay in all intellectual activity, and in all honourable direction of intellectual interests, than the possibility that a systematic philosophy should arise in a great nation near to our own, and should claim to have settled for ever many of the weightiest questions which concern the dignity and future progress of the human species, and should yet attract no attention or interest? We may be assured that no nation not thoroughly emasculated in power of mind—that is, so long as any severe studies survive amongst her—can ever be so far degraded. But these judgments come of attending too much to the movements of what is called "the literary world:" literature very imperfectly represents the intellectual interests of any people; and literary people are, in a large proportion, as little intellectual people as any one meets with.

an analysis of a philosophy so comprehensive as to leave no track of legitimate interests untouched, and so profound as to presuppose many preparatory exercises of the understanding. What the course of my subject demands is, that I should liberate the name and reputation of the Kantean philosophy from any delusion which may collect about its purposes and pretensions, through the representations of those who have spoken of it amongst ourselves. The case is this: I have advised you to pay a special attention to the German literature, as a literature of knowledge, not of power; and, amongst other reasons for this advice, I have alleged the high character and pretensions of its philosophy. But these pretensions have been met by attacks, or by gross misrepresentations, from all writers, within my knowledge, who have at all noticed the philosophy in this country. So far as these have fallen in your way, they must naturally have indisposed you to my advice; and it becomes, therefore, my business to point out any facts which may tend to disarm the authority of these writers, just so far as to replace you in the situation of a neutral and unprejudiced student.

The persons who originally introduced the Kantean philosophy to the notice of the English public, or rather attempted to do so, were two Germans—Dr. Willich and (not long after) Dr. Nitsch. Dr. Willich, I think, has been gone to Hades for these last dozen years; certainly his works have: and Dr. Nitsch, though not gone to Hades, is gone (I understand) to Germany, which answers my purpose as well; for it is not likely that a few words uttered in London will contrive to find out a man buried in the throng of thirty million Germans. *Quoad hoc*, therefore, Dr. Nitsch may be considered no less defunct than Dr. Willich; and I can run no risk of wounding anybody's

feelings if I should pronounce both doctors very eminent blockheads. It is difficult to say which wrote the more absurd book. Willich's is a mere piece of book-making, and deserves no sort of attention. But Nitsch, who seems to have been a painstaking man, has produced a work which is thus far worthy of mention, that it reflects as in a mirror one feature common to most of the German commentaries upon Kant's works, and which it is right to expose. With very few exceptions, these works are constructed upon one simple principle: Finding it impossible to obtain any glimpse of Kant's meaning or drift, the writers naturally asked themselves what was to be done. Because a man does not understand one iota of his author, is he therefore not to comment upon him? That were hard indeed; and a sort of abstinence which it is more easy to recommend than to practise. Commentaries must be written; and, if not by those who understand the system (which would be the best plan), then (which is clearly the second-best plan) by those who do *not* understand it. Dr. Nitsch belonged to this latter very respectable body, for whose great numerical superiority to their rivals I can take upon myself to vouch. Being of their body, the worthy doctor adopted their expedient, which is simply this: never to deliver any doctrine except in the master's words; on all occasions to parrot the *ipsissima verba* of Kant; and not even to venture upon the experiment of a new illustration drawn from their own funds. Pretty nearly upon this principle was it that the wretched Brucker and others have constructed large histories of philosophy. Having no comprehension of the inner meaning and relations of any philosophic opinion, nor suspecting to what it tended, or in what necessities of the intellect it had arisen, how could the man do more than superstitiously adhere to that formula of words in

which it had pleased the philosopher to clothe it? It was unreasonable to expect he should. To require of him that he should present it in any new aspect of his own devising would have been tempting him into dangerous and perplexing situations: it would have been, in fact, a downright aggression upon his personal safety, and calling upon him to become *felo de se.* Every turn of a sentence might risk his breaking down; and no man is bound to risk his neck, credit, or understanding, for the benefit of another man's neck, credit, or understanding. "It's all very well," Dr Nitsch and his brethren will say,—"it's all very well for you, gentlemen, that have no commenting to do, to understand your author; but, to expect us to understand him also, that have to write commentaries on him for two, four, and all the way up to twelve volumes 8vo, just serves to show how far the unreasonableness of human nature can go." The Doctor was determined on moral principles to make no compromise with such unreasonableness; and, in common with all his brethren, set his face against understanding each and every chapter, paragraph, or sentence, of Kant, so long as they were expected to do duty as commentators. I treat the matter ludicrously; but, in substance, I assure you that I do no wrong to the learned commentators;* and, under such auspices, you will not suppose that Kant came before the English public with any advantage of patronage. Between two such supporters as a Nitsch on the right hand, and a Willich on the left, I

* Under this denomination I comprehend all the rabble of abbreviators, abstractors, dictionary-makers, etc. etc., attached to the establishment of the Kantean philosophy. One of the last, by the way, Schmidt, the author of a Kantean dictionary, may be cited as the *beau idéal* of Kantean commentators. He was altogether agreed with Dr. Nitsch upon the duty of not understanding one's author;

know not *that* philosopher that would escape foundering. But, fortunately for Kant, the supporters themselves foundered; and no man that ever I met with had seen or heard of their books, or seen any man that *had* seen them. It did not appear that they were, or, logically speaking, could be forgotten; for no man had ever remembered them.

The two doctors having thus broken down, and set off severally to Hades and Germany, I recollect no authors of respectability who have since endeavoured to attract the attention of the English public to the Kantean philosophy, except—1. An anonymous writer in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review;* 2. Mr. Coleridge; 3. Mr. Dugald Stewart; 4. Madame de Staël, in a work published, I believe, originally in this country, and during her residence amongst us. I do not add Sir William Drummond to this list, because my recollection of anything he has written on the subject of Kant (in his Academical Questions) is very imperfect; nor Mr. W—, the reputed author of an article on Kant (the most elaborate, I am told, which at present exists in the English language) in the Encyclopædia Londinensis; for this essay, together with a few other notices of Kant in other encyclopædias, or elsewhere, have not happened to fall in my way. The four writers above mentioned were certainly the only ones on this subject who commanded sufficient influence, either directly in their own persons, or (as in the first case) vicariously in the channel through which the author communicated with the public,

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and acted up to his principle through life—being, in fact, what the Cambridge men call a *Bergen-op-zoom*, that is, one that sturdily defies his author, stands a siege of twelve or twenty years upon his understanding, and holds out to the last, impregnable to all the assaults of reason or argument, and the heaviest batteries of common sense.

considerably to affect the reputation of Kant in this country for better or worse. None of the four, except Mr. Coleridge, having, or professing to have, any direct acquaintance with the original works of Kant, but drawing their information from imbecile French books, &c., it would not be treating the other three with any injustice to dismiss their opinions without notice; for, even upon any one philosophical question, much more upon the fate of a great philosophical system supposed to be *sub judice*, it is as unworthy of a grave and thoughtful critic to rely upon the second-hand report of a flashy rhetorician, as it would be unbecoming and extra-judicial in a solemn trial to occupy the ear of the court with the gossip of a country town.

However, to omit no point of courtesy to any of these writers, I shall say a word or two upon each of them separately. The first and the third wrote in a spirit of hostility to Kant; the second and fourth, as friends. In that order I shall take them. The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, I suppose, upon the internal evidence, to have been the late Dr. Thomas Brown, a pupil of Mr. Dugald Stewart's, and his successor in the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh. This is a matter of no importance in itself; nor am I in the habit of troubling myself or others with literary gossip of that sort; but I mention it as a conjecture of my own; because, if I happen to be right, it would be a very singular fact that the only two writers within my knowledge who have so far forgot the philosophic character as to attempt an examination of a vast and elaborate system of philosophy, not in the original, not in any authorized or accredited Latin version (of which there were two even at that time), not in any version at all, but in the tawdry rhetoric of a Parisian *philosophie*

à la mode, a sort of *philosophie pour les dames*,—that these two writers, thus remarkably agreeing in their readiness to forget the philosophic character, should also happen to have stood nearly connected in literary life. In such coincidences we suspect something more than a blind accident; we suspect the natural tendency of their philosophy, and believe ourselves furnished with a measure of its power to liberate the mind from rashness, from caprice, and injustice, in such deliberate acts, which it either suggests or tolerates. If their own philosophic curiosity was satisfied with information so slender, mere justice required that they should not, on so slight and suspicious a warrant, have grounded anything in disparagement of the philosophy or its founder. The book reviewed by the Edinburgh reviewer, and relied on for his account of the Kantean philosophy, is the essay of Villars; a book so entirely childish, that perhaps no mortification more profound could have fallen upon the reviewer than the discovery of the extent to which he had been duped by his author. Of this book no more needs to be said than that the very terms do not occur in it which express the hinges of the system. Mr. Stewart has confided chiefly in Dégérando; a much more sober-minded author, of more good sense, and a greater zeal for truth, but, unfortunately, with no more ability to penetrate below the surface of the Kantean system. M. Dégérando is represented as an unexceptionable evidence by Mr. Stewart, on the ground that he is admitted to be so by Kant's "countrymen." The "countrymen" of Kant,* merely *as* country-

* The reader may suppose that this could not possibly have been the meaning of Mr. Stewart. But a very general mistake exists as to the terminology of Kant—as though a foreigner must find some difficulties in it which are removed to a native. "His own countrymen,"

men, can have no more title to an opinion upon this point than a Grantham man could have a right to dogmatize on Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, on the ground that he was a fellow-townsman of Sir Isaac's. The air of Königsberg makes no man a philosopher. But, if Mr. Stewart means that the competency of M. Dégérando has been admitted by those countrymen of Kant's whose educations have fitted them to understand him, and whose writings make it evident that they *have* understood him (such, for instance, as Reinhold, Schulze, Tieftrunk, Beck, Fichte, and Schelling), then he has been misinformed. The mere existence of such works as the *Histoire Comparée* of M. Dégérando, which cannot be regarded in a higher light than that of verbal indices to the corpus philosophiæ, is probably unknown to them; certainly, no books of that popular class are ever noticed by any of them, nor could rank higher in their eyes than an elementary school algebra in the eyes of a mathematician. If any man acknowledges Dégérando's attempt at a popular abstract of Kant as a sound one, *ipso facto*, he degrades himself from the right to any opinion upon the matter. The elementary notions of Kant, even the main problem of his great work, are not once so much as alluded to by Dégérando. And, by the way, if any man ever talks in your presence about Kant, and you suspect that he is talking without knowledge, and wish to put a stop to him, I will tell you how you shall effect that end. Say to him

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says a respectable literary journal, when speaking of Kant (*Edinburgh Monthly Review* for August 1820, p. 168)—"His own countrymen find it difficult to comprehend his meaning; and they dispute about it to this day." Why not? The terminology of Kant is partly Grecian, partly scholastic; and how should either become intelligible to a German *qua* German, merely because they are fitted with German terminations and inflexions?

as follows: Sir, I am instructed by my counsel, learned in this matter, that the main problem of the philosophy you are talking of lies involved in the term *transcendental*, and that it may be thus expressed: "*An detur aliquid transcendentale in mente humanâ*,"—"Is there in the human mind anything which realizes t · notion of *transcendental* (as that notion is regulated and used by Kant)?" Now, as this makes it necessary above all things to master that notion in the fullest sense, I will thank you to explain it to me. And, as I am further instructed that the answer to this question is affirmative, and is involved in the term *synthetic unity*, I will trouble you to make it clear to me wherein the difference lies between this and what is termed *analytic unity*. Thus speaking, you will in all probability gag him; which is, at any rate, one desirable thing gained when a man insists on disturbing a company by disputing and talking philosophy.

But, to return: as there must always exist a strong presumption against philosophy of Parisian manufacture (which is in that department the Birmingham ware of Europe); secondly, as M. Dégérando had expressly admitted (in fact, boasted) that he had a little trimmed and embellished the Kantean system, in order to fit it for the society of "*les gens comme il faut*;" and, finally, as there were Latin versions, &c., of Kant, it must reasonably occur to any reader to ask why Mr. Stewart should not have consulted these. To this question Mr. Stewart answers, that he could not tolerate their "barbarous" style and nomenclature. I must confess that in such an answer I see nothing worthy of a philosopher; and should rather have looked for it from a literary *petit-maître* than from an emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy. Will a philosopher decline a useful experiment in physics because it will soil his kid gloves?

Who thinks or cares about style in such studies that is sincerely and anxiously in quest of truth?* In fact, *style*, in any proper sense, is no more a possible thing in such investigations as the understanding is summoned to by Kant, than it is in Euclid's Elements. As to the nomenclature again, supposing that it *had* been barbarous, who objects to the nomenclature of modern chemistry, which is, *quoad materiam*, not only a barbarous, but a hybrid nomenclature? Wherever law and intellectual order prevail, they *debarbarize* (if I may be allowed such a coinage) what in its elements might be barbarous: the form ennobles the matter. But, how is the Kantean terminology barbarous, which is chiefly composed of Grecian or Latin terms? In constructing it, Kant proceeded in this way: where it was possible, he recalled obsolete and forgotten terms from the Platonic philosophy and from the schoolmen, or restored words abused by popular use to their original philosophic meaning. In other cases, when there happen to exist double expressions for the same notion, he called in and reminted them, as it were. In doing this he was sometimes forestalled in part, and guided by the tendency of language itself. All languages, as it has been remarked, tend to clear themselves of synonymes as intellectual culture advances,—the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society. And, long before this appro-

* The diction of the particular book which had been recommended to Mr. Stewart's attention, namely, the *Expositio Systematica* of Phiseldek, a Danish professor, has all the merits which a philosophic diction can have, being remarkably perspicuous, precise, simple, and unaffected. It is too much of a mere metaphrase of Kant, and has too little variety of illustration: otherwise I do not know a better digest of the philosophy.

priation is fixed and petrified, as it were, into the acknowledged vocabulary of the language, an insensible *clinamen* (to borrow a Lucretian word) prepares the way for it. Thus, for instance, long before Mr. Wordsworth had unveiled the great philosophic distinction between the powers of *fancy* and *imagination*, the two words had begun to diverge from each other; the first being used to express a faculty somewhat capricious* and exempted from law, the latter to express a faculty more self-determined. When, therefore, it was at length perceived that under an apparent unity of meaning there lurked a real dualism, and for philosophic purposes it was necessary that this distinction should have its appropriate expression, this necessity was met half way by the *clinamen* which had already affected the popular usage of the words. So, again, in the words *Deist* and *Theist;* naturally, they should express the same notion: the one to a Latin, the other to a Grecian ear. But, of what use are such duplicates? It is well that the necessities of the understanding gradually reach all such cases by that insensible *clinamen* which fits them for a better purpose than that of extending the mere waste fertility of language, namely, by taking them up into the service of thought. In this instance *Deist* was used pretty generally throughout Europe to express the case of him who admits a God, but under the fewest predicates that will satisfy the conditions of the understanding. A *Theist*, on the other

* Which distinction comes out still more strongly in the secondary derivative *fanciful*, and the primary derivative *fantastic*. I say primary derivative, in reference to the history of the word:—1, φαντασια, whence *phantasy:* 2, for metrical purposes, *phant'sy* (as it is usually spelt in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and other scholarlike poems of that day): 3, by dropping the *t* in pronunciation; phansy or fancy. Now, from No. 1 comes *fantastic;* from No. 3 comes *fanciful*.

hand, even in popular use, denoted him who admits a God with some further (transcendental) predicates; as, for example, under the relation of a moral governor to the world. In such cases as this, therefore, where Kant found himself already anticipated by the progress of language, he did no more than regulate and ordinate the evident *nisus* and tendency of the popular usage into a severe definition. Where, however, the notions were of too subtle a nature to be laid hold of by the popular understanding, and too little within the daily use of life to be ever affected by the ordinary causes which mould the course of a language, there he commenced and finished the process of separation himself.

And what were the uses of all this? Why, the uses were these: *first*, in relation to the whole system of the transcendental philosophy: the new notions which were thus fixed and recorded were necessary to the system; they were useful in proportion as *that* was useful, that is, in proportion as it was true. *Secondly*, they extended the domain of human thought, apart from the system and independently of it. A perpetual challenge or summons is held out to the mind in the Kantean terminology to clear up and regulate its own conceptions, which, without discipline, are apt from their own subtle affinities to blend and run into each other. The new distinctions are so many intellectual problems to be mastered. And, even without any view to a formal study of the transcendental philosophy, great enlargement would be given to the understanding by going through a Kantean dictionary, well explained and well illustrated.* This terminology, therefore, was useful: 1. As a means to an end (being part of the system); 2.

* In some cases it is true that the construction of the ideas is posterior to the system, and presupposes a knowledge of it, rather than precedes it; but this is not generally true.

As an end in itself. So much for the uses. As to the power of mind put forth in constructing it (between which and the uses lies the valuation of Kant's service; for, if no uses, then we do not thank him for any difficulty he may have overcome; if no difficulty overcome, then we do not ascribe as a merit to him any uses which may flow from it),—as to the power of mind put forth in constructing it, I do not think it likely that you will make the same mistake which I have heard from some unreflecting persons, and which, in fact, lurks at the bottom of much that has been written against Kant's obscurity, as though Kant had done no more than impose new names. Certainly, if that were all, the merit would not be very conspicuous. It would cost little effort of mind to say, Let this be A, and that be D: let this notion be called *transcendent*, and that be called *transcendental*. Such a statement, however, supposes the ideas to be already known and familiar, and simply to want names. In this lies the blunder. When Kant assigned the names, he created the ideas; that is, he drew them within the consciousness. In assigning to the complex notion X the name *transcendental*, Kant was not simply transferring a word which had previously been used by the schoolmen to a more useful office; he was bringing into the service of the intellect a new birth; that is, drawing into a synthesis, which had not existed before *as* a synthesis, parts or elements which exist and come forward hourly in every man's mind. I urge this upon your attention, because you will often hear such challenges thrown out as this (or others involving the same error), "Now, if there be any sense in this Mr. Kant's writings, let us have it in good old mother English." That is, in other words, transfer into the unscientific language of life scientific notions and relations which it is not fitted

to express. The challenger proceeds upon the common error of supposing all ideas fully developed to exist *in esse* in all understandings, *ergo*, in his own ; and all that are in his own he thinks that we can express in English. Thus the challenger, on his notions, has you in a dilemma, at any rate ; for, if you do not translate it, then it confirms his belief that the whole is jargon ; if you *do* (as, doubtless, with the help of much periphrasis, you may translate it into English, that will be intelligible to a man who already understands the philosophy), then where was the use of the new terminology ? But the way to deal with this fellow is as follows : My good sir, I shall do what you ask ; but, before I do it, I beg that you will oblige me by—1. Translating this mathematics into the language of chemistry ; 2. By translating this chemistry into the language of mathematics ; 3. Both into the language of cookery ; and, finally, solve me the Cambridge problem, "Given the captain's name, and the year of our Lord, to determine the longitude of the ship." This is the way to deal with such fellows.

The terminology of Kant, then, is not a rebaptism of ideas already existing in the universal consciousness ; it is in part an enlargement of the understanding by new territory (of which I have spoken), and in part a better regulation of its old territory. This regulation is either negative, and consists in limiting more accurately the boundary-line of conceptions that had hitherto been imperfectly defined ; or it is positive, and consists in the substitutions of names which express the relations and dependencies of the object*

* In a conversation which I once had with the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of Kant, he objected chiefly to the terminology, and assigned as one instance of what seemed to him needless innovations, the word *apperception* "If this word means self-con-

(*termini organici*) for the conventional names which have arisen from accident, and do *not* express those relations (*termini bruti*). It is on this principle that the nomenclature of chemistry is constructed: substances that were before known by arbitrary and non-significant names are now known by systematic names; that is, such as express their relations to other parts of the system. In this way a terminology becomes, in a manner, organic; and, being itself a product of an advanced state of the science, is an important re-agent for facilitating further advances.

These are the benefits of a sound terminology; to which let me add, that no improved terminology can ever be invented—nay, hardly any plausible one—which does not pre-suppose an improved theory. Now, surely benefits such as these ought to outweigh any offence to the ears or the taste, if there were any. But the elegance of coherency is the sole elegance which a terminology needs to possess, or indeed can possess. The understanding is, in this case, the arbiter; and where *that* approves, it must be a misplaced fastidiousness of feeling which does not submit itself to the presiding faculty. As an instance of a repulsive terminology, I would cite that of Aristotle, which has something harsh and technical in it that prevents it from ever blending with the current of ordinary language; even to this,

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sciousness," said he, "I do not see why Mr. Kant might not have contented himself with what contented his father." But the truth is, that this word exactly illustrates the explanation made above; it expresses one fact in a system *sub ratione*, and with a retrospect to another. This would have been the apology for the word: however, in this particular instance, I chose rather to apologize for Kant, by alleging that Wolff and Leibnitz had used the word; so that it was an established word before the birth of the transcendental philosophy. and it might, therefore, be doubted whether Mr. Kant, senior, *had* contented himself in this case with less than Mr. Kant, junior.

however, so far as it answers its purposes, the mind soon learns to reconcile itself. But here, as in other more important points, the terminology of Kant is advantageously distinguished from the Aristotelian, by adapting itself with great ductility to any variety of structure and arrangement incident to a philosophic diction.

I have spoken so much at length on the subject of Kant's terminology, because this is likely to be the first stumbling-block to the student of his philosophy; and because it has been in fact the main subject of attack amongst those who have noticed it in this country; if *that* can be called attack which proceeds in acknowledged ignorance of the original works.

A much more serious attack upon Kant has been the friendly notice of Madame de Staël. The sources from which she drew her opinions were understood to be the two Schlegels, and, probably, M. Dégérando. Like some countrymen of Kant's (*e.g.* Kiesewetter), she has contrived to translate his philosophy into a sense which leaves it tolerably easy to apprehend; but unfortunately at the expense of all definite purpose, applicability, or philosophic meaning. On the other hand, Mr. Coleridge, whose great philosophic powers and undoubted acquaintance with the works of Kant would have fitted him beyond any man to have explained them to the English student, has unfortunately too little talent for teaching or communicating any sort of knowledge, and apparently too little simplicity of mind or zealous desire to do so. Hence it has happened that, so far from assisting Kant's progress in this country, Mr. Coleridge must have retarded it by expounding the oracle in words of more Delphic obscurity than the German original could have presented to the immaturest student. It is, moreover, characteristic of Mr. Coleridge's mind that it never gives back

anything as it receives it. All things are modified and altered in passing through his thoughts; and from this cause, I believe, combined with his aversion to continuous labour, arises his indisposition to mathematics; for *that* he must be content to take as he finds it. Now, this indocility of mind greatly unfits a man to be the faithful expounder of a philosophic system; and it has, in fact, led Mr. Coleridge to make various misrepresentations of Kant; one only, as it might indispose you to pay any attention to Kant, I shall notice. In one of his works he has ascribed to Kant the foppery of an exoteric and an esoteric doctrine; and that upon grounds wholly untenable. The direct and simple-minded Kant, I am persuaded, would have been more shocked at this suspicion than any other with which he could have been loaded.

I throw the following remarks together as tending to correct some of the deepest errors with which men come to the examination of philosophic systems, whether as students or as critics.

1. A good terminology will be one of the first results from a good theory; and hence, though a coherent terminology is not a sufficient evidence in favour of a system, the absence of such a terminology is a sufficient evidence against it.

2. It is asked which is the true philosophy. But this is not the just way of putting the question. The purpose of philosophy is not so much to accumulate positive truths in the first place, as to rectify the position of the human mind, and to correct its mode of seeing. The progress of the human species in this path is not direct, but oblique. One philosophy does not differ from another solely by the amount of truth and error which it brings forward; there is none which has ever had much interest for the human

mind but will be found to contain some truth of importance, or some approximation to it. One philosophy has differed from another rather by the station it has taken, and the aspect under which it has contemplated its object.

3. It has been objected to Kant, by some critics in this country, that his doctrines are, in some instances, reproductions only of doctrines brought forward by other philosophers. The instances alleged have been very unfortunate; but, doubtless, whatsoever truth is contained (according to the last remark) in the erroneous systems, and sometimes in the very errors themselves of the human mind, will be gathered up in its progress by the true system. Where the erroneous path has wandered in all directions, has returned upon itself perpetually, and crossed the field of inquiry with its mazes in every direction, doubtless the path of truth will often intersect it, and perhaps for a short distance coincide with it; but that in this coincidence it receives no impulse or determination from that with which it coincides, will appear from the self-determining force which will soon carry it out of the same direction as inevitably as it entered it.

4. The test of a great philosophical system is often falsely conceived. Men fancy a certain number of great outstanding problems of the highest interest to human nature, upon which every system is required to try its strength; and *that* will be the true one, they think, which solves *them all*; and *that* the best approximation to the true one which solves most. But this is a most erroneous way of judging. True philosophy will often have occasion to show that these supposed problems are no problems at all, but mere impositions of the mind upon itself, arising out of its unrectified position—errors grounded upon errors. A much better test of a sound philosophy than the number of

the pre-existing problems which it solves will be the quality of those which it proposes. By raising the station of the spectator, it will bring a region of new inquiry within his view; and the very faculty of comprehending these questions will often depend on the station from which they are viewed. For, as the earlier and ruder problems that stimulate human curiosity often turn out baseless and unreal, so again the higher order of problems will be incomprehensible to the undisciplined understanding. This is a fact which should never be lost sight of by those who presume upon their natural and uncultivated powers of mind to judge of Kant, Plato, or any other great philosopher.

5. But the most general error which I have ever met with, as a ground for unreasonable expectations in reference not to Kant only, but to all original philosophers, is the persuasion which men have that their understandings contain already in full development all the notions which any philosophy can demand; and this not from any vanity, but from pure misconception. Hence they naturally think that all which the philosopher has to do is to point to the elements of the knowledge as they exist ready prepared, and forthwith the total knowledge of the one is transferred to any other mind. Watch the efforts of any man to master a new doctrine in philosophy, and you will find that involuntarily he addresses himself to the mere dialectic labour of transposing, dissolving, and re-combining, the notions which he already has. But it is not thus that any very important truth can be developed in the mind. New matter is wanted as well as new form. And the most important remark which I can suggest as a caution to those who approach a great system of philosophy as if it were a series of riddles and their answers, is this: No complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in full develop-

ment from one mind to another. Truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted ; it is a seed which must be sown, and pass through the several stages of growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured shape into any man's understanding from without : it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself.

With this remark I conclude ; and am, most truly yours.

ORTHOGRAPHIC MUTINEERS.

WITH A SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sits in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon the one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury upon this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was exceedingly pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Deville*) have found it more satisfactory for all parties, that when the presumptuous schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up fight. Both parties would have the victory at times; and if, according

* "*Roberte the Deville*:"—See the old metrical romance of that name: it belongs to the fourteenth century, and was printed some thirty years ago, with wood engravings of the illuminations. Roberte, however, took the liberty of murdering *his* schoolmaster. But could he well do less? Being a reigning Duke's son, and after the rebellious schoolmaster had said—

"*Sir, ye bee too bolde:*
And therewith tooke a rodde hym for to chaste."

Upon which the meek Robin, without using any bad language as the schoolmaster had done, simply took out a long dagger "*hym for to chaste,*" which he did effectually. The schoolmaster gave no bad language after that.

to Pope's expression, "justice rul'd the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz., from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforwards his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as much as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which, however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and *that* is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and, in fact, I never *did*. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart—a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this dep aved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—

most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honour of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of the word *abacus*, which, as a Latin word, I have often used, but as an English one, I really never had occasion to spell, until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of such obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an "occasional conformist;" I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I spell as well as my neighbours; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can *not*.

My own spelling, therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record *all* the proposed revolutions in spelling, through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ring-worm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for usually he forgets his own reforms, and if *he* should not, everybody else *does*. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of

short-hand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the last century, and in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony! Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small *émeute* as to the word "Grecian." Everybody else was content with one "*e*;" but he, recollecting the cornucopia of *es*, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word *Greece*, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it, therefore, *Greecian* throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word *Greece*; for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz., Mitford*—who wrote that "History

* Mitford, who was the brother of a man better known than himself to the public eye, viz., Lord Redesdale, may be considered a very unfortunate author. His work upon Greece, which Lord Byron celebrated for its "wrath and its partiality," really had those merits: choleric it was in excess, and as entirely partial, as nearly perfect in its injustice, as human infirmity would allow. Nothing is truly perfect in this shocking world; absolute injustice, alas! the perfection of wrong must not be looked for until we reach some high Platonic form of polity. Then shall we revel and bask in a vertical sun of iniquity. Meantime, I *will* say—that to satisfy all bilious and unreasonable men, a better historian of Greece than Mitford could not be fancied. And yet, at the very moment when he was stepping into his harvest of popularity, down comes one of those omnivorous Germans that, by reading everything and a trifle besides, contrive to throw really learned men—and perhaps better thinkers than themselves—into the shade. Ottfried Müller, with other archæologists and travellers into Hellas, gave new aspects to the very purposes of Grecian history. Do you hear, reader? not new answers, but new

of Greece" so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until, in fact, the whole of Entick's Dictionary (*ablaqueation* and all) was ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked; and, at this present moment, the Bishop of St. David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, bound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words; but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word *Grecian*, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not *Heracleidæ* and *Pelopidæ*, as we all used to do—but *Heracleids* and *Pelopids*. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases, upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into his power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had—*had*, I say, for, alas! *fuit Ilium*.

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questions. And Mitford, that was gradually displacing the unlearned Gillies, &c., was himself displaced by those who intrigued with Germany. His other work on "The Harmony of Language," though one of the many that attempted, and the few that accomplished, the distinction between accent and quantity, or learnedly appreciated the metrical science of Milton, was yet, in my hearing, pronounced utterly unintelligible, by the best *practical* commentator on Milton, viz., the best reproducer of his exquisite effects in blank verse that any generation since Milton has been able to show. Mr. Mitford was one of the many accomplished scholars that are ill used. Had he possessed the splendid powers of the Landor, he would have raised a clatter on the armour of modern society, such as Samson threatened to the giant Harapha. For, in many respects, he resembled Landor: he had much of his learning—he had the same extensive access to books and influential circles in great cities—the same gloomy disdain of popular falsehoods or common-places—and the same disposition to run a-muck against all nations, languages, and spelling-books.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee—which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americans, growing in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander*—and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antediluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, probably separated in consequence of perverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish a key to the principles of these absurdities? In his very title-pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in *Pall-Mall;* now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word *Pel-Mel*, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled for ever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be *Paul-Maul;* or, perhaps—agreeably to the sound which we give to the *a* in such words as *what, quantity, want*—still better, and with more gallantry, *Poll-Moll.* The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form,

* "*In fact, a New Englander.*"—This explanation, upon a matter familiar to the well-informed, it is proper to repeat occasionally, because we English exceedingly perplex and confound the Americans by calling, for instance, a Virginian or a Kentuck by the name of Yankee, whilst that term was originally introduced as antithetic to these more southern States.

which might as reasonably be translated into *monster*, was a direct fraud on the national language, quite as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, *should* it be written? Reader! reader! that you will ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps a reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romance*, *age*, *horse*, he wrote *romanceës*, *ageës*, *horseës*; and upon the following equitable consideration, that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service—like the modern Chelsea pensioners—as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole work off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all), though profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of words, nor for unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of misused letters, mutes, liquids, vowels, and diphthongs, against somebody or other (John Doe, was it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no

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man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied that equity required it: and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr. Pinkerton.* The most of these men did but ruin the national *spelling;* but Pinkerton—the monster Pinkerton —proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible—if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold, did not remain to attest the fact—that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed, as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan:—All people were content with the compass of the English language: its range of expression was equal to anything; but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet orchestral languages of the south—Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely—it wanted rhythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught *struttare struttissimamente.* As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favoured us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, viz., "The Vision of Mirza." The pas-

* Pinkerton published one of his earliest volumes, under this title —"Rimes, by Mr. Pinkerton," not having the fear of Ritson before his eyes. And, for once, we have reason to thank Ritson for his remark—that the form Mr. might just as well be read *Monster.* Pinkerton in this point was a perfect monster. As to the word *Rimes,* instead of *Rhymes,* he had something to stand upon; the Greek *rythmos* was certainly the remote fountain, but the proximate fountain must have been the Italian *rima.*

sage, which begins thus, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko," &c. But *luckilissime* this *proposalio* of the *absurdissimo Pinkertonio* was not *adaptalo* by *anybody-ini whatever-ano.**

Mr. Landor is more learned, and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But *that* does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language; he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word *feälty* cannot be made into a dissyllable: trissyllabic it ever was† with the elder poets—Spenser, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the

* The most extravagant of all experiments on language is brought forward in the "*Letters of Literature*, by Robert Heron." But Robert Heron is a *pseudonyme* for John Pinkerton; and I have been told that Pinkerton's motive for assuming it was—because *Heron* had been the maiden name of his mother. Poor lady, she would have stared to find herself, in old age, transformed into Mistressina Heronilla. What most amuses one in pursuing the steps of such an attempt at refinement, is its reception by 'Jack' in the navy.

† "*It ever was*"—and, of course, being (as there is no need to tell Mr. Landor) a form obtained by contraction from *fidelitas*.

modern poets who have taken any pains with their English studies: *e. g.*

> "The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stoop'd down—to pay him fe-al-ty."

It is dreadful to hear a man say *feal-ty* in any case; but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once at least he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton's motives. It is true, as he contends, that in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent: and certainly without blame; as in *sovran*, *sdeign*, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the *s*, as if short for disdain; but in other instances Milton's motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton's day, the modern use of italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorized version of the Bible, published in Milton's infancy, italics are never once used for the purpose of emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and *virtually* present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language.*

* Of this a ludicrous illustration is mentioned by the writer once known to the public as *Trinity Jones*. Some young clergyman, unacquainted with the technical use of italics by the original compositors of James the First's Bible, on coming to 1 Kings xiii. 27, "And he," (viz. the old prophet of Bethel), "spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*;" (where the italic *him* simply meant that this word was involved, but not expressed, in the original), read it, "And they saddled HIM;" as though these undutiful sons, instead of saddling the donkey, had saddled the old prophet. In fact, the old gentleman's directions are not quite without an opening for a filial misconception, if the reader examines them as closely as I examine words.

Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon a word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compensatory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for *him*, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun *their*, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes it *thir*.* Like Ritson, he writes *therefor* and *wherefor* without the final *e;* not regarding the analogy, but singly the metrical quantity: for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore;* and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibrate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the *quantity* long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The *Paradise Lost*, being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full and consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography in that era: but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of their importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

* He uses this and similar artifices, in fact, as the damper in a modern pianoforte, for modifying the swell of the intonation.

But the caprice of Mr. Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say "Aristotle," and are quite content with it, until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him*: "Aristotles" it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call him Empedocle. Well, do so. *Call* him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terence and not Terentius, Horace and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since *that* would be putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because *that* would be speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But, on that principle he ought to say Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought *not*; because, as he says Tully and not Tull for Tullius, so also he is bound in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius; which *I* do, which everybody does, but which *he* must not do: for, if he means to persist in *that*, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of *Did*, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire: nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and

of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakspere only, but by all the world—Mark Anthony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate name of Mark Brute? "Keep your distance," we say, to that very doubtful brute, "and expect no pet names from us." Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation, involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius—that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as "My Mary."

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations themselves, supposing them all harmonized and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar.

the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say; we cancel the alien *us;* but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form—else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sallust have ever been favourites with men; Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and original writer (*Etudes Historiques*); and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. These writers are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish; when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers liked him not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them; nothing hearty or genial about him; he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was perhaps the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' ears, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever will, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz., Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should

have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the Atys: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the case of Plautus: and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bearing the name and arms of *Plaut* in all time coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that anybody cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favourite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gaiety, and the brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favourite. But the favourite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were there three blue ribbons, vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonize his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling—decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first rebuilding the Holy Office of the Inquisition—still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicised: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists would call *trivial* names; Leghorn, for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague—all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian

books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street.* How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee* the modern form for *Sepoy?* or *Tepheen* for *Tiffin?* At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that *disjune* was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonized in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen amongst the countrymen of Luther; Solomon is there called Salamo; Samson is called Simson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbour to Westmoreland, being

* The reasons for this anarchy in the naturalization of Eastern words are to be sought in three causes: 1. In national rivalships: French travellers in India, like Jacquemont, &c., as they will not adopt our English First Meridian, will not, of course, adopt our English spelling. In one of Paul Richter's novels a man assumes the First Meridian to lie generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own skull, and always through his own study. I have myself long suspected the Magnetic Pole to lie under a friend's wine-cellar, from the vibrating movement which I have remarked constantly going on in his cluster of keys towards that particular point. Really, the French, like Sir Anthony Absolute, must "get an atmosphere of their own," such is their hatred to holding anything in common with us. 2. They are to be sought in local *Indian* differences of pronunciation. 3. In the variety of our own British population—soldiers, missionaries, merchants, who are unlearned or half-learned—scholars, really learned, but often fantastically learned, and lastly (as you may swear) young ladies—anxious, above all things, to mystify us outside barbarians.

a Lancashire man; and, one day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course, I ought to have understood very well; but I had no chance with him: for I could not make out who that *No* was, concerning *whom* or concerning *which*, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that *No* must be a man, and by no means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. "What," cried he, "did a far-larn'd man, like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of *No*, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was *not*, when all his folk were drowned?" "Never, so help me Jupiter," was my reply: "never heard of him to this hour, any more than of *Yes*, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was *not*, when all his folk were hanged. *Populous No*—I had read of in the Prophets; but that was *not* an old gentleman." It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwards I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd as he had seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for *there*, as plain as a pike-staff, the farmer might have read Νωε. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, *always* made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage; though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes *blow*, or *row*, or *stow* (an important idea to the Ark), which struck him as *likely* words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and the short of it is—that the whole world

lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. All climates alike groan under heterography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labours of reformation. It is toil thrown away: and as nearly a hopeless task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz., the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is—to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.

JOHN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER.

GRASMERE, OCT. 18, 1821.

MY DEAR F.—You ask me to direct you generally in your choice of German authors; secondly, and especially, among those authors to name my favourite. In such an ocean as German literature, your first request is of too wide a compass for a letter; and I am not sorry that, by leaving it untouched, and reserving it for some future conversation, I shall add one *moment* (in the language of dynamics) to the attractions of friendship, and the local attractions of my residence; —insufficient, as it seems, of themselves, to draw you so far northwards from London. Come, therefore, dear F., bring thy ugly countenance to the lakes; and I will engraft such German youth and vigour on thy English trunk, that henceforwards thou shalt bear excellent fruit. I suppose, F., you know that the golden pippin is now almost, if not quite, extinct in England: and why? Clearly from want of some exotic, but congenial inoculation. So it is with literatures of whatsoever land: unless crossed by some other of different breed, they all tend to superannuation. Thence comes it that the French literature is now in the last stage of phthisis—dotage—palsy, or whatever image will best express the most abject state of senile—(senile? no! of anile)—imbecility. Its constitution, as you well know,

was, in its best days, marrowless and without nerve; its youth without hope, and its manhood without dignity. For it is remarkable, that to the French people only, of all nations that have any literature at all, has it been, or can it be, justly objected—that they have "no paramount book;" none, that is to say, which stands out as a monument adequately representative of the intellectual power of a whole nation; none which has attested its own power by influencing the modes of thinking, acting, educating, through a long tract of centuries. They have no book on which the national mind has adequately acted; none, which has re-acted, for any great end, upon the national mind. We English have mighty authors, almost, I might say, almighty authors, in whom (to speak by a scholastic term) the national mind is contained *eminenter*; that is, virtually contained in its principles: and reciprocally, these abstracts of the English mind continue, in spite of many counteracting forces, to mould and modulate the national tone of thought; I do not say *directly*, for you will object that they are not sufficiently studied; but indirectly, inasmuch as the hundreds in every generation, who influence their contemporary millions, have themselves derived an original influence from these books. The planet Jupiter, according to the speculations of a great German philosopher, is just now coming into a habitable condition: its primeval man is, perhaps, now in his Paradise: the history, the poetry, the woes of Jupiter, are now in their cradle. Suppose, then, that this Jovian man were allowed to come down upon our earth, to take an inquest among us, and to call us—nation by nation—to a solemn audit on the question of our intellectual efforts and triumphs. What could the earth say for herself? For our parts, we should take him into Westminster Abbey: and standing upon the ancestral

dust of England, we should present him with two volumes —one containing Hamlet, Lear, and Othello; the other containing Paradise Lost. This, we should say, this is what we have achieved: these are our Pyramids. But what could France present him? and where? Why, her best offering must be presented in a *boudoir:* the impudence even of a Frenchman would not dare to connect the sanctities of religious feeling with any book in his language: the wildest vanity could not pretend to show the correlate of Paradise Lost. To speak in a language suitable to a Jovian visitor, that is, in the language of astronomy, *our* books would appear to him as two heavenly bodies of the first magnitude, whose *period*, the cycle and the revolution of whose orbit, were too vast to be calculated: whilst the very best of France could be regarded as no more than satellites, fitted to move about some central body of insignificant size. Now whence comes this poverty of the French literature? Manifestly hence, that it is too intensely steeped in French manners to admit of any influences from without: it has rejected all alliance with exotic literature; and like some royal families, or like a particular valley in this county, from intermarrying too exclusively in their own narrow circle, it is now on its last legs; and will soon go out like a farthing rushlight.

Having this horrid example before our eyes, what should we English do? Why, evidently we should cultivate an intercourse with that literature of Europe which has most of a juvenile constitution. Now *that* is beyond all doubt the German. I do not so much insist on the present excellence of the German literature (though, poetry apart, the *current* literature of Germany appears to me by much the best in Europe): what weighs most with me is the promise and assurance of future excellence held out by the originality

and masculine strength of thought which has moulded the German mind since the time of Kant. Whatever be thought of the existing authors, it is clear that a mighty power has been at work in the German mind since the French Revolution, which happily coincided in point of time with the influence of Kant's great work.* Change of any kind was good for Germany. One truth was clear—Whatever was, was bad. And the evidence of this appears on the face of the literature. Before 1789, good authors were rare in Germany: since then, they are so numerous, that in any sketch of their literature all individual notice becomes impossible: you must confine yourself to favourite authors, or notice them by classes. And this leads me to your question—Who is *my* favourite author: My answer is, that I have three favourites; and those are Kant, Schiller, and John Paul Richter. But setting Kant aside, as hardly belonging to the *literature*, in the true meaning of that word, I have, you see, two. In what respect there is any affinity between them, I will notice before I conclude. For the present, I shall observe only, that in the case of Schiller, I love his works chiefly because I venerate the memory of the man: whereas, in the case of Richter, my veneration and affection for the man is founded wholly on my knowledge of his works. This distinction will point out Richter as the most eligible *author* for your present purpose. In point of originality, indeed, there cannot arise a question between the pretensions of Richter and those of any other German author whatsoever. He is no man's representative but his own; nor do I think he will

* The *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* was published about five years before the French Revolution, but lay unnoticed in the publisher's warehouse for four or five years.

ever have a successor. Of *his* style of writing, it may be said, with an emphatic and almost exclusive propriety, that except it proceeds in a spirit of perfect freedom, it cannot exist; unless moving from an impulse self-derived, it cannot move at all. What then *is* his style of writing? What are its general characteristics? These I will endeavour to describe with sufficient circumstantiality to meet your present wants: premising only that I call him frequently *John Paul*, without adding his surname, both because all Germany gives him that appellation as an expression of affection for his person, and because he has himself sometimes assumed it in the title-pages of his works.

First.—The characteristic distinction of Paul Richter amongst German authors, I will venture to add amongst modern authors generally, is the two-headed power which he possesses over the pathetic and the humorous; or, rather, let me say at once, what I have often felt to be true, and could (I think) at a fitting opportunity prove to be so, this power is *not* two-headed, but a one-headed Janus with two faces: the pathetic and the humorous are but different phases of the same orb; they assist each other, melt indiscernibly into each other, and often shine each through each like layers of coloured crystals placed one behind another. Take, as an illustration, Mrs. Quickly's account of Falstaff's death. Here there were three things to be accomplished: first, the death of a human being was to be described; of necessity, therefore, to be described pathetically; for death being one of those events which call up the pure generalities of human nature, and remove to the background all individualities, whether of life or character, the mind would not in any case endure to have it treated with levity; so that, if any circumstances of humour are introduced by the

poetic painter, they must be such as will blend and fall into harmony with the ruling passion of the scene: and, by the way, combining it with the fact, that humorous circumstances often *have* been introduced into death-bed scenes, both actual and imaginary,—this remark of itself yields a proof that there *is* a humour which is in alliance with pathos. How else could we have borne the jests of Sir Thomas Moore after his condemnation, which, *as* jests, would have been unseasonable from anybody else: but being felt in him to have a root in his character, they take the dignity of humorous traits; and do, in fact, deepen the pathos. So again, mere *naïveté*, or archness, when it is felt to flow out of the cheerfulness of resignation, becomes humorous, and at the same time becomes pathetic: as, for instance, Lady Jane Grey's remark on the scaffold—"I have but a little neck," &c. But to return: the death of Falstaff, as the death of a man, was, in the first place, to be described with pathos, and if with humour, no otherwise than as the one could be reconciled with the other; but, 2d, it was the death not only of a man, but also of a Falstaff; and we could not but require that the description should revive the image and features of so memorable a character; if not, why describe it at all? The understanding would as little bear to forget that it was the death-bed of a Falstaff, as the heart and affections to forget that it was the death-bed of a fellow-creature. Lastly, the description is given, not by the poet speaking in his own universal language, but by Mrs. Quickly—a character as individually portrayed, and as well known to us, as the subject of her description. Let me recapitulate: 1st, it was to be pathetic, as relating to a man; 2d, humorous, as relating to Falstaff; 3d, humorous in another style, as coming from Mrs. Quickly. These were difficulties rather greater than those of levelling

hills, filling up valleys, and arranging trees, in picturesque groups: yet Capability Brown was allowed to exclaim, on surveying a conquest of his in this walk of art—"Ay! none but your Browns and your G— Almightics can do such things as these." Much more then might this irreverent speech be indulged to the gratitude of our veneration for Shakspere, on witnessing such triumphs of his art. The simple words, "*and a' babbled of green fields*," I should imagine, must have been read by many a thousand with tears and smiles at the same instant; I mean, connecting them with a previous knowledge of Falstaff and of Mrs. Quickly. Such then being demonstrably the possibility of blending, or fusing, as it were, the elements of pathos and of humour—and composing out of their union a third metal *sui generis* (as Corinthian brass, you know, is said to have been the product of all other metals, from the confluence of melted statues, &c., at the burning of Corinth)—I cannot but consider John Paul Richter as by far the most eminent artist in that way since the time of Shakspere. What! you will say, greater than Sterne? I answer *yes*, to my thinking; and I could give some arguments and illustrations in support of this judgment. But I am not anxious to establish my own preference, as founded on anything of better authority than my idiosyncrasy, or more permanent, if you choose to think so, than my own caprice.

Second.—Judge as you will on this last point, that is, on the comparative pretensions of Sterne and Richter to the *spolia opima* in the fields of pathos and of humour; yet in one pretension he not only leaves Sterne at an infinite distance in the rear, but really, for my part, I cease to ask who it is that he leaves behind him, for I begin to think with myself, who it is that he approaches. If a man could

reach Venus or Mercury, we should not say he has advanced to a great distance from the earth: we should say, he is very near to the sun. So also, if in anything a man approaches Shakspere, or does but remind us of him, all other honours are swallowed up in that: a relation of inferiority to him is a more enviable distinction than all degrees of superiority to others, the rear of *his* splendours a more eminent post than the supreme station in the van of all others. I have already mentioned one *quality* of excellence, viz. the interpenetration* of the humorous and the pathetic, common to Shakspere and John Paul: but this, apart from its *quantity* or degree, implies no more of a participation in Shaksperian excellence, than the possession of wit, judgment, good sense, &c., which, in some degree or other, must be common to all authors of any merit at all. Thus far I have already said that I would not contest the point of precedence with the admirers of Sterne: but, in the claim I now advance for Richter, which respects a question of *degree*, I cannot allow of any competition at all from that quarter. What then is it that I claim? Briefly, an activity of understanding, so restless and indefatigable that all attempts to illustrate, or express it adequately by images borrowed from the natural world, from the motions of beasts, birds, insects, &c. from the leaps of tigers or

* "*Interpenetration:*"—this word is from the mint of Mr. Coleridge; and, as it seems to me a very "laudable" word (as surgeons say of *pus*) I mean to patronize it; and beg to recommend it to my friends and the public in general. By the way, the public, of whose stupidity I have often reason to complain, does not seem to understand it. The prefix *inter* has the force of the French *entre*, in such words as *s'entrelacer: reciprocal* penetration is the meaning: as if a black colour should enter a crimson one, yet not keep itself distinct; but, being in turn pervaded by the crimson, each should diffuse itself through the other.

leopards, from the gamboling and tumbling of kittens, the antics of monkeys, or the running of antelopes and ostriches, &c.. are baffled, confounded, and made ridiculous by the enormous and overmastering superiority of impression left by the thing illustrated. The rapid, but uniform motions of the heavenly bodies, serve well enough to typify the grand and continuous motions of the Miltonic mind. But the wild, giddy, fantastic, capricious, incalculable, springing, vaulting, tumbling, dancing, waltzing, caprioling, *pirouetting*, sky-rocketing of the chamois, the harlequin, the Vestris, the storm-loving raven—the raven? no, the lark (for often he ascends "singing up to heaven's gates," but like the lark he dwells upon the earth), in short, if the Proteus, the Ariel, the Mercury, the monster—John Paul, can be compared to nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, except to the motions of the same faculty as existing in Shakspere. Perhaps, meteorology may hereafter furnish us with some adequate analogon or adumbration of its multitudinous activity: *hereafter*, observe; for, as to lightning, or anything we know at present, it pants after them "in vain," in company with that pursy old gentleman Time, as painted by Dr. Johnson.* To say the truth, John Paul's intellect—his faculty of catching at a glance all the relations of objects, both the grand, the lovely, the ludicrous, and the fantastic—is painfully and almost morbidly active: there is no respite, no repose allowed; no, not for a moment, in some of his works, not whilst you can say *Jack Robinson*. And, by the way, a sort of namesake of this Mr. Robinson, viz. Jack-o'-the-lantern, comes as near to a semblance of

* "And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

So that, according to the Doctor, Shakspere performed a match against Time; and, being backed by Nature, it seems he won it.

John Paul as anybody I know. Shakspere himself has given us some account of Jack: and I assure you that the same account will serve for Jack Paul Richter. One of his books (*Vorschule der Aesthetik*) is absolutely so surcharged with quicksilver, that I expect to see it leap off the table as often as it is laid there; and therefore, to prevent accidents, I usually load it with the works of our good friend — —, Esq. and F.R.S. In fact, so exuberant is this perilous gas of wit in John Paul, that, if his works do not explode, at any rate, I think John Paul himself will blow up one of these days. It must be dangerous to bring a candle too near him: many persons, especially half-pay officers, have lately "gone off," by inconsiderately blowing out their bed-candle.* They were loaded with a different sort of spirit, it is true: but I am sure there can be none more inflammable than that of John Paul! To be serious, however, and to return from chasing this Will-o'-the-wisp, there cannot be a more valuable endowment to a writer of inordinate sensibility, than this inordinate agility of the understanding; the active faculty balances the passive; and

* Of which the most tremendous case I have met with was this and, as I greatly desire to believe so good a story, I should be more easy in mind if I knew that anybody else had ever believed it. In the year 1818, an Irishman, and a great lover of whiskey, persisted obstinately, though often warned of his error, in attempting to blow out a candle; the candle, however, blew out the Irishman, and the following result was sworn to before the coroner. The Irishman shot off like a Congreve rocket, passed with the velocity of a twenty-four pounder through I know not how many storeys, ascended to the "highest heaven of invention," viz. to the garrets, where slept a tailor and his wife. Feather-beds, which stop cannon-balls, gave way before the Irishman's skull: he passed like a gimlet through two mattresses, a feather-bed, &c., and stood grinning at the tailor and his wife, without his legs, however, which he had left behind him in the second floor.

without such a balance, there is great risk of falling into a sickly tone of maudlin sentimentality, from which Sterne cannot be pronounced wholly free,—and still less a later author of pathetic tales, whose name I omit. By the way, I must observe, that it is this fiery, meteoric, scintillating, coruscating power of John Paul, which is the true foundation of his frequent obscurity. You will find that he is reputed the most difficult of all German authors ; and many Germans are so little aware of the true derivation of this difficulty, that it has often been said to me, as an Englishman, "What! can *you* read John Paul?"—meaning to say, can you read such difficult German? Doubtless, in some small proportion, the mere language and style are responsible for his difficulty ; and, in a sense somewhat different, applying it to a mastery over the language in which he writes, the expression of Quintilian in respect to the student of Cicero may be transferred to the student of John Paul : "Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit :" he may rest assured that he has made a competent progress in the German language who can read Paul Richter. Indeed he is a sort of *proof* author in this respect ; a man, who can "*construe*" him, cannot be stopped by any difficulties purely verbal. But, after all, these verbal obscurities are but the necessary result and product of his style of thinking ; the nimbleness of his transitions often makes him elliptical : the vast expansion and discursiveness in his range of notice and observation, carries him into every department and nook of human life, of science, of art, and of literature ; whence comes a proportionably extensive vocabulary, and a prodigious compass of idiomatic phraseology : and finally, the fineness and evanescent brilliancy of his oblique glances and surface-skimmering allusions, often fling but half a meaning on the mind ; and one is puzzled to make out its comple-

ment. *Hence* it is, that is to say, from his mode of presenting things, his lyrical style of connexion, and the prodigious fund of knowledge on which he draws for his illustrations and his images, that his obscurity arises. And these are causes which must affect his own countrymen no less than foreigners. Further than as these causes must occasionally produce a corresponding difficulty of diction, I know of no reason why an Englishman should be thought specially concerned in his obscurity, or less able to find his way through it than any German. But just the same mistake is commonly made about Lycophron: he is represented as the most difficult of all Greek authors. Meantime, as far as language is concerned, he is one of the easiest: some peculiar words he has, I acknowledge, but it is not single words that constitute verbal obscurity; it is the construction, synthesis, composition, arrangement, and involution of words, which only can obstruct the reader; now in these parts of style Lycophron is remarkably lucid. Where then lies his reputed dârkness? Purely in this,—that, by way of colouring the style with the sullen views of prophetic vision, Cassandra is made to describe all those on whom the fates of Troy hinged, by enigmatic periphrases, oftentimes drawn from the most obscure incidents in their lives: just as if I should describe Cromwell by the expression, "*unfortunate tamer of horses*," because he once nearly broke his neck in Hyde-Park, when driving four-in-hand; or should describe a noble lord of the last century as "*the roaster of men*," because when a member of the Hell-fire Club, he actually tied a poor man to the spit; and having spitted him, proceeded to roast him.*

* "*Proceeded* to roast him,—yes: but did he roast him?" Really I can't say. Some people like their mutton underdone; and Lord — might like his *man* underdone. All I know of the sequel is, that the

Third.—You will naturally collect from the account here given of John Paul's activity of understanding and fancy, that over and above his humour, he must have an overflowing opulence of wit. In fact he has. On this earth of ours (I know nothing about the books in Jupiter, where Kant has proved that the authors will be far abler than any poor Terræ Filius, such as Shakspere or Milton), but on this poor earth of ours I am acquainted with no book of such unintermitting and brilliant wit as his *Vorschule der Aesthetik;* it glitters like the stars on a frosty night; or like the stars on Count ——'s coat; or like the ἀνάριθμον γέλασμα, the multitudinous laughing of the ocean under the glancing lights of sunbeams; or like a *feu-de-joie* of fireworks: in fact, John Paul's works are the galaxy of the German literary firmament. I defy a man to lay his hand on that sentence which is not vital and ebullient with wit. What *is* wit? We are told that it is the perception of resemblances; whilst the perception of differences, we are requested to believe, is reserved for another faculty. Very profound distinctions no doubt, but very senseless for all that. I shall not here attempt a definition of wit: but I will just mention what I conceive to be one of the distinctions between wit and humour, viz., that whilst wit is a purely intellectual thing, into every act of the humorous mood there is an influx of the *moral* nature: rays, direct or refracted, from the will and the affections, from the disposition and the temperament, enter into all humour; and thence it is, that humour is of a diffusive quality, pervading an entire course of thoughts; whilst wit—because

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sun expressed no horror at this Thyestean cookery, which might be because he had set two hours before: but the Sun newspaper *did*, when it rose some nights after (as it always does) at six o'clock in the evening.

it has no existence apart from certain logical relations of a thought which are definitely assignable, and can be counted even—is always punctually concentrated within the circle of a few words. On this account I would not advise you to read those of John Paul's works which are the wittiest, but those which are more distinguished for their humour. You will thus see more of the man. In a future letter I will send you a list of the whole distributed into classes.

Fourthly and *finally*.—Let me tell you what it is that has fixed John Paul in my esteem and affection. Did you ever look into that sickening heap of abortions—the Ireland forgeries? In one of these (Deed of Trust to John Heminynges) he makes Shakspere say, as his reason for having assigned to a friend such and such duties usually confided to lawyers—that he had "founde muche wickednesse amongste those of the lawe." On this, Mr. Malone, whose indignation was justly roused to Shakspere's name borrowed to countenance such loathsome and stupid vulgarity, expresses himself with much feeling;* and I confess that, for my part, that passage alone, without the innumerable marks of grossest forgery which stare upon one in every word, would have been quite sufficient to expose the whole as a base and most childish imposture. For, so far was Shakspere from any capability of leaving behind him a malignant libel on a whole body of learned men, that, among all writers of every age, he stands forward as the one who looked most benignantly, and with the most fraternal eye, upon all the ways of men, however weak or foolish. From every sort of vice and infirmity he drew nutriment for his philosophic mind. It is to the honour of John Paul, that in this, as in other respects, he constantly reminds me of Shakspere. Everywhere a spirit of

* *Inquiry*, &c., p. 279.

kindness prevails; his satire is everywhere playful, delicate, and clad in smiles; never bitter, scornful, or malignant. But this is not all. I could produce many passages from Shakspere, which show that, if his anger was ever roused, it was against the abuses of the time; not mere political abuses, but those that had a deeper root and dishonoured human nature. Here again the resemblance holds in John Paul; and this is the point in which I said that I would notice a bond of affinity between him and Schiller. Both were intolerant haters of ignoble things, though placable towards the ignoble men. Both yearned, according to their different temperaments, for a happier state of things: I mean for human nature generally, and, in a political sense, for Germany. To his latest years, Schiller, when suffering under bodily decay and anguish, was an earnest contender for whatever promised to elevate human nature, and bore emphatic witness against the evils of the time.* John Paul, who still lives, is of a gentler nature; but his aspirations tend to the same point, though expressed in a milder and more hopeful spirit. With all this, however, they give a rare lesson on the *manner* of conducting such a cause; for you will nowhere find that they take any indecent liberties, of a personal sort, with those princes whose governments they most abhorred. Though safe enough from their vengeance, they never forgot in their indignation, as patriots and as philosophers, the respect due to the rank of others or to themselves as scholars, and the favourites of their country. Some other modern authors of Germany *may* be great writers, but Frederick Schiller and John Paul Richter I shall always view with the feelings due to great men.

* Goethe has lately (*Morphologie*, p. 108, *Zweyter heft*) recurred to his conversations with Schiller in a way which places himself in rather an unfavourable contrast.

ANALECTS FROM RICHTER.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN SWEDEN.

SWEDEN apart, the condition of a parish priest is in itself sufficiently happy; in Sweden, then, much more so. There he enjoys summer and winter pure and unalloyed by any tedious interruptions. A Swedish spring, which is always a late one, is no repetition, in a lower key, of the harshness of winter, but anticipates, and is a prelibation of perfect summer—laden with blossoms—radiant with the lily and the rose; insomuch, that a Swedish summer night represents implicitly one half of Italy, and a winter night one half of the world beside.

I will begin with winter, and I will suppose it to be Christmas. The priest, whom we shall imagine to be a German, and summoned from the southern climate of Germany upon presentation to the church of a Swedish hamlet lying in a high polar latitude, rises in cheerfulness about seven o'clock in the morning, and till half-past nine he burns his lamp. At nine o'clock the stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon even yet longer. This prolongation of star-light into the forenoon is to him delightful, for he is a German, and has a sense of something marvellous in a starry forenoon. Methinks I behold the priest and his flock moving towards the church with lanterns; the lights dispersed amongst the crowd connect the congregation into the appearance of some domestic group or larger household, and carry the priest back to his childish years during the winter season and Christmas matins, when every hand bore its candle. Arrived at the pulpit, he declares to his audience the plain truth, word for word, as it stands in

the gospel; in the presence of God all intellectual pretensions are called upon to be silent, the very reason ceases to be reasonable, nor is anything reasonable in the sight of God but a sincere and upright heart. . . . .

Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church the bright Christmas sun ascends above the horizon, and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all tinged with the colours of youth by the rosy morning lustre; and the priest, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the churchyard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves together, might secretly exclaim with the poet—"Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, uprises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom. And her children? Yes: but they must wait awhile."

At home he is awaited by a warm study, and a "long-levelled rule" of sunlight upon the book-clad wall.

The afternoon he spends delightfully; for, having before him such perfect flower-stand of pleasures, he scarcely knows where he should settle. Supposing it to be Christmas day, he preaches again: he preaches on a subject which calls up images of the beauteous eastern-land, or of eternity. By this time, twilight and gloom prevailed through the church: only a couple of wax-lights upon the altar throw wondrous and mighty shadows through the aisles: the angel that hangs down from the roof above the baptismal font is awoke into a solemn life by the shadows and the rays, and seems almost in the act of ascension: through the windows the stars or the moons are beginning to peer: aloft, in the pulpit, which is now hid in gloom, the priest

is inflamed and possessed by the sacred burden of glad tidings which he is announcing: he is lost and insensible to all besides; and from amidst the darkness which surrounds him, he pours down his thunders, with tears and agitation, reasoning of future worlds, and of the heaven of heavens, and whatsoever else can most powerfully shake the heart and the affections.

Descending from his pulpit in these holy fervours, he now, perhaps, takes a walk: it is about four o'clock; and he walks beneath a sky lit up by the shifting northern lights, that to his eye appear but an Aurora striking upwards from the eternal morning of the south, or as a forest composed of saintly thickets, like the fiery bushes of Moses, that are round the throne of God.

Thus, if it be the afternoon of Christmas-day; but, if it be any other afternoon, visitors, perhaps, come and bring their well-bred, grown-up daughters. Like the fashionable world in London, he dines at sunset; that is to say, like the *un*-fashionable world of London, he dines at two o'clock; and he drinks coffee by moonlight; and the parsonage-house becomes an enchanted palace of pleasure gleaming with twilight, starlight, and moonlight. Or, perhaps, he goes over to the schoolmaster, who is teaching his afternoon school: there, by the candle-light, he gathers round his knees all the scholars, as if—being the children of his spiritual children—they must therefore be his own grandchildren; and with delightful words he wins their attention, and pours knowledge into their docile hearts.

All these pleasures failing, he may pace up and down in his library, already, by three o'clock, gloomy with twilight, but fitfully enlivened by a glowing fire, and steadily by the bright moonlight; and he needs do no more than taste at every turn of his walk a little orange marmalade—to call

up images of beautiful Italy, and its gardens, and orange groves, before all his five senses, and, as it were, to the very tip of his tongue. Looking at the moon, he will not fail to recollect that the very same silver disc hangs at the very same moment between the branches of the laurels in Italy. It will delight him to consider that the Æolian harp, and the lark, and indeed music of all kinds, and the stars, and children, are just the same in hot climates and in cold. And when the post-boy, that rides in with news from Italy, winds his horn through the hamlet, and with a few simple notes raises up on the frozen window of his study a vision of flowery realms; and when he plays with treasured leaves of roses and of lilies from some departed summer, or with plumes of a bird of paradise, the memorial of some distant friend; when further, his heart is moved by the magnificent sounds of Lady-day, Sallad-season, Cherry-time, Trinity-Sundays, the rose of June, &c., how can he fail to forget that he is in Sweden by the time that his lamp is brought in; and then, indeed, he will be somewhat disconcerted to recognise his study in what had now shaped itself to his fancy as a room in some foreign land. However, if he would pursue this airy creation, he need but light at his lamp a wax-candle end, to gain a glimpse through the whole evening into that world of fashion and splendour, from which he purchased the said wax-candle end. For I should suppose, that at the court of Stockholm, as elsewhere, there must be candle-ends to be bought of the state-footmen.

But now, after the lapse of half-a-year, all at once there strikes upon his heart something more beautiful than Italy, where the sun sets so much earlier in summer-time than it does at our Swedish hamlet: and what is *that?* It is the longest day, with the rich freight it carries in its bosom,

and leading by the hand the early dawn blushing with rosy light, and melodious with the carolling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two, that is, at sunrise, the elegant party that we mentioned last winter arrive in gay clothing at the parsonage; for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the priest. At two o'clock they are in motion; at which time all the flowers are glittering, and the forests are gleaming with the mighty light. The warm sun threatens them with no storm nor thunder showers; for both are rare in Sweden. The priest, in common with the rest of the company, is attired in the costume of Sweden; he wears his short jacket with a broad scarf, his short cloak above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribbons; like the rest of the men, he resembles a Spanish knight, or a Provençal, or other man of the south; more especially when he and his gay company are seen flying through the lofty foliage luxuriant with blossom, that within so short a period of weeks has shot forth from the garden plots and the naked boughs.

That a longest day like this, bearing such a cornucopia of sunshine, of cloudless ether, of buds and bells, of blossoms and of leisure, should pass away more rapidly than the shortest—is not difficult to suppose. As early as eight o'clock in the evening the party breaks up; the sun is now burning more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers; about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing as it were naked in the blue depths of heaven; about ten, at which hour the company reassemble at the parsonage, the priest is deeply moved, for throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a sullen glow upon the cottages and the window-panes, everything reposes in profoundest silence and sleep:

the birds even are all slumbering in the golden summits of the woods; and at last, the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, amidst the universal quiet of nature. To our priest, walking in his romantic dress, it seems as though rosy-coloured realms were laid open, in which fairies and spirits range; and he would scarcely feel an emotion of wonder, if, in this hour of golden vision, his brother, who ran away in childhood, should suddenly present himself as one alighting from some blooming heaven of enchantment.

The priest will not allow his company to depart: he detains them in the parsonage garden, where, says he, every one that chooses may slumber away in beautiful bowers the brief, warm hours until the reappearance of the sun. This proposal is generally adopted, and the garden is occupied: many a lovely pair are making believe to sleep, but, in fact, are holding each other by the hand. The happy priest walks up and down through the parterres. Coolness comes, and a few stars. His night-violets and gilly-flowers open and breathe out their powerful odours. To the north, from the eternal morning of the pole, exhales as it were a golden dawn. The priest thinks of the village of his childhood far away in Germany; he thinks of the life of man, his hopes, and his aspirations; and he is calm and at peace with himself. Then all at once starts up the morning sun in his freshness. Some there are in the garden who would fain confound it with the evening sun, and close their eyes again; but the larks bétray all, and awaken every sleeper from bower to bower.

Then again begin pleasure and morning in their pomp of radiance; and almost I could persuade myself to delineate the course of this day also, though it differs from its predecessor hardly by so much as the leaf of a rose-bud.

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I HAD been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I, in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers, lie at such a distance from us, that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with

eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out apparelled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of *Here*, and the thought of *There*. And, behold! I am yonder,"—pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was travelling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies —flocks past counting, unless to their heavenly Shepherd— that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity

of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulæ. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier, neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end!" And the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula: and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended:" and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of

nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish —"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked; and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries grey with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking, yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapour a gloomy, ashy, leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain

towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest; and lead me no farther: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before:—"In the presence of God there is no emptiness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-grey blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men: but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the

murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis ;* which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure ; but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the Universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body ; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna ; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a king, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head : but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth ; and, as the earth

* On this antique mode of symbolizing the mysterious Nature which is at the heart of all things and connects all things into one whole, possibly the reader may feel not unwilling to concur with Kant's remark at page 197 of his *Critik der Urtheilskraft:* "Perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor amongst all sublime thoughts any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the Great Mother—Nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance, no mortal hand has ever raised.*"

drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed—Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

"Ah!" said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.* Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops† that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noon-day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards: "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child,

* Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight, supposing them to live to old age.

† If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

ON DEATH.

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them; secondly, if the grief which we experience at the spectacle of our friends' graves were not by some confusion of the mind blended with the image of our own; thirdly, if we had not in this life seated ourselves in a warm domestic nest, which we are unwilling to quit for the cold blue regions of the unfathomable heavens; finally, if death were denied to us. Once in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were heavenly; but he was chained (methought) eternally to the earth. The immortal old man had five great wounds in his happiness—five worms that gnawed for ever at his heart: he was unhappy in spring-time, because *that* is a season of hope, and rich with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realize. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud—"Away, away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!" He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts: for love is a plant which may bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated for ever in his heart—"So then, I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss: the great universe of suns is above, below, and round about me: but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes." He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue, of

Truth, and of God; because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make. But this was a dream: God be thanked, that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven, to which death will not one day bring an answer!

IMAGINATION UNTAMED BY THE COARSER REALITIES OF LIFE.

Happy is every actor in the guilty drama of life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the external illusion; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest, the bungling landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the loud parting and shocking of the scenes disturb not in his dream!

SATIRICAL NOTICE OF REVIEWERS.

In Suabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of author's flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town.* They are commonly called tasters (or *Prægustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them *reviewers:* but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which

* "*Market-lookers*" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayreuth, the place of his residence.

again is very advantageous to them; for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz., because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says —"A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artisans, as tailors, shoemakers, weavers, have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When

thou forgivest,—the man, who has pierced thy heart, stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are, like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian Brethren), level and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and, if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood, therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN IN HIS LITTLENESS.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to

harbour such a feeling,—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

NIGHT.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames: even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

THE STARS.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

MARTYRDOM.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus de Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

DREAMING.

But for dreams, that lay mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

TWO DIVISIONS OF PHILOSOPHIC MINDS.

There are two very different classes of philosophical heads, which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means of that distinction. The *positive* intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world, the father of an inner world; and, like the poet also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted

members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (*i.e.* the Fichtéan system), the Monads and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz—and Spinozism are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men therefore as Leibnitz, Plato, Herder, &c., I call positive intellects; because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of island and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness—not any positive truths but the negative (*i.e.* the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example Bayle, one of the greatest of that class—appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones: but in this there is no positive accession to our knowledge; for all that the clear idea contains in development, exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unanimous in their abhorrence of everything positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct—everything in short which is incomprehensible, they can endure just once—that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments as a sort of hook on which they may hang them, but never afterwards.

DIGNITY OF MAN IN SELF-SACRIFICE.

That, for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her

child: in short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honour; with the republican it is liberty.

CONVERSATION.

Amongst the arts connected with the *elegancies* of social life, in a degree which nobody denies, is the art of conversation; but in a degree which almost everybody denies, if one may judge by their neglect of its simplest rules, this same art is not less connected with the *uses* of social life. Neither the luxury of conversation, nor the possible benefit of conversation, is to be found under that rude administration of it which generally prevails. Without an art, without some simple system of rules, gathered from experience of such contingencies as are most likely to mislead the practice, when left to its own guidance, no act of man nor effort accomplishes its purposes in perfection. The sagacious Greek would not so much as drink a glass of wine amongst a few friends without a systematic art to guide him, and a regular form of polity to control him, which art and which polity (begging Plato's pardon) were better than any of more ambitious aim in his Republic. Every *symposium* had its set of rules, and rigorous they were; had its own *symposiarch* to govern it, and a tyrant he was. Elected democratically, he became, when once installed, an autocrat not less despotic than the King of Persia. Purposes still more slight and fugitive have been organized into arts. Taking soup gracefully, under the difficulties opposed

to it by a dinner dress at that time fashionable, was reared into an art about forty-five years ago by a Frenchman, who lectured upon it to ladies in London; and the most brilliant duchess of that day, viz., the Duchess of Devonshire, was amongst his best pupils. Spitting, if the reader will pardon the mention of so gross a fact, was shown to be a very difficult art, and publicly prelected upon about the same time, in the same great capital. The professors in this faculty were the hackney-coachmen; the pupils were gentlemen, who paid a guinea each for three lessons; the chief problem in this system of hydraulics being to throw the salivating column in a parabolic curve from the centre of Parliament Street, when driving four-in-hand, to the foot pavements, right and left, so as to alarm the consciences of guilty peripatetics on either side. The ultimate problem, which closed the *curriculum* of study, was held to lie in spitting round a corner; when *that* was mastered, the pupil was entitled to his doctor's degree. Endless are the purposes of man, merely festal or merely comic, and aiming but at the momentary life of a cloud, which have earned for themselves the distinction and apparatus of a separate art. Yet for conversation, the great paramount purpose of social meetings, no art exists or has been attempted.

That seems strange, but is not really so. A limited process submits readily to the limits of a technical system; but a process so unlimited as the interchange of thought, seems to reject them. And even, if an art of conversation were less unlimited, the means of carrying such an art into practical effect amongst so vast a variety of minds, seems wanting. Yet again, perhaps, after all, this may rest on a mistake. What we begin by misjudging is the particular phasis of conversation which brings it under the control of art and discipline. It is not in its relation to the intellect

that conversation ever has been improved or *will* be improved primarily, but in its relation to manners. Has a man ever mixed with what in technical phrase is called "good company," meaning company in the highest degree polished, company which (being or *not* being aristocratic as respects its composition) is aristocratic as respects the standard of its manners and usages? If he really *has*, and does not deceive himself from vanity or from pure inacquaintance with the world, in that case he must have remarked the large effect impressed upon the grace and upon the freedom of conversation by a few simple instincts of real good breeding. Good breeding—what is it? There is no need in this place to answer that question comprehensively; it is sufficient to say that it is made up chiefly of *negative* elements; that it shows itself far less in what it prescribes than in what it forbids. Now, even under this limitation of the idea, the truth is—that more will be done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners (that is, chiefly by a system of forbearances), applied to the besetting vices of social intercourse, than ever *was* or *can* be done by all varieties of intellectual power assembled upon the same arena. Intellectual graces of the highest order may perish and confound each other when exercised in a spirit of ill-temper, or under the license of bad manners; whereas, very humble powers, when allowed to expand themselves colloquially in that genial freedom which is possible only under the most absolute confidence in the self-restraint of your collocutors, accomplish their purpose to a certainty, if it be the ordinary purpose of liberal amusement, and have a chance of accomplishing it, even when this purpose is the more ambitious one of communicating knowledge or exchanging new views upon truth.

In my own early years, having been formed by nature too exclusively and morbidly for solitary thinking, I observed nothing. Seeming to have eyes, in reality I saw nothing. But it is a matter of no very uncommon experience—that, whilst the mere observers never became meditators, the mere meditators, on the other hand, may finally ripen into close observers. Strength of thinking, through long years, upon innumerable themes, will have the effect of disclosing a vast variety of questions, to which it soon becomes apparent that answers are lurking up and down the whole field of daily experience; and thus an external experience which was slighted in youth, because it was a dark cipher that could be read into no meaning, a key that answered to no lock, gradually becomes interesting as it is found to yield one solution after another to problems that have independently matured in the mind. Thus, for instance, upon the special functions of conversation, upon its powers, its laws, its ordinary diseases, and their appropriate remedies, in youth I never bestowed a thought or a care. I viewed it, not as one amongst the gay ornamental arts of the intellect, but as one amongst the dull necessities of business. Loving solitude too much, I understood the capacities of colloquial intercourse too little. And thus it is, though not for *my* reason, that most people estimate the intellectual relations of conversation. Let these, however, be what they may, one thing seemed undeniable—that this world talked a great deal too much. It would be better for all parties, if nine in every ten of the *winged words*, flying about in this world (Homer's *epea pteroenta*) had their feathers clipped amongst men, or even amongst women, who have a right to a larger allowance of words. Yet, as it was quite out of my power to persuade the world into any such self-denying reformation, it seemed equally out of

the line of my duties to nourish any moral anxiety in that direction. *To talk* seemed to me at that time in the same category as *to sleep;* not an accomplishment, but a base physical infirmity. As a moralist, I really was culpably careless upon the whole subject. I cared as little what absurdities men practised in their vast tennis-courts of conversation, where the ball is flying backwards and forwards to no purpose for ever, as what tricks Englishmen might play with their monstrous national debt. Yet at length what I disregarded on any principle of moral usefulness, I came to make an object of the profoundest interest on principles of art. *Betting*, in like manner, and *wagering* which apparently had no moral value, and for that reason had been always slighted as inconsiderable arts (though, by the way, they always had one valuable use, viz., that of evading quarrels, since a bet summarily intercepts an altercation), rose suddenly into a philosophic rank, when successively, Huygens, the Bernoullis, and De Moivre, were led by the suggestion of these trivial practices amongst men, to throw the light of a high mathematical analysis upon the whole doctrine of Chances. Lord Bacon had been led to remark the capacities of conversation as an organ for sharpening one particular mode of intellectual power. Circumstances, on the other hand, led me into remarking the special capacities of conversation, as an organ for absolutely creating another mode of power. Let a man have read, thought, studied, as much as he may, rarely will he reach his possible advantages as a *ready* man, unless he has exercised his powers much in conversation—that, I think, was Lord Bacon's idea. Now, this wise and useful remark points in a direction not objective, but subjective; that is, it does not promise any absolute extension to truth itself, but only some greater facilities to the man who ex-

pounds or diffuses the truth. Nothing will be done for truth objectively that would not at any rate be done; but subjectively it will be done with more fluency, and at less cost of exertion to the doer. On the contrary, my own growing reveries on the latent powers of conversation (which, though a thing that then I hated, yet challenged at times unavoidably my attention) pointed to an absolute birth of new insight into the truth itself, as inseparable from the finer and more scientific exercise of the talking art. It would not be the brilliancy, the ease, or the adroitness of the expounder that would benefit, but the absolute interests of the thing expounded. A feeling dawned on me of a secret magic lurking in the peculiar life, velocities, and contagious ardour of conversation, quite separate from any which belonged to books; arming a man with new forces, and not merely with a new dexterity in wielding the old ones. I felt, and in this I could not be mistaken, as too certainly it was a fact of my own experience, that in the electric kindling of life between two minds—and far less from the kindling natural to conflict (though *that* also is something), than from the kindling through sympathy with the object discussed, in its momentary coruscation of shifting phases —there sometimes arise glimpses, and shy revelations of affinity, suggestion, relation, analogy, that could *not* have been approached through any avenues of methodical study. Great organists find the same effect of inspiration, the same result of power creative and revealing, in the mere movement and velocity of their own voluntaries, like the heavenly wheels of Milton, throwing off fiery flakes and bickering flames; these *impromptu* torrents of music create rapturous *fioriture*, beyond all capacity in the artist to register, or afterwards to imitate. The reader must be well aware that many philosophic instances exist where a change in the

degree makes a change in the kind. Usually this is otherwise; the prevailing rule is, that the principle subsists unaffected by any possible variation in the amount or degree of the force. But a large class of exceptions must have met the reader, though, from want of a pencil, he has improperly omitted to write them down in his pocket-book—cases, viz., where upon passing beyond a certain point in the graduation, an alteration takes place suddenly in the *kind* of effect, a new direction is given to the power. Some illustration of this truth occurs in conversation, where a velocity in the movement of thought is made possible (and often natural), greater than ever can arise in methodical books; and where, *2dly*, approximations are more obvious and easily effected between things too remote for a steadier contemplation. One remarkable evidence of a *specific* power lying hid in conversation may be seen in such writings as have moved by impulses most nearly resembling those of conversation; for instance, in those of Edmund Burke. For one moment, reader, pause upon the spectacle of two contrasted intellects, Burke's and Johnson's: one an intellect essentially going forward, governed by the very necessity of growth—by the law of motion in advance; the latter, essentially an intellect retrogressive, retrospective, and throwing itself back on its own steps. This original difference was aided accidentally in Burke by the tendencies of political partisanship, which, both from moving amongst moving things and uncertainties, as compared with the more stationary aspects of moral philosophy, and also from its more fluctuating and fiery passions, must unavoidably reflect in greater life the tumultuary character of conversation. The result from these original differences of intellectual constitution, aided by these secondary differences of pursuit, is, that Dr. Johnson never, in any instance, GROWS a truth

before your eyes, whilst in the act of delivering it, or moving towards it. All that he offers up to the end of the chapter he had when he began. But to Burke, such was the prodigious elasticity of his thinking, equally in his conversation and in his writings, the mere act of movement became the principle or cause of movement. Motion propagated motion, and life threw off life. The very violence of a projectile, as thrown by *him*, caused it to rebound in fresh forms, fresh angles, splintering, coruscating, which gave out thoughts as new (and as startling) to himself as they are to his reader. In this power, which might be illustrated largely from the writings of Burke, is seen something allied to the powers of a prophetic seer, who is compelled oftentimes into seeing things, as unexpected by himself as by others. Now in conversation, considered as to its *tendencies* and capacities, there sleeps an intermitting spring of such sudden revelation, showing much of the same general character; a power putting on a character *essentially* differing from the character worn by the power of books.

If, then, in the *colloquial* commerce of thought, there lurked a power not shared by other modes of that great commerce, a power separate and *sui generis*, next it was apparent that a great art must exist somewhere, applicable to this power; not in the Pyramids, or in the tombs of Thebes, but in the unwrought quarries of men's minds, so many and so dark. There was an art missing. If an art, then an artist was missing. If the art (as we say of foreign mails) were "due," then the artist was "due." How happened it that this great man never made his appearance? But perhaps he *had*. Many persons think Dr. Johnson the *exemplar* of conversational power. I think otherwise, [redacted] reasons which I shall soon explain, and far sooner I look for such an *exemplar* in Burke. But neith[redacted]

nor Burke, however they might rank as *powers*, was the *artist* that I demanded. Burke valued not at all the reputation of a great performer in conversation; he scarcely contemplated the skill as having a real existence; and a man will never be an artist who does not value his art, or even recognise it as an object distinctly defined. Johnson, again, relied sturdily upon his natural powers for carrying him aggressively through all conversational occasions or difficulties that English society, from its known character and composition, could be supposed likely to bring forward, without caring for any art or system of rules that might give further effect to that power. If a man is strong enough to knock down ninety-nine in a hundred of all antagonists, in spite of any advantages as to pugilistic science, which they may possess over himself, he is not likely to care for the improbable case of a hundredth man appearing with strength equal to his own, superadded to the utmost excess of that artificial skill which is wanting in himself. Against such a contingency it is not worth while going to the cost of a regular pugilistic training. Half a century might not bring up a case of actual call for its application. Or, if it did, for a single *extra* case of that nature, there would always be a resource in the *extra* (and, strictly speaking, foul) arts of kicking, scratching, pinching, and tearing hair.

The conversational powers of Johnson were narrow in compass, however strong within their own essential limits. As a *conditio sine qua non*, he did not absolutely demand a *personal* contradictor by way of 'stoker' to supply fuel and keep up his steam, but he demanded at least a *subject* teeming with elements of known contrary opinion, whether linked to partisanship or views of all things tended to negation, never to

the positive and the creative. Hence may be explained a fact, which cannot have escaped any keen observer of those huge Johnsonian *memorabilia* which we possess, viz., that the gyration of his flight upon any one question that ever came before him was so exceedingly brief. There was no process, no evolution, no movements of self-conflict or preparation; a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis, and, above all, a new abstraction of the logic involved in some popular fallacy, or doubt, or prejudice, or problem, formed the utmost of his efforts. He dissipated some casual perplexity that had gathered in the eddies of conversation, but he contributed nothing to any weightier interest; he unchoked a strangulated sewer in some blind alley, but what river is there that felt his cleansing power? There is no man that can cite any single error which Dr. Johnson unmasked, or any important truth which he expanded. Nor is this extraordinary. Dr. Johnson had not within himself the fountain of such power, having not a brooding or naturally philosophic intellect. Philosophy in any acquired sense he had none. How else could it have happened that, upon David Hartley, upon David Hume, upon Voltaire, upon Rousseau, the true or the false philosophy of his own day, beyond a personal sneer, founded on some popular slander, he had nothing to say and said nothing? A new world was moulding itself in Dr. Johnson's meridian hours, new generations were ascending, and "other palms were won." Yet of all this the Doctor suspected nothing. Countrymen and contemporaries of the Doctor's, brilliant men, but (as many think) trifling men, such as Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, already in the middle of that eighteenth century, could read the signs of the great changes advancing, already they started in horror from the portents which rose before them in Paris, like the proces-

sion of regal phantoms before Macbeth, and have left in their letters records undeniable (such as now read like Cassandra prophecies) that already they had noticed tremors in the ground below their feet, and sounds in the air, running before the great convulsions under which Europe was destined to rock full thirty years later. Many instances, during the last war, showed us that in the frivolous dandy might often lurk the most fiery and accomplished of *aides-de-camp;* and these cases show that men, in whom the world sees only elegant *roués*, sometimes from carelessness, sometimes from want of opening for display, conceal qualities of penetrating sagacity, and a learned spirit of observation, such as may be looked for vainly in persons of more solemn and academic pretension. But there was a greater defect in Dr. Johnson for purposes of conversation than merely want of eye for the social phenomena rising around him. He had no eye for such phenomena, because he had a somnolent want of interest in them; and why? because he had little interest in man. Having no sympathy with human nature in its struggles, or faith in the progress of man, he could not be supposed to regard with much interest any forerunning symptoms of changes that to him were themselves indifferent. And the reason that he felt thus careless was the desponding taint in his blood. It is good to be of a melancholic temperament, as all the ancient physiologists held, but only if the melancholy is balanced by fiery aspiring qualities, not when it gravitates essentially to the earth. Hence the drooping, desponding character, and the monotony of the estimate which Dr. Johnson applied to life. We were all, in *his* view, miserable, scrofulous wretches; the "strumous diathesis" was developed in our flesh, or soon would be; and but for his piety, which was the best indication of some greatness latent within him,

he would have suggested to all mankind a nobler use for garters than any which regarded knees. In fact I believe, that but for his piety, he would not only have counselled hanging in general, but hanged himself in particular. Now this gloomy temperament, not as an occasional but as a permanent state, is fatal to the power of brilliant conversation, in so far as that power rests upon raising a continual succession of topics, and not merely of using with lifeless talent the topics offered by others. Man is the central interest about which revolve all the fleeting phenomena of life; these secondary interests demand the first; and with the little knowledge about them which must follow from little care about them, there can be no salient fountain of conversational themes. "*Pectus*," says Quintilian, "*id est quod disertum facit*:"—*The heart* (and not the brain) *is that which makes a man eloquent.* From the heart, from an interest of love or hatred, of hope or care, springs all permanent eloquence; and the elastic spring of conversation is gone, if the talker is a mere showy man of talent, pulling at an oar which he detests.

What an index might be drawn up of subjects interesting to human nature, and suggested by the events of the Johnsonian period, upon which the Doctor ought to have talked, and must have talked, if his interest in man had been catholic, but on which the Doctor is not recorded to have uttered one word! Visiting Paris once in his whole life, he applied himself diligently to the measuring of what? Of gilt mouldings and diapered panels! Yet books, it will be said, suggest topics as well as life, and the moving sceneries of life; and surely Dr. Johnson had *this* fund to draw upon? No; for though he had read much in a desultory way, he had studied nothing;* and, without that

* "*Had studied nothing*:"—It may be doubted whether Dr.

sort of systematic reading, it is but a rare chance that books can be brought to bear effectually, and yet indirectly, upon conversation; whilst to make them directly and formally the subjects of discussion, pre-supposes either a learned audience, or, if the audience is not so, much pedantry and much arrogance in the talker.

THE flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings *seems* more rapid, and this flight startles us like guilty things with a more affecting *sense* of its rapidity, when a distant church-clock strikes in the night-time, or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disc, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss in such a case seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable until it is announced to us that already they have perished. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries, a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside, seems also as in part a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to

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Johnson understood any one thing thoroughly, except Latin; not that he understood even *that* with the elaborate and circumstantial accuracy required for the editing critically of a Latin classic. But if he had less than *that*, he also had more: He *possessed* that language in a way that no extent of mere critical knowledge could confer. He wrote it genially, not as one translating into it painfully from English, but as one using it for his original organ of thinking. And in Latin verse he expressed himself at times with the energy and freedom of a Roman. With Greek his acquaintance was far more slender.

levy taxes upon our time; that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular *degree* in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent ropes of pearl-necklace, by some accident detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply reproachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably whilst she was yet sleeping, and of many beside that must follow, before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewelly hæmorrhage. A constant hæmorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days: and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz., the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lâcheté*. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days: pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?" Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days;

to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a *bonus* on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz., sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect also that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life (viz., above seven thousand days) before you can have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, amongst the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase "*corpus curare*," tendance on the animal necessities, viz., eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise, deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labour. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After *that*, the night comes when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

Limited thus severely in his *direct* approaches to knowledge, and in his approaches to that which is a thousand times more important than knowledge, viz., the conduct and discipline of the knowing faculty, the more clamorous is the

necessity that a wise man should turn to account any INDIRECT and supplementary means towards the same ends; and amongst these means a chief one by right and potentially is CONVERSATION. Even the primary means, books, study, and meditation, through errors from without and errors from within, are not *that* which they might be made. Too constantly, when reviewing his own efforts for improvement, a man has reason to say (indignantly, as one injured by others; penitentially, as contributing to this injury himself), "Much of my studies have been thrown away; many books which were useless, or worse than useless, I have read; many books which ought to have been read, I have left unread; such is the sad necessity under the absence of all preconceived plan; and the proper road is first ascertained when the journey is drawing to its close." In a wilderness so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable; and in proportion as the errors on this primary field of study have been great, it is important to have reaped some compensatory benefits on the secondary field of conversation. Books teach by one machinery, conversation by another; and, if these resources were trained into correspondence to their own separate ideals, they might become reciprocally the complements of each other. The false selection of books, for instance, might often be rectified at once by the frank collation of experiences which takes place in miscellaneous colloquial intercourse. But other and greater advantages belong to conversation for the effectual promotion of intellectual culture. Social discussion supplies the natural integration for the deficiencies of private and sequestered study. Simply to rehearse, simply to express in words amongst familiar friends, one's own intellectual perplexities, is oftentimes to clear them up. It is well known that the

best means of learning is by teaching; the effort that is made for others is made eventually for ourselves; and the readiest method of illuminating obscure conceptions, or maturing such as are crude, lies in an earnest effort to make them apprehensible by others. Even this is but one amongst the functions fulfilled by conversation. Each separate individual in a company is likely to see any problem or idea under some difference of angle. Each may have some difference of views to contribute, derived either from a different course of reading, or a different tenor of reflection, or perhaps a different train of experience. The advantages of colloquial discussion are not only often commensurate in *degree* to those of study, but they recommend themselves also as being different in *kind;* they are special and *sui generis.* It must, therefore, be important that so great an organ of intellectual development should not be neutralized by mismanagement, as generally it is, or neglected through insensibility to its latent capacities. The importance of the subject should be measured by its relation to the interests of the intellect; and on this principle we do not scruple to think that, in reviewing our own experience of the causes most commonly at war with the free movement of conversation as it ought to be, we are in effect contributing hints for a new chapter in any future 'Essay on the Improvement of the Mind.' Watt's book under that title is really of little practical use, nor would it ever have been thought so had it not been patronized, in a spirit of partisanship, by a particular section of religious dissenters. Wherever *that* happens, the fortune of a book is made; for the sectarian impulse creates a sensible current in favour of the book; and the general or neutral reader yields passively to the motion of the current, without knowing or caring to know whence it is derived.

Our remarks must of necessity be cursory here, so that they will not need or permit much preparation; but one distinction, which is likely to strike on some minds, as to the two different purposes of conversation, ought to be noticed, since otherwise it will seem doubtful whether we have not confounded them; or, secondly, if we have *not* confounded them, which of the two it is that our remarks contemplate. In speaking above of conversation, we have fixed our view on those uses of conversation which are ministerial to intellectual culture; but, in relation to the majority of men, conversation is far less valuable as an organ of intellectual culture than of social enjoyment. For one man interested in conversation as a means of advancing his studies, there are fifty men whose interest in conversation points exclusively to convivial pleasure. This, as being a more extensive function of conversation, is so far the more dignified function; whilst, on the other hand, such a purpose as direct mental improvement seems by its superior gravity to challenge the higher rank. Yet, in fact, even here the more general purpose of conversation takes precedency; for when dedicated to the objects of festal delight, conversation rises by its tendency to the rank of a fine art. It is true that not one man in a million rises to any distinction in this art; nor, whatever France may conceit of herself, has any one nation, amongst other nations, a real precedency in this art. The artists are rare indeed; but still the art, as distinguished from the artist, may, by its difficulties, by the quality of its graces, and by the range of its possible brilliances, take rank as a *fine* art; or, at all events, according to its powers of execution, it tends to that rank; whereas the best order of conversation that is simply ministerial to a purpose of use, cannot pretend to a higher name than that of a *mechanic* art. But these distinctions, though they

would form the grounds of a separate treatment in a regular treatise on conversation, may be practically neglected on this occasion, because the hints offered, by the generality of the terms in which they express themselves, may be applied indifferently to either class of conversation. The main diseases, indeed, which obstruct the healthy movement of conversation, recur everywhere; and alike whether the object be pleasure or profit in the free interchange of thought, almost universally that free interchange is obstructed in the very same way, by the very same defect of any controlling principle for sustaining the general rights and interests of the company, and by the same vices of self-indulgent indolence, or of callous selfishness, or of insolent vanity, in the individual talkers.

Let us fall back on the recollections of our own experience. In the course of our life we have heard much of what was reputed to be the select conversation of the day, and we have heard many of those who figured at the moment as effective talkers; yet in mere sincerity, and without a vestige of misanthropic retrospect, we must say, that never once has it happened to us to come away from any display of that nature without intense disappointment; and it always appeared to us that this failure (which soon ceased to be a *disappointment*) was inevitable by a necessity of the case For here lay the stress of the difficulty: almost all depends in most trials of skill, upon the parity of those who are matched against each other. An ignorant person supposes that, to an able disputant, it must be an advantage to have a feeble opponent; whereas, on the contrary, it is ruin to him; for he cannot display his own powers but through something of a corresponding power in the resistance of his antagonist. A brilliant fencer is lost and confounded in playing with a novice; and the same thing takes place in

playing at ball, or battledore, or in dancing, where a powerless partner does not enable you to shine the more, but reduces you to mere helplessness, and takes the wind altogether out of your sails. Now, if by some rare good luck the great talker—the protagonist—of the evening has been provided with a commensurate second, it is just possible that something like a brilliant "passage of arms" may be the result, though much, even in that case, will depend on the chances of the moment for furnishing a fortunate theme; and even then, amongst the superior part of the company, a feeling of deep vulgarity and of mountebank display is inseparable from such an ostentatious duel of wit. On the other hand, supposing your great talker to be received like any other visitor, and turned loose upon the company, then he must do one of two things; either he will talk upon *outré* subjects specially tabooed to his own private use, in which case the great man has the air of a quack-doctor addressing a mob from a street stage; or else he will talk like ordinary people upon popular topics; in which case the company, out of natural politeness, that they may not seem to be staring at him as a lion, will hasten to meet him in the same style, the conversation will become general, the great man will seem reasonable and well-bred; but at the same time we grieve to say it, the great man will have been extinguished by being drawn off from his exclusive ground. The dilemma, in short, is this: if the great talker attempts the plan of showing off by firing cannon-shot when everybody else is content with musketry, then undoubtedly he produces an impression, but at the expense of insulating himself from the sympathies of the company, and standing aloof as a sort of monster hired to play tricks of funambulism for the night. Yet again, if he contents himself with a musket like other people, then for *us*, from whom he mo-

dastly hides his talent under a bushel, in what respect is he different from the man who *has* no such talent?

> "If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?"

The reader, therefore, may take it upon the *à priori* logic of this dilemma, or upon the evidence of our own experience, that all reputation for brilliant talking is a visionary thing, and rests upon a sheer impossibility, viz., upon such a histrionic performance in a state of insulation from the rest of the company as could not be effected, even for a single time, without a rare and difficult collusion, and could not, even for that single time, be endurable to a man of delicate and honourable sensibilities.

Yet surely Coleridge *had* such a reputation, and without needing any collusion at all; for Coleridge, unless he could have all the talk, would have none. But then this was not conversation. It was not *colloquium*, or talking *with* the company, but *alloquium*, or talking *to* the company. As Madame de Staël observed, Coleridge talked, and *could* talk, only by monologue. Such a mode of systematic trespass upon the conversational rights of a whole party, gathered together under pretence of amusement, is fatal to every purpose of social intercourse, whether that purpose be connected with direct use and the service of the intellect, or with the general graces and amenities of life. The result is the same, under whatever impulse such an outrage is practised; but the impulse is not always the same; it varies, and so far the criminal intention varies. In some people this gross excess takes its rise in pure arrogance. They are fully aware of their own intrusion upon the general privileges of the company; they are aware of the temper in which it is likely to be received; but they persist wilfully in the wrong, as a sort of homage levied compulsorily

upon those who may wish to resist it, but hardly *can* do so without a violent interruption, wearing the same shape of indecorum as that which they resent. In most people, however, it is not arrogance which prompts this capital offence against social rights, but a blind selfishness, yielding passively to its own instincts, without being distinctly aware of the degree in which this self-indulgence trespasses on the rights of others. We see the same temper illustrated at times in travelling; a brutal person, as we are disposed at first to pronounce him, but more frequently one who yields unconsciously to a lethargy of selfishness, plants himself at the public fireplace, so as to exclude his fellow-travellers from all but a fraction of the warmth. Yet he does not do this in a spirit of wilful aggression upon others; he has but a glimmering suspicion of the odious shape which his own act assumes to others, for the luxurious torpor of self-indulgence has extended its mists to the energy and clearness of his perceptions. Meantime, Coleridge's habit of soliloquizing through a whole evening of four or five hours, had its origin neither in arrogance nor in absolute selfishness. The fact was that he *could* not talk unless he were uninterrupted, and unless he were able to count upon this concession from the company. It was a silent contract between him and his hearers, that nobody should speak but himself. If any man objected to this arrangement, why did he come? For the custom of the place, the *lex loci*, being notorious, by coming at all he was understood to profess his allegiance to the autocrat who presided. It was not, therefore, by an insolent usurpation that Coleridge persisted in monology through his whole life, but in virtue of a concession from the kindness and respect of his friends. You could not be angry with him for using his privilege, for it was a privilege conferred by others, and a privilege which

he was ready to resign as soon as any man demurred to it. But though reconciled to it by these considerations, and by the ability with which he used it, you could not but feel that it worked ill for all parties. Himself it tempted oftentimes into pure garrulity of egotism, and the listeners it reduced to a state of debilitated sympathy or of absolute torpor. Prevented by the custom from putting questions, from proposing doubts, from asking for explanations, reacting by no mode of mental activity, and condemned also to the mental distress of hearing opinions or doctrines stream past them by flights which they must not arrest for a moment, so as even to take a note of them, and which yet they could not often understand, or, seeming to understand, could not always approve, the audience sank at times into a listless condition of inanimate vacuity. To be acted upon for ever, but never to react, is fatal to the very powers by which sympathy must grow, or by which intelligent admiration can be evoked. For his own sake, it was Coleridge's interest to have forced his hearers into the active commerce of question and answer, of objection and demur. Not otherwise was it possible that even the attention could be kept from drooping, or the coherency and dependency of the arguments be forced into light.

The French rarely make a mistake of this nature. The graceful levity of the nation could not easily err in this direction, nor tolerate such deliration in the greatest of men. Not the gay temperament only of the French people, but the particular qualities of the French language, which (however poor for the higher purposes of passion) is rich beyond all others for purposes of social intercourse, prompt them to rapid and vivacious exchange of thought. Tediousness, therefore, above all other vices, finds no countenance or indulgence amongst the French, excepting always in two

memorable cases, viz., first, the case of tragic dialogue on the stage, which is privileged to be tedious by usage and tradition; and, secondly, the case (authorized by the best usages in living society) of narrators or *raconteurs*. This is a shocking anomaly in the code of French good taste as applied to conversation. Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of "good stories"—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgelling, a submersion in horse-ponds, or any mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampire or a mad dog. This case excepted, however, the French have the keenest possible sense of all that is odious and all that is ludicrous in prosing, and universally have a horror of *des longeurs*. It is not strange, therefore, that Madame de Staël noticed little as extraordinary in Coleridge beyond this one capital monstrosity of unlimited soliloquy, that being a peculiarity which she never could have witnessed in France; and, considering the burnish of her French tastes in all that concerned colloquial characteristics, it is creditable to her forbearance that she noticed even this rather as a memorable fact than as the inhuman fault which it was. On the other hand, Coleridge was not so forbearing as regarded the brilliant French lady. He spoke of her to ourselves as a very frivolous person, and in short summary terms that disdained to linger on a subject so inconsiderable. It is remarkable that Goethe and Schiller both conversed with Madame de Staël, like Coleridge, and both spoke of her afterwards in the same disparaging terms as Coleridge. But it is equally remarkable that Baron *William* Humboldt, who was personally acquainted with all the four parties—Madame de Staël, Goethe, Schiller, and Coleridge—gave it as his opi-

nion (in letters subsequently published) that the lady had been calumniated through a very ignoble cause, viz., mere ignorance of the French language, or, at least, non-familiarity with the fluencies of *oral* French. Neither Goethe nor Schiller, though well acquainted with written French, had any command of it for purposes of *rapid* conversation; and Humboldt supposes that mere spite at the trouble which they found in limping after the lady so as to catch one thought that she uttered, had been the true cause of their unfavourable sentence upon her. Not malice aforethought, so much as vindictive fury for the sufferings they had endured, accounted for their severity in the opinion of the diplomatic baron. He did not extend the same explanation to Coleridge's case, because, though even then in habits of intercourse with Coleridge, he had not heard of *his* interview with the lady, nor of the results from that interview; else what was true of the two German wits was true *à fortiori* of Coleridge: the Germans at least *read* French and talked it slowly, and occasionally understood it when talked by others. But Coleridge did none of these things. We are all of us well aware that Madame de Staël was *not* a trifler; nay, that she gave utterance at times to truths as worthy to be held oracular as any that were uttered by the three inspired wits, all philosophers, and bound to truth; but all poets, and privileged to be wayward. This we may collect from these anecdotes, that people accustomed to colloquial despotism, and who wield a sceptre within a circle of their own, are no longer capable of impartial judgments, and do not accommodate themselves with patience, or even with justice, to the pretensions of rivals; and were it only for this result of conversational tyranny, it calls clamorously for extinction by some combined action upon the part of society.

Is such a combination on the part of society possible as a sustained effort? We imagine that it *is* in these times, and will be more so in the times which are coming. Formerly the social meetings of men and women, except only in capital cities, were few; and even in such cities the infusion of female influence was not broad and powerful enough for the correction of those great aberrations from just ideals which disfigured social intercourse. But great changes are proceeding: were it only by the vast revolution in our *means* of intercourse, laying open every village to the contagion of social temptations, the world of western Europe is tending more and more to a mode of living in public. Under such a law of life, conversation becomes a vital interest of every hour, that can no more suffer interruption from individual caprice or arrogance than the animal process of respiration from transient disturbances of health. Once, when travelling was rare, there was no fixed law for the usages of public rooms in inns or coffee-houses; the courtesy of individuals was the tenure by which men held their rights. If a morose person detained the newspaper for hours, there was no remedy. At present, according to the circumstances of the case, there are strict regulations, which secure to each individual his own share of the common rights.

A corresponding change will gradually take place in the usages which regulate conversation. It will come to be considered an infringement of the general rights for any man to detain the conversation, or arrest its movement, for more than a short space of time, which gradually will be more and more defined. This one curtailment of arrogant pretensions will lead to others. Egotism will no longer freeze the openings to intellectual discussions; and conversation will then become, what it never *has* been before, a

powerful ally of education and generally of self-culture. The main diseases that besiege conversation at present are —1*st*, The want of *timing*. Those who are not recalled, by a sense of courtesy and equity, to the continual remembrance that, in appropriating too large a share of the conversation, they are committing a fraud upon their companions, are beyond all control of monitory hints or of reproof, which does not take a direct and open shape of personal remonstrance; but this, where the purpose of the assembly is festive and convivial, bears too harsh an expression for most people's feelings. That objection, however, would not apply to any mode of admonition that was universally established. A public memento carries with it no personality. For instance, in the Roman law-courts, no advocate complained of the *clepsydra*, or water time-piece, which regulated the duration of his pleadings. Now such a contrivance would not be impracticable at an after-dinner talk. To invert the clepsydra, when all the water had run out, would be an act open to any one of the guests, and liable to no misconstruction, when this check was generally applied, and understood to be a simple expression of public defence, not of private rudeness or personality. The clepsydra ought to be filled with some brilliantly-coloured fluid, to be placed in the centre of the table, and with the capacity, at the very most, of the little minute-glasses used for regulating the boiling of eggs. It would obviously be insupportably tedious to turn the glass every two or three minutes; but to do so occasionally would avail as a sufficient memento to the company. 2*d*, Conversation suffers from the want of some discretional power, lodged in an individual for controlling its movements. Very often it sinks into flats of insipidity through mere accident. Some trifle has turned its current upon ground, where few of the

company have anything to say—the commerce of thought languishes; and the consciousness that it *is* languishing about a narrow circle, "unde pedem proferre pudor vetat," operates for the general refrigeration of the company. Now the ancient Greeks had an officer appointed over every convivial meeting, whose functions applied to all cases of doubt or interruption that could threaten the genial harmony, or, perhaps, the genial movement intellectually, of the company. We also have such officers, presidents, vice-presidents, &c.; and we need only to extend their powers so that they may exercise over the movement of the conversation the beneficial influence of the Athenian *symposiarch*. At present the evil is, that conversation has no authorized originator; it is servile to the accidents of the moment, and generally these accidents are merely verbal. Some word or some name is dropped casually in the course of an illustration; and *that* is allowed to suggest a topic, though neither interesting to the majority of the persons present, nor leading naturally into other collateral topics, that are more so. Now in such cases it will be the business of the symposiarch to restore the interest of the conversation, and to rekindle its animation, by recalling it from any tracks of dulness or sterility into which it may have rambled. The natural *excursiveness* of colloquial intercourse, its tendency to advance by subtle links of association, is one of its advantages; but mere *vagrancy* from passive acquiescence in the direction given to it by chance or by any verbal accident, is amongst its worst diseases. The business of the symposiarch will be, to watch these morbid tendencies, which are not the deviations of graceful freedom, but the distortions of imbecility and collapse. His business it will also be, to derive occasions of discussion bearing a general and permanent interest from the fleeting

events or the casual disputes of the day. His business again it will be to bring back a subject that has been imperfectly discussed, and has yielded but half of the interest which it promises, under the interruption of any accident which may have carried the thoughts of the company into less attractive channels. Lastly, it should be an express office of education to form a particular style, cleansed from *verbiage*, from elaborate parenthesis, and from circumlocution,* as the only style fitted for a purpose which is one of pure enjoyment, and where every moment used by the speaker is deducted from a public stock.

Many other suggestions for the improvement of conversation might be brought forward within ampler limits; and especially for that class of conversation which moves by discussion, a whole code of regulations might be proposed that would equally promote the interests of the individual speakers, and the public interests of the truth involved in the question discussed. Meantime nobody is more aware than we are that no style of conversation is more essentially vulgar than that which moves by disputation. This is the vice of the young and the inexperienced, but especially of those amongst them who are fresh from academic life. But discussion is not necessarily disputation; and the two orders of conversation—*that*, on the one hand, which contemplates an interest of knowledge, and of the self-developing intellect; *that*, on the other hand, which forms one and the widest amongst the gay embellishments of life—will always advance together. Whatever there may remain of illiberal in the first (for, according to the remark of

* *Circumlocution* and *parenthesis* agree in this—that they keep the attention in a painful condition of suspense. But suspense is anxiety.

Burke, there is always something illiberal in the severer aspects of study until balanced by the influence of social amenities), will correct itself, or will tend to correct itself, by the model held up in the second; and thus the great organ of social intercourse, by means of speech, which hitherto has done little for man, except through the channel of its ministrations to the direct *business* of daily necessities, will at length rise into a rivalship with books, and become fixed amongst the alliances of intellectual progress, not less than amongst the ornamental accomplishments of convivial life.

PRESENCE OF MIND

A FRAGMENT.

THE Roman *formula* for summoning an earnest concentration of the faculties upon any object whatever, that happened to be critically urgent, was *Hoc age*, "Mind *this!*" or, in other words, do not mind *that*. The antithetic formula was "*aliud* agere," to mind something alien, or remote from the interest then clamouring for attention. Our modern military orders of "*Attention!*" and "*Eyes straight!*" were both included in the *Hoc age*. In the stern peremptoriness of this Roman formula, we read a picturesque expression of the Roman character both as to its strength and its weakness—of the energy which brooked no faltering or delay (for beyond all other races the Roman was *natus rebus agendis*)—and also of the morbid craving for action, which was intolerant of anything but the intensely practical.

In modern times, it is we of the Anglo-Saxon blood, that is, the British and the Americans of the United States, who inherit the Roman temperament with its vices and its fearful advantages of power. In the ancient Roman these vices appeared more barbarously conspicuous. We, the countrymen of Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton, and at one time the leaders of austere thinking, cannot be supposed to shrink from the speculative through any native incapacity for

sounding its depths. But the Roman had a real inaptitude for the speculative; to *him* nothing was real that was not practical. He had no metaphysics; he wanted the metaphysical instinct. It is a strange distinction amongst races and nations, that of men having a literature—the Roman, and the Roman only, had no metaphysics. There was no school of *native* Roman philosophy: the Roman was merely an eclectic or *dilettante*, picking up the crumbs which fell from Grecian tables; and even mathematics was so repulsive in its sublimer aspects to the Roman mind, that the very word Mathematics had in Rome collapsed into another name for the dotages of astrology. The mathematician was a mere variety of expression for the wizard or the conjuror.

From this unfavourable aspect of the Roman intellect, it is but justice that we should turn way to contemplate those situations in which that same intellect showed itself preternaturally strong. To face a sudden danger by a corresponding weight of sudden counsel or sudden evasion—*that* was a privilege essentially lodged in the Roman mind. But in every nation some minds much more than others are representative of the national type: they are normal minds, reflecting, as in a focus, the characteristics of the race. Thus Louis XIV. has been held to be the idealized expression of the French character; and amongst the Romans there cannot be a doubt that the first Cæsar offers in a rare perfection the revelation of that peculiar grandeur which belonged to the children of Romulus.

What *was* that grandeur? We do not need, in this place, to attempt its analysis. One feature will suffice for our purpose. The late celebrated John Foster, in his essay on Decision of Character, amongst the accidents of life which might serve to strengthen the natural tendencies to such a character, or to promote its development, rightly insists on

desertion. To find itself in solitude, and still more to find itself thrown upon that state of abandonment by sudden treachery, crushes the feeble mind, but rouses a terrific reaction of haughty self-assertion in that order of spirits which matches and measures itself against difficulty and danger. There is something corresponding to this case of human treachery in the sudden caprices of fortune. A danger, offering itself unexpectedly in some momentary change of blind external agencies, assumes to the feelings the character of a perfidy accomplished by mysterious powers, and calls forth something of the same resentment, and in a gladiatorial intellect something of the same spontaneous resistance. A sword that breaks in the very crisis of a duel, a horse killed by a flash of lightning in the moment of collision with the enemy, a bridge carried away by an avalanche at the instant of a commencing retreat, affect the feelings like dramatic incidents emanating from a human will. This man they confound and paralyse, that man they rouse into resistance as by a personal provocation and insult. And if it happens that these opposite effects show themselves in cases wearing a national importance, they raise what would else have been a mere casualty, into the tragic or the epic grandeur of a fatality. The superb character, for instance, of Cæsar's intellect, throws a colossal shadow as of predestination over the most trivial incidents of his career. On the morning of Pharsalia, every man who reads a record of that mighty event feels, by a secret instinct,* that an earthquake is approaching which must determine the

* "*Feels by a secret instinct.*"— A sentiment of this nature is finely expressed by Lucan in the passage beginning, "Advenisse diem," &c. The circumstance by which Lucan chiefly defeats the grandeur and simplicities of the truth, is the monstrous numerical exaggeration of the combatants and the killed at Pharsalia.

final distribution of the ground, and the relations amongst the whole family of man through a thousand generations. Precisely the inverse case is realized in some modern sections of history, where the feebleness or the inertia of the presiding intellect communicates a character of triviality to events that otherwise are of paramount historical importance. In Cæsar's case, simply through the perfection of his preparations arrayed against all conceivable contingencies, there is an impression left as of some incarnate Providence, veiled in a human form, ranging through the ranks of the legions; whilst, on the contrary, in the modern cases to which we allude, a mission, seemingly authorized by inspiration, is suddenly quenched, like a torch falling into water, by the careless character of the superintending intellect. Neither case is without its appropriate interest. The spectacle of a vast historical dependency, pre-organized by an intellect of unusual grandeur, wears the grace of congruity and reciprocal proportion. And, on the other hand, a series of mighty events contingent upon the motion this way or that of a frivolous hand, or suspended on the breath of caprice, suggests the wild and fantastic disproportions of ordinary life, when the mighty masquerade moves on for ever through successions of the gay and the solemn—of the petty and the majestic.

Cæsar's cast of character owed its impressiveness to the combination which it offered of moral grandeur and monumental immobility, such as we see in Marius, with the dazzling intellectual versatility found in the Gracchi, in Sylla, in Catiline, in Antony. The comprehension and the absolute perfection of his prescience did not escape the eye of Lucan, who describes him as "Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum." A fine lambent gleam of his character escapes also in that magnificent fraction of a like,

where he is described as one incapable of learning the style and sentiments suited to a private interest—"Indocilis privata loqui."

There has been a disposition manifested amongst modern writers to disturb the traditional characters of Cæsar and his chief antagonist. Audaciously to disparage Cæsar, and without a shadow of any new historic grounds to exalt his feeble competitor, has been adopted as the best chance for filling up the mighty gulf between them. Lord Brougham, for instance, on occasion of a dinner given by the Cinque Ports at Dover to the Duke of Wellington, vainly attempted to raise our countryman by unfounded and romantic depreciations of Cæsar. He alleged that Cæsar had contended only with barbarians. Now, *that* happens to be the literal truth as regards Pompey. The victories on which his early reputation was built were won from semi-barbarians—luxurious, it is true, but also effeminate in a degree never suspected at Rome until the next generation. The slight but summary contest of Cæsar with Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, dissipated at once the cloud of ignorance in which Rome had been involved on this subject by the vast distance and the total want of familiarity with Oriental habits. But Cæsar's chief antagonists, those whom Lord Brougham specially indicated, viz., the Gauls, were *not* barbarians. As a military people they were in a stage of civilisation next to that of the Romans. They were quite as much *aguerris*, hardened and seasoned to war, as the children of Rome. In certain military habits they were even superior. For purposes of war four races were then preeminent in Europe, viz., the Romans, the Macedonians, certain select tribes amongst the mixed population of the Spanish peninsula, and finally the Gauls. These were all open to the recruiting-parties of Cæsar; and amongst them

all he had deliberately assigned his preference to the Gauls. The famous legion, who carried the *Alauda* (the lark) upon their helmets, was raised in Gaul from Cæsar's private funds. They composed a select and favoured division in his army, and, together with the famous tenth legion, constituted a third part of his forces—a third numerically on the day of battle, but virtually a half. Even the rest of Cæsar's army had been for so long a space recruited in the Gauls, Transalpine as well as Cisalpine, that at Pharsalia the bulk of his forces is known to have been Gaulish. There were more reasons than one for concealing that fact. The policy of Cæsar was, to conceal it not less from Rome than from the army itself. But the truth became known at last to all wary observers. Lord Brougham's objection to the quality of Cæsar's enemies falls away at once when it is collated with the deliberate composition of Cæsar's own army. Besides that, Cæsar's enemies were *not* in any exclusive sense Gauls. The German tribes, the Spanish, the Helvetian, the Illyrian, Africans of every race, and Moors; the islanders of the Mediterranean, and the mixed populations of Asia, had all been faced by Cæsar. And if it is alleged that the forces of Pompey, however superior in numbers, were at Pharsalia largely composed of an Asiatic rabble, the answer is, that precisely of such a rabble were the hostile armies composed from which he had won his laurels. False and windy reputations are sown thickly in history; but never was there a reputation more thoroughly histrionic than that of Pompey. The late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, amongst a million of other crotchets, did (it is true) make a pet of Pompey; and he was encouraged in this caprice (which had for its origin the doctor's *political**

* It is very evident that Dr. Arnold could not have understood the position of politics in Rome, when he allowed himself to make a

animosity to Cæsar) by one military critic, viz., Sir William Napier. This distinguished soldier conveyed messages to Dr. Arnold warning him against the popular notion, that Pompey was a poor strategist. Now, had there been any Roman state-paper office, which Sir William could be supposed to have searched and weighed against the statements of surviving history, we might, in deference to Sir William's great experience and talents, have consented to a rehearing of the case. Unfortunately, no new materials have been discovered; nor is it alleged that the old ones are capable of being thrown into new combinations, so as to reverse or to suspend the old adjudications. The judgment of history stands; and amongst the records which it involves, none is more striking than this—that, whilst Cæsar and

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favourite of Pompey. The doctor hated aristocrats as he hated the gates of Erebus. Now Pompey was not only the leader of a most selfish aristocracy, but also their tool. Secondly, as if this were not bad enough, that section of the aristocracy to which he had dedicated his services was an odious oligarchy; and to this oligarchy, again, though nominally its head, he was in effect the most submissive of tools. Cæsar, on the other hand, if a democrat in the sense of working by democratic agencies, was bending all his efforts to the reconstruction of a new, purer, and enlarged aristocracy, no longer reduced to the necessity of buying and selling the people in mere self-defence. The everlasting war of bribery, operating upon universal poverty, the internal disease of Roman society, would have been redressed by Cæsar's measures, and *was* redressed according to the degree in which those measures were really brought into action. New judicatures were wanted, new judicial laws, a new aristocracy, by slow degrees a new people, and the right of suffrage exercised within new restrictions—all these things were needed for the cleansing of Rome; and that Cæsar would have accomplished this labour of Hercules was the true cause of his assassination. The scoundrels of the oligarchy felt their doom to be approaching. It was the just remark of Napoleon, that Brutus (but still more, we may say, Cicero), though falsely accredited as a patriot, was, in fact, the most exclusive and the most selfish of aristocrats.

Pompey were equally assaulted by sudden surprises, the first invariably met the sudden danger (sudden but never unlooked-for) by counter resources of evasion. He showed a new front as often as his situation exposed a new peril. At Pharsalia, where the cavalry of Pompey was far superior to his own, he anticipated and was in full readiness for the particular manœuvre by which it was attempted to make this superiority available against himself. By a new formation of his troops he foiled the attack, and caused it to recoil upon the enemy. Had Pompey then no rejoinder ready for meeting this reply? No. His one arrow being shot, his quiver was exhausted. Without an effort at parrying any longer, the mighty game was surrendered as desperate. "Check to the king!" was heard in silent submission; and no further stratagem was invoked, even in silent prayer, but the stratagem of flight. Yet Cæsar himself, objects a celebrated doctor (viz., Bishop Warburton), was reduced by his own rashness at Alexandria to a condition of peril and embarrassment not less alarming than the condition of Pompey at Pharsalia. How far this surprise might be reconcilable with Cæsar's military credit, is a question yet undecided; but this at least is certain, that he was equal to the occasion; and, if the surprise was all but fatal, the evasion was all but miraculous. Many were the sudden surprises which Cæsar had to face before and after this—on the shores of Britain, at Marseilles, at Munda, at Thapsus—from all of which he issued triumphantly, failing only as to that final one from which he had in pure nobility of heart announced his determination to shelter himself under no precautions.

Such cases of personal danger and escape are exciting to the imagination, from the disproportion between the interests of an individual and the interests of a whole nation.

which for the moment happen to be concurrent. The death or the escape of Cæsar, at one moment rather than another, would make a difference in the destiny of the human race. And in kind, though not in degree, the same interest has frequently attached to the fortunes of a prince or military leader. Effectually the same dramatic character belongs to any struggle with sudden danger, though not (like Cæsar's) successful. That it was *not* successful, becomes a new reason for pursuing it with interest; since equally in that result, as in one more triumphant, we read the altered course by which history is henceforward destined to flow.

For instance, how much depended—what a weight of history hung in suspense, upon the evasions, or attempts at evasion, of Charles I. He was a prince of great ability; and yet it confounds us to observe, with how little of foresight, or of circumstantial inquiry, either as regarded things or persons, he entered upon these difficult enterprises of escape from the vigilance of military guardians. His first escape, viz., that into the Scottish camp before Newark, was not surrounded with any circumstances of difficulty. His second escape from Hampton Court had become a matter of more urgent policy, and was proportionally more difficult of execution. He was attended on that occasion by two gentlemen (Berkely and Ashburnham), upon whose qualities of courage and readiness, and upon whose acquaintance with the accidents, local or personal, that surrounded their path, all was staked. Yet one of these gentlemen was always suspected of treachery, and both were imbecile as regarded that sort of wisdom on which it was possible for a royal person to rely. Had the questions likely to arise been such as belong to a masquerading adventure, these gentlemen might have been qualified for the situation. As it was, they sank in mere distraction under the responsi-

bilities of the occasion. The king was as yet in safety. At Lord Southampton's country mansion, he enjoyed the protection of a loyal family ready to face any risk in his behalf; and his retreat was entirely concealed. Suddenly this scene changes. The military commander in the Isle of Wight is *gratuitously* made acquainted with the king's situation, and brought into his presence, together with a military guard, though no effort had been made to exact securities from his honour in behalf of the king. His single object was evidently to arrest the king. His military honour, his duty to the Parliament, his private interest, all pointed to the same result, viz., the immediate apprehension of the fugitive prince. What was there in the opposite scale to set against these notorious motions? Simply the fact that he was nephew to the king's favourite chaplain, Dr. Hammond. What rational man, in a case of that nature, would have relied upon so poor a trifle? Yet even this inconsiderable bias was much more than balanced by another of the same kind, but in the opposite direction. Colonel Hammond was nephew to the king's chaplain; so far but in the meantime he was the husband of Cromwell's niece; and upon Cromwell privately, and the whole faction of the Independents politically, he relied for all his hopes of advancement. The result was, that, from mere inertia of mind and criminal negligence in his two attendants, the poor king had run right into the custody of the very jailer whom his enemies would have selected by preference.

Thus, then, from fear of being made a prisoner, Charles had quietly walked into the military rat-trap of Carisbrook Castle. The very security of this prison, however, might throw the governor off his guard. Another escape might be possible; and again an escape was arranged. It reads like some leaf torn from the records of a lunatic hospital,

to hear its circumstances and the particular point upon which it foundered. Charles was to make his exit through a window. This window, however, was fenced by iron bars; and these bars had been to a certain extent eaten through with *aquafortis*. The king had succeeded in pushing his head through, and upon that result he relied for his escape; for he connected this trial with the following strange maxim or postulate, viz., that wheresoever the head could pass, there the whole person could pass. It needs not to be said, that, in the final experiment, this absurd rule was found not to hold good. The king stuck fast about the chest and shoulders, and was extricated with some difficulty. Had it even been otherwise, the attempt would have failed; for, on looking down from amidst the iron bars, the king beheld, in the imperfect light, a number of people who were not amongst his accomplices.

Equal in fatuity, almost one hundred and fifty years later, were the several attempts at escape concerted on behalf of the French royal family. The abortive escape to Varennes is now familiarly known to all the world, and impeaches the good sense of the king himself not less than of his friends. The arrangements for the falling in with the cavalry escort could not have been worse managed had they been intrusted to children. But even the general outline of the scheme, an escape in a collective family party—father, mother, children, and servants—and the king himself, whose features, by means of the coinage, were known to millions, not even withdrawing himself from the public gaze at the stations for changing horses—all this is calculated to perplex and sadden the pitying reader with the idea that some supernatural infatuation had bewildered the predestined victims. Meantime an earlier escape than this to Varennes had been planned, viz., to Brussels. The

preparations for this, which have been narrated by Madame de Campan, were conducted with a disregard of concealment even more astounding to people of ordinary good sense. "Do you really need to escape at all?" would have been the question of many a lunatic; "If you do, surely you need also to disguise your preparations for escape."

But alike the madness or the providential wisdom of such attempts commands our profoundest interest; alike—whether conducted by a Cæsar, or by the helpless members of families utterly unfitted to act independently for themselves. These attempts belong to history, and it is in that relation that they become philosophically so impressive. Generations through an infinite series are contemplated by us as silently awaiting the turning of a sentinel round a corner, or the casual echo of a footstep. Dynasties have trepidated on the chances of a sudden cry from an infant carried in a basket; and the safety of empires has been suspended, like the descent of an avalanche, upon the moment earlier or the moment later of a cough or a sneeze. And, high above all, ascends solemnly the philosophic truth, that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential of the mysterious universe.

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE

IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding, when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else, which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of the perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends

upon the laws of that science; as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line; a line that made any angle with the perpendicular, less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it

did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered, that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs), the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakspere has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakspere's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem; at length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all

living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy of pity or approbation*). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakspere has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of

* It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word, in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity*, and hence, instead of saying "sympathy *with* another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy *for* another."

murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i.e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis, on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the going-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action

in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stept in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the

stars and the flowers; like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES

AS REPRESENTED ON THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

EVERYTHING in our days is new. *Roads*, for instance, which, being formerly "of the earth, earthy," and therefore perishable, are now iron, and next door to being immortal; *tragedies*, which are so entirely new, that neither we nor our fathers, through eighteen hundred and ninety odd years, gone by, since Cæsar did our little island the honour to sit upon its skirts, have ever seen the like to this "Antigone;" and, finally, even more new are *readers*, who, being once an obedient race of men, most humble and deferential in the presence of a Greek scholar, are now become intractably mutinous; keep their hats on whilst he is addressing them; and listen to him or not, as he seems to talk sense or nonsense. Some there are, however, who look upon all these new things as being intensely old. Yet, surely the railroads are new? No; not at all. Talus, the iron man in Spenser, who continually ran round the island of Crete, administering gentle warning and correction to offenders, by flooring them with an iron flail, was a very ancient personage in Greek fable; and the received opinion is, that he must have been a Cretan railroad, called The Great Circular Coast-Line, that carried my lords the judges on

their circuits of jail-delivery. The "Antigone," again, that wears the freshness of morning dew, and is so fresh and dewy in the beautiful person of Miss Faucit, had really begun to look faded on the Athenian stage, and even "of a certain age," about the death of Pericles, whose meridian year was the year 444 before Christ. Lastly, these modern *readers*, that are so obstinately rebellious to the once Papal authority of Greek, they—No; on consideration, they *are* new. Antiquity produced many monsters, but none like *them*.

The truth is, that this vast multiplication of readers, within the last twenty-five years, has changed the prevailing character of readers. The minority has become the overwhelming majority: the quantity has disturbed the quality. Formerly, out of every five readers, at least four were, in some degree, classical scholars: or, if *that* would be saying too much, if two of the four had "small Latin and less Greek," they were generally connected with those who had more, or at the worst, who had much reverence for Latin, and more reverence for Greek. If they did not all share in the services of the temple, all at least shared in the superstition. But, now-a-days, the readers come chiefly from a class of busy people who care very little for ancestral crazes. Latin they have heard of, and some of them know it as a good sort of industrious language, that even, in modern times, has turned out many useful books, astronomical, medical, philosophical, and (as Mrs. Malaprop observes) diabolical; but, as to Greek, they think of it as of an ancient mummy: you spend an infinity of time in unswathing it from its old dusty wrappers, and when you have come to the end, what do you find for your pains? A woman's face, or a baby's, that certainly is not the better for being 3000 years old; and perhaps a few ears of wheat,

stolen from Pharaoh's granary; which wheat, when sown* in Norfolk or Mid-Lothian, reaped, thrashed, ground, baked, and hunted through all sorts of tortures, yields a breakfast roll that (as a Scottish baker observed to me) is "not just *that* bad." Certainly not: not exactly "*that* bad;" not worse than the worst of our own; but still, much fitter for Pharaoh's breakfast-table than for ours.

I, for my own part, stand upon an isthmus, connecting me, at one terminus, with the rebels against Greek, and, at the other, with those against whom they are in rebellion; on the one hand, it seems shocking to me, who am steeped to the lips in antique prejudices, that Greek, in unlimited quantities, should not secure a limited privilege of talking nonsense. Is all reverence extinct for old and ivy-mantled and worm-eaten things? Surely, if your own grandmother lectures on morals, which perhaps now and then she does, she will command that reverence from you, by means of her grandmotherhood, which by means of her ethics she might *not*. To be a good Grecian, is now to be a faded potentate; a sort of phantom Mogul, sitting at Delhi, with an English sepoy bestriding his shoulders. Matched against the master of *ologies*, in our days the most accomplished of Grecians is becoming what the "master of sentences" had become long since, in competition with the political economist. Yet, be assured, reader, that all the "ologies" hitherto christened oölogy, ichthyology, ornithology, conchology, palæodontology, &c., do not furnish such mines of labour as does the Greek language when thoroughly searched. The "Mithridates" of Adelung, improved by the commentaries of Vater and of subsequent authors, numbers up about 4000 languages and jargons on our polyglot earth;

* "*When sown;*" as it has been repeatedly; a fact which some readers may not be aware of.

not including the chuckling of poultry, nor caterwauling, nor barking, howling, braying, lowing, nor other respectable and ancient dialects, that perhaps have their elegant and their vulgar varieties, as well as prouder forms of communication. But my impression is, that the Greek, taken by itself, this one exquisite language, considered as a quarry of *intellectual* labour, has more work in it, is more truly a *pièce de resistance*, than all the remaining 3999, with caterwauling thrown into the bargain. So far I side with the Grecian, and think that he ought to be honoured with a little genuflexion. Yet, on the other hand, the finest sound on this earth, and which rises like an orchestra, above all the uproars of earth and the Babels of earthly languages, is truth—absolute truth; and the hatefulest is conscious falsehood. Now, there *is* falsehood, nay (which seems strange), even sycophancy, in the old undistinguishing homage to all that is called classical. Yet why should men be sycophants in cases where they *must* be disinterested? Sycophancy grows out of fear, or out of mercenary self-interest. But what can there exist of either pointing to an old Greek poet? Cannot a man give his free opinion upon Homer, without fearing to be waylaid by his ghost? But it is not *that* which startles him from publishing the secret demur which his heart prompts, upon hearing false praises of a Greek poet, or praises which, if not false, are extravagant. What he fears, is the scorn of his contemporaries. Let once a party have formed itself, considerable enough to protect a man from the charge of presumption in throwing off the yoke of *servile* allegiance to all that is called classical,—let it be a party ever so small numerically, and the rebels will soon be many. What a man fears is, to affront the whole storm of indignation, real and affected, in his own

solitary person. "Goth!" "Vandal!" he hears from every side. Break that storm by dividing it, and he will face its anger. "Let me be a Goth," he mutters to himself, "but let me not dishonour myself by affecting an enthusiasm which my heart rejects!"

Ever since the restoration of letters there has been a cabal, an academic interest, a factious league amongst universities, and learned bodies, and individual scholars, for exalting as something superterrestrial, and quite unapproachable by moderns, the monuments of Greek literature. France, in the time of Louis XIV., England, in the latter part of that time; in fact, each country as it grew polished at some cost of strength, carried this craze to a dangerous excess—dangerous as all things false are dangerous, and depressing to the aspirations of genius. Boileau, for instance, and Addison, though neither of them accomplished in scholarship,* nor either of them extensively read in *any* department of the classic literature, speak everywhere of the classics as having notoriously, and by the general confession of polished nations, carried the functions of poetry and eloquence to that sort of faultless beauty which probably does *really* exist in the Greek sculpture. There are few things perfect in this world of frailty. Even lightning is sometimes a failure: Niagara has horrible faults; and Mont Blanc might be improved by a century of chiselling from judicious artists. Such are the works of blind elements, which (poor things!) cannot improve by experience. As to man who *does*, the sculpture of the Greeks in their marbles and sometimes in their gems, seems the only act of

* Boileau, it is true, translated Longinus. But there goes little Greek to *that*. It is in dealing with Attic Greek, and Attic *poets*, that a man can manifest his Grecian skill.

his workmanship which has hit the bull's eye in the target at which we are all aiming. Not so, with permission from Messrs. Boileau and Addison, the Greek literature. The faults in this are often conspicuous; nor are they likely to be hidden for the coming century, as they have been for the three last. The idolatry will be shaken: as *idols*, some of the classic models are destined to totter; and I foresee, without gifts of prophecy, that many labourers will soon be in this field—many idoloclasts, who will expose the signs of disease, which zealots had interpreted as power; and of weakness, which is not the less real because scholars had fancied it health, nor the less injurious to the total effect because it was inevitable under the accidents of the Grecian position.

Meantime, I repeat, that to disparage anything whatever, or to turn the eye upon blemishes, is no part of my present purpose. Nor could it be: since the one sole section of the Greek literature, as to which I profess myself an enthusiast, happens to be the tragic drama; and here, only, I myself am liable to be challenged as an idolater. As regards the Antigone in particular, so profoundly do I feel the impassioned beauty of her situation in connexion with her character, that long ago, in a work of my own (yet unpublished), having occasion (by way of overture introducing one of the sections) to cite before the reader's eye the chief pomps of the Grecian theatre, after invoking "the magnificent witch" Medea, I call up Antigone to this shadowy stage by the apostrophe, "Holy heathen, daughter of God, before God was known,* flower from Paradise after Paradise was closed; that quitting all things for which flesh languishes, safety and honour, a palace and a home, didst

* "*Before God was known;*"—*i.e.*, known in Greece.

make thyself a houseless pariah, lest the poor pariah king, thy outcast father, should want a hand to lead him in his darkness, or a voice to whisper comfort in his misery; angel, that badst depart for ever the glories of thy own bridal day, lest he that had shared thy nursery in childhood should want the honours of a funeral; idolatrous, yet Christian Lady, that in the spirit of martyrdom trodst alone the yawning billows of the grave, flying from earthly hopes, lest everlasting despair should settle upon the grave of thy brother," &c. In fact, though all the groupings, and what I would call permanent attitudes of the Grecian stage, are majestic, there is none that, to my mind, towers into such affecting grandeur as this final revelation, through Antigone herself, and through her own dreadful death, of the tremendous wo that destiny had suspended over her house. If therefore my business had been chiefly with the individual drama, I should have found little room for any sentiment but that of profound admiration. But my present business is different: it concerns the Greek drama generally, and the attempt to revive it; and its object is to elucidate, rather than to praise or to blame. To explain this better, I will describe two things:—1*st*, The sort of audience that I suppose myself to be addressing; and, 2*dly*, As growing out of *that*, the particular quality of the explanations which I wish to make.

1*st*, As to the audience: In order to excuse the tone (which occasionally I may be obliged to assume) of one speaking as from a station of knowledge, to others having no knowledge, I beg it to be understood, that I take that station deliberately, on no conceit of superiority to my readers, but as a companion adapting my services to the wants of those who need them. I am not addressing those already familiar with the Greek drama, but those who

frankly confess, and (according to their conjectural appreciation of it) who regret their non-familiarity with that drama. It is a thing well known to publishers, through remarkable results, and is now showing itself on a scale continually widening, that a new literary public has arisen, very different from any which existed at the beginning of this century. The aristocracy of the land have always been, in a moderate degree, literary; less, however, in connexion with the *current* literature, than with literature generally—past as well as present. And this is a tendency naturally favoured and strengthened in *them*, by the fine collections of books, carried forward through successive generations, which are so often found as a sort of hereditary foundation in the country mansions of our nobility. But a class of readers, prodigiously more extensive, has formed itself within the commercial orders of our great cities and manufacturing districts. These orders range through a large scale. The highest classes amongst them were always literary. But the interest of literature has now swept downwards through a vast compass of descents: and this large body, though the busiest in the nation, yet, by having under their undisturbed command such leisure time as they have *at all* under their command, are eventually able to read more than those even who seem to have nothing else but leisure. In justice, however, to the nobility of our land, it should be remembered, that their stations in society, and their wealth, their territorial duties, and their various public duties in London, as at court, at public meetings, in Parliament, &c., bring crowded claims upon their time; whilst even sacrifices of time to the graceful courtesies of life are, in reference to *their* stations, a sort of secondary duties. These allowances made, it still remains true that the busier classes are the main reading classes;

whilst from their immense numbers, they are becoming effectually the body that will more and more impress upon the moving literature its main impulse and direction. One other feature of difference there is amongst this commercial class of readers: amongst the aristocracy all are thoroughly educated, excepting those who go at an early age into the army; of the commercial body, none receive an elaborate, and what is meant by a liberal education, except those standing by their connexions in the richest classes. Thus it happens that, amongst those who have not inherited but achieved their stations, many men of fine and powerful understandings, accomplished in manners, and admirably informed, not having had the benefits when young of a regular classical education, find (upon any accident bringing up such subjects) a deficiency which they do not find on other subjects. They are too honourable to undervalue advantages, which they feel to be considerable, simply because they were denied to themselves. They regret their loss. And yet it seems hardly worth while, on a simple prospect of contingencies that may never be realized, to undertake an entirely new course of study for redressing this loss. But they would be glad to avail themselves of any useful information not exacting study. These are the persons, this is the class, to which I address my remarks on the "Antigone;" and out of *their* particular situation, suggesting upon all elevated subjects a corresponding tone of liberal curiosity, will arise the particular nature and direction of these remarks.

Accordingly, I presume, *secondly*, that this curiosity will take the following course: These persons will naturally wish to know, at starting, what there is *differentially* interesting in a Grecian tragedy, as contrasted with one of Shakspere's or of Schiller's: in what respect, and by what

agencies, a Greek tragedy affects us, or is meant to affect us, otherwise than as *they* do; and how far the Antigone of Sophocles was judiciously chosen as the particular medium for conveying to British minds a first impression, and a representative impression, of Greek tragedy. So far, in relation to the ends proposed, and the means selected. *Finally*, these persons will be curious to know the issue of such an experiment. Let the purposes and the means have been bad or good, what was the actual success? And not merely success, in the sense of the momentary acceptance by half a dozen audiences, whom the mere decencies of justice must have compelled to acknowledge the manager's trouble and expense on their behalf; but what was the degree of satisfaction felt by students of the Athenian* tragedy, in relation to their long-cherished ideal? Did the representation succeed in realizing, for a moment, the awful pageant of the Athenian stage? Did Tragedy, in Milton's immortal expression,—

> "Come sweeping by
> In sceptred pall?"

Or was the whole, though successful in relation to the thing attempted, a failure in relation to what ought to have been attempted? Such are the questions to be answered.

The first elementary idea of a Greek tragedy, is to be

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* At times, I say pointedly, the *Athenian* rather than the *Grecian* tragedy, in order to keep the reader's attention awake to a remark made by Paterculus,—viz., That although Greece coquettishly welcomed homage to herself, as generally concerned in the Greek literature, in reality Athens only had any original share in the drama, or in the oratory of Greece.

sought in a serious Italian opera. The Greek dialogue is represented by the recitative, and the tumultuous lyrical parts assigned chiefly, though not exclusively, to the chorus on the Greek stage, are represented by the impassioned airs, duos, trios, choruses, &c., on the Italian. And here, at the very outset, occurs a question which lies at the threshold of a Fine Art,—that is, of *any* Fine Art: for had the views of Addison upon the Italian opera had the least foundation in truth, there could have been no room or opening for any mode of imitation except such as belongs to a *mechanic* art.

The reason for at all connecting Addison with this case is, that *he* chiefly was the person occupied in assailing the Italian opera; and this hostility arose, probably, in his want of sensibility to good (that is, to Italian) music. But whatever might be his motive for the hostility, the single argument by which he supported it was this,—that a hero ought not to sing upon the stage, because no hero known to history ever summoned a garrison in a song, or charged a battery in a semichorus. In this argument lies an ignorance of the very first principle concerned in *every* Fine Art. In all alike, more or less directly, the object is to reproduce in the mind some great effect, through the agency of *idem in alio*. The *idem*, the same impression, is to be restored; but *in alio*, in a different material,—or by means of some different instrument. For instance, on the Roman stage there was an art, now entirely lost, of narrating, and in part of dramatically representing an impassioned tale, by means of dancing, of musical accompaniment in the orchestra, and of elaborate pantomime in the performer. *Saltavit Hypermnestram*, he danced (that is, he represented by dancing and pantomime the story of) Hypermnestra. Now, suppose a man to object, that young ladies, when

saving their youthful husbands at midnight from assassination, could not be capable of waltzing or quadrilling, how wide is this of the whole problem! This is still seeking for the *mechanic* imitation, some imitation founded in the very fact; whereas the object is to seek the imitation in the sameness of the impression drawn from a different, or even from an impossible fact. If a man, taking a hint from the Roman "Saltatio" (*saltavit Andromachen*), should say that he would "whistle Waterloo," that is, by whistling connected with pantomime, would express the passion and the charges of Waterloo, it would be monstrous to refuse him his postulate on the pretence that "people did not whistle at Waterloo." Precisely so: neither are most people made of marble. but of a material as different as can well be imagined, viz., of elastic flesh, with warm blood coursing along its tubes; and yet, for all *that*, a sculptor will draw tears from you, by exhibiting, in pure statuary marble, on a sepulchral monument, two young children with their little heads on a pillow, sleeping in each other's arms; whereas, if he had presented them in wax-work, which yet is far more like to flesh, you would have felt little more pathos in the scene than if they had been shown baked in gilt ginger bread. He has expressed the *idem*, the identical thing expressed in the real children; the sleep that masks death, the rest, the peace, the purity, the innocence; but *in alio*, in a substance the most different; rigid, non-elastic, and as unlike to flesh, if tried by touch, or eye, or by experience of life, as can well be imagined. So of the whistling. It is the very worst objection in the world to say, that the strife of Waterloo did not reveal itself through whistling: undoubtedly it did not; but that is the very ground of the man's art. He will reproduce the fury and the movement as to the only point which concerns you, viz., the effect.

upon your own sympathies, through a language that seems without any relation to it: he will set before you what *was* at Waterloo through that which was *not* at Waterloo. Whereas any direct factual imitation, resting upon painted figures drest up in regimentals, and worked by watchwork through the whole movements of the battle, would have been no art whatsoever in the sense of a Fine Art, but a base *mechanic* mimicry.

This principle of the *idem in alio*, so widely diffused through all the higher revelations of art, it is peculiarly requisite to bear in mind when looking at Grecian tragedy, because no form of human composition employs it in so much complexity. How confounding it would have been to Addison, if somebody had told him, that, substantially, he had himself committed the offence (as he fancied it) which he charged so bitterly upon the Italian opera; and that, if the opera had gone farther upon that road than himself, the Greek tragedy, which he presumed to be so prodigiously exalted beyond modern approaches, had gone farther even than the opera. Addison himself, when writing a tragedy, made this violation (as he would have said) of nature, made this concession (as *I* should say) to a higher nature, that he compelled his characters to talk in metre. It is true this metre was the common iambic, which (as Aristotle remarks) is the most natural and spontaneous of all metres; and, for a sufficient reason, in all languages. Certainly; but Aristotle never meant to say that it was natural for a gentleman in a passion to talk threescore and ten iambics *consecutively*: a chance line might escape him once and away; as we know that Tacitus opened one of his works by a regular dactylic hexameter in full curl, without ever discovering it to his dying day (a fact which is clear from his never having corrected it); and this being

a very artificial metre, *à fortiori* Tacitus might have slipped into a simple iambic. But that was an accident, whilst Addison had deliberately and uniformly made his characters talk in verse. According to the common and false meaning [which was his own meaning] of the word Nature, he had as undeniably violated the principle of the *natural*, by this metrical dialogue, as the Italian opera by musical dialogue. If it is hard and trying for men to sing their emotions, not less so it must be to deliver them in verse.

But, if this were shocking, how much more shocking would it have seemed to Addison, had he been introduced to parts which really exist in the Grecian drama? Even Sophocles, who, of the three tragic poets surviving from the wrecks of the Athenian stage, is reputed the supreme *artist*,* if not the most impassioned poet, with what horror he would have overwhelmed Addison, when read by the light of those principles which he had himself so scornfully applied to the opera! In the very monsoon of his raving misery, from calamities as sudden as they were irredeemable, a king is

* "*The supreme artist:*"—It is chiefly by comparison with Euripides, that Sophocles is usually crowned with the laurels of *art*. But there is some danger of doing wrong to the truth in too blindly adhering to these old rulings of critical courts. The judgments would sometimes be reversed, if the pleadings were before us. There were blockheads in those days. Undoubtedly it is past denying that Euripides at times betrays marks of carelessness in the structure of his plots, as if writing too much in a hurry: the original cast of the fable is sometimes not happy, and the evolution or disentangling is too precipitate. It is easy to see that he would have remoulded them in a revised edition, or *diaskeue* [διασκευη]. On the other hand, I remember nothing in the Greek drama more worthy of a great artist than parts in his Phœnissæ. Neither is he the effeminately tender, or merely pathetic poet that some people imagine. He was able to sweep *all* the chords of the impassioned spirit. But the whole of this subject is in arrear: it is in fact *res integra*, almost unbroken ground

introduced, not only conversing, but conversing in metre; not only in metre, but in the most elaborate of choral metres; not only under the torture of these lyric difficulties, but also chanting; not only chanting, but also in all probability dancing. What do you think of *that*, Mr. Addison?

There is, in fact, a scale of graduated ascents in these artifices for unrealizing the effects of dramatic situations:

1. We may see, even in novels and prose comedies, a keen attention paid to the inspiriting and *dressing* of the dialogue: it is meant to be life-like, but still it is a little raised, pointed, coloured, and idealized.

2. In comedy of a higher and more poetic cast, we find the dialogue *metrical*.

3. In comedy or in tragedy alike, which is meant to be still further removed from ordinary life, we find the dialogue fettered not only by metre, but by *rhyme*. We need not go to Dryden, and others, of our own middle stage, or to the French stage for this: even in Shakspere, as for example, in parts of Romeo and Juliet (and for no capricious purpose), we may see effects sought from the use of rhyme. There is another illustration of the idealizing effect to be obtained from a particular treatment of the dialogue, seen in the Hamlet of Shakspere. In that drama there arises a necessity for exhibiting a play within a play. This interior drama is to be further removed from the spectator than the principal drama; it is a deep below a deep; and, to produce that effect, the poet relies chiefly upon the stiffening the dialogue, and removing it still farther, than the general dialogue of the *including* or *outside* drama, from the standard of ordinary life.

4. We may suppose, superadded to these artifices for idealizing the situations, even music of an intermitting

character; sometimes less, sometimes more impassioned—recitatives, airs, choruses. Here we have reached the Italian opera.

5. And, *finally*, besides all these resources of art, we find dancing introduced; but dancing of a solemn, mystical, and symbolic character. Here, at last, we have reached the Greek tragedy. Probably the best exemplification of a Grecian tragedy that ever *will* be given to a modern reader is found in the Samson Agonistes of Milton. Now, in the choral or lyric parts of this fine drama, Samson not only talks, 1*st*, metrically (as he does everywhere, and in the most level parts of the scenic business), but, 2*d*, in very intricate metres, and, 3*d*, occasionally in *rhymed* metres (though the rhymes are perhaps too sparingly and too capriciously scattered by Milton), and, 4*th*, *singing* or chanting these metres (for, as the chorus sang, it was impossible that *he* could be allowed to talk in his ordinary voice, else he would have put them out, and ruined the music). Finally, 5*th*, I am satisfied that Milton meant him to *dance*. The office of the *chorus* was imperfectly defined upon the Greek stage. They are generally understood to be the *moralizers* of the scene. But this is liable to exceptions. Some of them have been known to do very bad things on the stage, and to come within a trifle of felony: as to misprision of felony, if there *is* such a crime, a Greek chorus thinks nothing of it. But that is no business of mine. What I was going to say is, that, as the chorus sometimes intermingles too much in the action, so the actors sometimes intermingle in the business of the chorus. Now, when you are at Rome, you must do as they do at Rome. And that the actor, who mixed with the chorus, was compelled to sing, is a clear case; for *his* part in the choral ode is always in the nature of an echo, or answer, or like an *antiphony*

in cathedral services. But nothing could be more absurd than that one of these antiphonies should be sung, and another said. That he was also compelled to dance, I am satisfied. The chorus only *sometimes* moralized, but it *always* danced: and any actor, mingling with the chorus, must dance also. A little incident occurs to my remembrance, from the Moscow expedition of 1812, which may here be used as an illustration: One day King Murat, flourishing his plumage as usual, made a gesture of invitation to some squadrons of cavalry that they should charge the enemy: upon which the cavalry advanced, but maliciously contrived to envelop the king of dandies, before he had time to execute his ordinary manœuvre of riding off to the left and becoming a spectator of their prowess. The cavalry resolved that for this once his Majesty should ride down at their head to the *melée*, and taste what fighting was like; and he, finding that the thing must be, though horribly vexed, made a merit of his necessity, and afterwards pretended that he liked it very much. Sometimes, in the darkness, in default of other misanthropic visions, the wickedness of this cavalry, their *méchanceté*, causes me to laugh immoderately. Now, I conceive that any interloper into the Greek chorus must have danced when *they* danced, or he would have been swept away by their impetus: *nolens volens*, he must have rode along with the orchestral charge, he must have rode on the crest of the choral billows, or he would have been rode down by their impassioned sweep. Samson, and Œdipus, and others, must have danced, if they sang; and they certainly *did* sing, by notoriously intermingling in the choral business.*

* I see a possible screw loose at this point: if *you* see it, reader, have the goodness to hold your tongue.

"But now," says the plain English reader, "what was the object of all these elaborate devices? And how came it that the English tragedy, which surely is as good as the Greek" (and at this point a devil of defiance whispers to him, like the quarrelsome servant of the Capulets or the Montagues, "say *better*"), "that the English tragedy contented itself with fewer of these artful resources than the Athenian?" I reply, that the object of all these things was—to unrealize the scene. The English drama, by its metrical dress, and by other arts more disguised, unrealized itself, liberated itself from the oppression of life in its ordinary standards, up to a certain height. Why it did not rise still higher, and why the Grecian *did*, I will endeavour to explain. It was not that the English tragedy was less impassioned; on the contrary, it was far more so; the Greek being awful rather than impassioned; but the passion of each is in a different key. It is not again that the Greek drama sought a lower object than the English: it sought a different object. It is not imparity, but disparity, that divides the two magnificent theatres.

Suffer me, reader, at this point, to borrow from myself and do not betray me to the authorities that rule in this journal, if you happen to know (which is not likely) that I am taking an idea from a paper which years ago I wrote for an eminent literary journal. As I have no copy of that paper before me, it is impossible that I should save myself any labour of writing. The words, at any rate, I must invent afresh: and, as to the idea, you never *can* be such a churlish man as, by insisting on a new one, in effect to insist upon my writing a false one. In the following paragraph, therefore, I give the substance of a thought suggested by myself some years ago.

That kind of feeling, which broods over the Grecian

tragedy, and to court which feeling the tragic poets of Greece naturally spread all their canvas, was more nearly allied to the atmosphere of death than that of life. This expresses rudely the character of awe and religious horror investing the Greek theatre. But to my own feeling the different principle of passion which governs the Grecian conception of tragedy, as compared with the English, is best conveyed by saying that the Grecian is a breathing from the world of sculpture, the English a breathing from the world of painting. What we read in sculpture is not absolutely death, but still less is it the fulness of life. We read there the abstraction of a life that reposes, the sublimity of a life that aspires, the solemnity of a life that is thrown to an infinite distance. This last is the feature of sculpture which seems most characteristic; the form which presides in the most commanding groups "is not dead but sleepeth:" true, but it is the sleep of a life sequestrated, solemn, liberated from the bonds of space and time, and (as to both alike) thrown (I repeat the words) to a distance which is infinite. It affects us profoundly, but not by agitation. Now, on the other hand, the breathing life—life kindling, trembling, palpitating—that life which speaks to us in painting, this is also the life that speaks to us in English tragedy. Into an English tragedy even festivals of joy may enter; marriages and baptisms, or commemorations of national trophies; which, or anything *like* which, is incompatible with the very being of the Greek. In that tragedy what uniformity of gloom; in the English what light alternating with depths of darkness! The Greek, how mournful; the English, how tumultuous! Even the catastrophes how different! In the Greek we see a breathless waiting for a doom that cannot be evaded; a waiting, as it were, for the last shock of an earthquake, or the in-

exorable rising of a deluge: in the English it is like a midnight of shipwreck, from which up to the last and till the final ruin comes, there still survives the sort of hope that clings to human energies.

Connected with this original awfulness of the Greek tragedy, and possibly in part its cause, or at least lending strength to its cause, we may next remark the grand dimensions of the ancient theatres. Every citizen had a right to accommodation. *There* at once was a pledge of grandeur. Out of this original standard grew the magnificence of many a future amphitheatre, circus, hippodrome. Had the original theatre been merely a speculation of private interest, then, exactly as demand arose, a corresponding supply would have provided for it through its ordinary vulgar channels; and this supply would have taken place through rival theatres. But the crushing exaction of "room for *every* citizen," put an end to that process of subdivision. Drury Lane, as I read (or think that I read) thirty years ago, allowed sitting room for three thousand eight hundred people. Multiply *that* by ten; imagine thirty-eight thousand instead of thirty-eight hundred, and then you have an idea of the Athenian theatre.*

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* "*Athenian Theatre*."—Many corrections remain to be made. Athens, in her bloom, was about as big as Calcutta, which contained, forty years ago, more than half a million of people; or as Naples, which (being long rated at three hundred thousand), is now known to contain at least two hundred thousand more. The well-known census of Demetrius Phalereus gave twenty-one thousand citizens. Multiply this by 5, or $4\frac{2}{3}$, and you have their families. Add ten thousand, multiplied by $4\frac{1}{2}$, for the *Metoikoi*. Then add four hundred thousand for the slaves: total, about five hundred and fifty thousand. But upon the fluctuations of the Athenian population there is much room for speculation. And, *quære*, was not the population of Athens greater two centuries before Demetrius, in the days of Pericles?

Next, out of that grandeur in the architectural proportions arose, as by necessity, other grandeurs. You are aware of the *cothurnus*, or buskin, which raised the actor's heel by two and a half inches; and you think that this must have caused a deformity in the general figure as incommensurate to this height. Not at all. The flowing dress of Greece healed all *that*.

But, besides the *cothurnus*, you have heard of the mask. So far as it was fitted to swell the intonations of the voice, you are of opinion that this mask would be a happy contrivance; for what, you say, could a common human voice avail against the vast radiation from the actor's centre of more than three myriads? If, indeed (like the Homeric Stentor), an actor spoke in point of loudness, ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντηκοντα, as much as other fifty, then he might become audible to the assembled Athenians without aid. But this being impossible, art must be invoked; and well if the mask, together with contrivances of another class, could correct it. Yet if it could, still you think that this mask would bring along with it an overbalancing evil. For the expression, the fluctuating expression, of the features, the play of the muscles, the music of the eye and of the lips—aids to acting that, in our times, have given immortality to scores—whither would those have vanished? Reader, it mortifies me that all which I said to you upon the peculiar and separate grandeur investing the Greek theatre is forgotten. For, you must consider, that where a theatre is built for receiving upwards of thirty thousand spectators, the curve described by what in modern times you would call the tiers of boxes, must be so vast as to make the ordinary scale of human features almost ridiculous by disproportion. Seat yourself this day in the amphitheatre at Verona, and judge for yourself. In an amphitheatre, the

stage, or properly the arena, occupying, in fact, the place of our modern pit, was much nearer than in a scenic theatre to the surrounding spectators. Allow for this, and placing some adult in a station expressing the distance of the Athenian stage, then judge by his appearance if the delicate pencilling of Grecian features could have told of the Grecian distance. But even if it could, then I say that this circumstantiality would have been hostile to the general tendencies (as already indicated) of the Grecian drama. The sweeping movement of the Attic tragedy *ought* not to admit of interruption from *distinct* human features; the expression of an eye, the loveliness of a smile, *ought* to be lost amongst effects so colossal. The mask aggrandized the features: even so far it acted favourably. Then figure to yourself this mask presenting an idealized face of the noblest Grecian outline, moulded by some skilful artist *Phidiacâ manu*, so as to have the effect of a marble bust; this accorded with the aspiring *cothurnus;* and the motionless character impressed upon the features, the marble tranquillity, would (I contend) suit the solemn processional character of Athenian tragedy, far better than the most expressive and flexible countenance on its natural scale. "Yes," you say, on considering the character of the Greek drama, "generally it might; in forty-nine cases suppose out of fifty: but what shall be done in the fiftieth, where some dreadful discovery or *anagnorisis* (*i.e.*, recognition of identity) takes place within the compass of a single line or two; as, for instance, in the Œdipus Tyrannus, at the moment when Œdipus by a final question of his own, extorts his first fatal discovery, viz., that he had been himself unconsciously the murderer of Laius?" True, he has no reason as yet to suspect that Laius was his own father; which discovery, when made further on, will draw with it another still more dreadful,

viz., that by this parricide he had opened his road to a throne, and to a marriage with his father's widow, who was also his own natural mother. He does not yet know the worst: and to have killed an arrogant prince, would not in those days have seemed a very deep offence: but then he believes that the pestilence had been sent as a secret vengeance for this assassination, which is thus invested with a mysterious character of horror. Just at this point, Jocasta, his mother and his wife, says,* on witnessing the sudden revulsion of feeling in his face, "I shudder, O king, when looking on thy countenance." Now, in what way could this passing spasm of horror be reconciled with the unchanging expression in the marble-looking mask? This, and similar cases to this, must surely be felt to argue a defect in the scenic apparatus. But I say, no: *first*, Because the general indistinctness from distance is a benefit that applies equally to the fugitive changes of the features and to their permanent expression. You need not regret the loss through *absence*, of an appearance that would equally, though present, have been lost through *distance*. *Secondly*, The Greek actor had always the resource, under such difficulties, of averting his face; a resource sanctioned in similar cases by the greatest of the Greek painters. *Thirdly*, The voluminous draperies of the scenic dresses, and generally of the Greek costume, made it an easy thing to muffle the features altogether by a gesture most natural to sudden horror. *Fourthly*, We must consider that there were no stage lights; but, on the contrary, that the general light of day was specially mitigated for that particular part of the theatre; just as various architectural devices

* Having no Sophocles at hand, I quote from memory, not pretending therefore to exactness: but the sense is what I state.

were employed to swell the volume of sound. *Finally*, I repeat my sincere opinion, that the general indistinctness of the expression was, on principles of taste, an advantage, as harmonizing with the stately and sullen monotony of the Greek tragedy. Grandeur in the attitudes, in the gestures, in the groups, in the processions—all this was indispensable: but, on so vast a scale as the mighty cartoons of the Greek stage, an Attic artist as little regarded the details of physiognomy, as a great architect would regard, on the frontispiece of a temple, the miniature enrichments that might be suitable in a drawing-room.

With these views upon the Grecian theatre, and other views that it might oppress the reader to dwell upon in this place, suddenly in December last an opportunity dawned—a golden opportunity, gleaming for a moment amongst thick clouds of impossibility that had gathered through three-and-twenty centuries—for seeing a Grecian tragedy presented on a British stage, and with the nearest approach possible to the beauty of those Athenian pomps which Sophocles, which Phidias, which Pericles created, beautified, promoted. I protest, when seeing the Edinburgh theatre's *programme*, that a note dated from the Vatican would not have startled me more, though sealed with the seal of the fisherman, and requesting the favour of my company to take coffee with the Pope. Nay, less: for channels there were through which I might have compassed a presentation to his Holiness; but the daughter of Œdipus, the holy Antigone, could I have hoped to see *her* "in the flesh?" This tragedy in an English version,* and with German music, had

* *Whose* version, I do not know. But one unaccountable error was forced on one's notice. *Thebes*, which by Milton and by every scholar is made a monosyllable, is here made a dissyllable. But *Thebez*, the dissyllable, is a *Syrian* city. It is true that Causabon deduces from

first been placed before the eyes and ears of our countrymen at Covent Garden during the winter of 1844-45. It was said to have succeeded. And soon after a report sprang up, from nobody knew where, that Mr. Murray meant to reproduce it in Edinburgh.

What more natural? Connected so nearly with the noblest house of scenic artists that ever shook the hearts of nations, nobler than ever raised undying echoes amidst the mighty walls of Athens, of Rome, of Paris, of London—himself a man of talents almost unparalleled for versatility—why should not Mr. Murray, always so liberal in an age so ungrateful to *his* profession, have sacrificed something to this occasion? He, that sacrifices so much, why not sacrifice to the grandeur of the Antique? I was then in Edinburgh, or in its neighbourhood; and one morning, at a casual assembly of some literary friends, present Professor Wilson, Messrs. J. F., C. N., L. C., and others, advocates, scholars, lovers of classical literature, we proposed two resolutions, of which the first was, that the news was too good to be true. That passed *nem. con.;* and the second resolution was *nearly* passing, viz., that a judgment would certainly fall upon Mr. Murray, had a second report proved true, viz., that not the Antigone, but a burlesque on the Antigone, was what he meditated to introduce. This turned out false;* the original report was suddenly revived eight or ten months after. Immediately on the heels of the promise the execution fol-

a Syriac word meaning a case or enclosure (a *theca*), the name of Thebes, whether Bœotian or Egyptian. It is probable, therefore, that Thebes the hundred-gated of Upper Egypt, Thebes the seven-gated of Greece, and Thebes of Syria, had all one origin as regards the name. But this matters not; it is the *English* name that we are concerned with, which is, was, ever will be, and ought to be.

* "*False:*" or rather inaccurate. The burlesque was not on the Antigone, but on the Medea of Euripides; and very amusing.

lowed; and on the last (which I believe was the seventh) representation of the Antigone, I prepared myself to attend.

It had been generally reported as characteristic of myself, that in respect to all coaches, steamboats, railroads, wedding-parties, baptisms, and so forth, there was a fatal necessity of my being a trifle too late. Some malicious fairy, not invited to my own baptism, was supposed to have endowed me with this infirmity. It occurred to me that for once in my life I would show the scandalousness of such a belief by being a trifle too soon, say, three minutes. And no name more lovely for inaugurating such a change, no memory with which I could more willingly connect any reformation, than thine, dear, noble Antigone! Accordingly, because a certain man (whose name is down in my pocket-book for no good) had told me that the doors of the theatre opened at half-past six, whereas, in fact, they opened at seven, there was I, if you please, freezing in the little colonnade of the theatre precisely as it wanted six-and-a-half minutes to seven,—six-and-a-half minutes observe too soon. Upon which this son of absurdity coolly remarked, that, if he had not set me half-an-hour forward, by my own showing, I should have been twenty-three-and-a-half minutes too late. What sophistry! But thus it happened (namely, through the wickedness of this man), that, upon entering the theatre, I found myself like Alexander Selkirk, in a frightful solitude, or like a single family of Arabs gathering at sun-set about a solitary coffee-pot in the boundless desert. Was there an echo raised? it was from my own steps. Did anybody cough? it was too evidently myself. I was the audience; I was the public. And, if any accident happened to the theatre, such as being burned down, Mr. Murray would certainly lay the blame upon me. My business, meantime, as a critic, was—to find out the most malicious

seat, *i.e.*, the seat from which all things would take the most unfavourable aspect. I could not suit myself in this respect; however bad a situation might seem, I still fancied some other as promising to be worse. And I was not sorry when an audience, by mustering in strength through all parts of the house, began to divide my responsibility as to burning down the building, and, at the same time, to limit the caprices of my distracted choice. At last, and precisely at half-past seven, the curtain drew up: a thing not strictly correct on a Grecian stage. But in theatres, as in other places, one must forget and forgive. Then the music began, of which in a moment. The overture slipped out at one ear, as it entered the other, which, with submission to Mr. Mendelssohn, is a proof that it must be horribly bad; for, if ever there lived a man that in music can neither forget nor forgive, that man is myself. Whatever is very good never perishes from my remembrance,—that is, sounds in my ears by intervals for ever; and for whatever is bad, I consign the author, in my wrath, to his own conscience, and to the tortures of his own discords. The most villanous things, however, have one merit; they are transitory as the best things; and *that* was true of the overture: it perished. Then, suddenly—O heavens! what a revelation of beauty! —forth stepped, walking in brightness, the most faultless of Grecian marbles, Miss Helen Faucit as Antigone. What perfection of Athenian sculpture! the noble figure, the lovely arms, the fluent drapery! What an unveiling of the ideal statuesque! Is it Hebe? is it Aurora? is it a goddess that moves before us? Perfect she is in form; perfect in attitude;

> "Beautiful exceedingly,
> Like a ladie from a far countrie.

Here was the redeeming jewel of the performance. It

flattered one's patriotic feelings, to see this noble young countrywoman realizing so exquisitely, and restoring to our imaginations, the noblest of Grecian girls. We critics, dispersed through the house, in the very teeth of duty and conscience, all at one moment unanimously fell in love with Miss Faucit. We felt in our remorse, and did not pretend to deny, that our duty was—to be savage. But when was the voice of duty listened to in the first uproars of passion? One thing I regretted, viz., that from the indistinctness of my sight for distant faces, I could not accurately discriminate Miss Faucit's features; but I was told by my next neighbour that they were as true to the antique as her figure. Miss Faucit's voice is fine and impassioned, being deep for a female voice: but in this organ lay also the only blemish of her personation. In her last scene, which is injudiciously managed by the Greek poet—too long by much, and perhaps misconceived in the modern way of understanding it—her voice grew too husky to execute the cadences of the intonations; yet, even in this scene, her fall to the ground, under the burden of her farewell anguish, was in a high degree sculpturesque through the whole succession of its stages.

Antigone in the written drama, and still more in the personated drama, draws all thoughts so entirely to herself, as to leave little leisure for examining the other parts; and, under such circumstances, the first impulse of a critic's mind is, that he ought to massacre all the rest indiscriminately; it being clearly his duty to presume everything bad which he is not unwillingly forced to confess good, or concerning which he retains no distinct recollection. But I, after the first glory of Antigone's *avatar* had subsided, applied myself to consider the general "setting" of this Theban jewel. Creon, whom the Greek tragic poets take delight in describing as a villain, has very little more to do (until

his own turn comes for grieving) than to tell Antigone, by minute-guns, that die she must. "Well, uncle, don't say that so often," is the answer which, secretly, the audience whispers to Antigone. Our uncle grows tedious; and one wishes at last that he himself could be "put up the spout." Mr. Glover, from the sepulchral depth of his voice, gave effect to the odious Creontic menaces; and, in the final lamentations over the dead body of Hæmon, being a man of considerable intellectual power, Mr. Glover drew the part into a prominence which it is the fault of Sophocles to have authorized in that situation; for the closing sympathies of the spectator ought not to be diverted, for a moment, from Antigone.

But the chorus, how did *they* play their part? Mainly *their* part must have always depended on the character of the music: even at Athens, that must have been very much the case, and at Edinburgh altogether, because dancing on the Edinburgh stage there was none. How came *that* about? For the very word "orchestral," suggests to a Greek ear *dancing*, as the leading element in the choral functions. Was it because dancing with us is never used mystically and symbolically, never used in our religious services? Still it would have been possible to invent solemn and intricate dances, that might have appeared abundantly significant, if expounded by impassioned music. But that music of Mendelssohn!—like it I cannot. Say not that Mendelssohn is a great composer. He *is* so. But here he was voluntarily abandoning the resources of his own genius, and the support of his divine art, in quest of a chimera; that is, in quest of a thing called Greek music, which for *us* seems far more irrecoverable than the "Greek fire." I myself, from an early date, was a student of this subject. I read book after book upon it; and each successive book

sank me lower into darkness, until I had so vastly improved in ignorance, that I could myself have written a quarto upon it, which all the world should not have found it possible to understand. It should have taken three men to construe one sentence. I confess, however, to not having yet seen the writings upon this impracticable theme of Colonel Perronet Thompson. To write experimental music for choruses that are to support the else meagre outline of a Greek tragedy, will not do. Let experiments be tried upon worthless subjects; and if this of Mendelssohn's be Greek music, the sooner it takes itself off the better. Sophocles will be delivered from an incubus, and we from an affliction of the auditory nerves.

It strikes me that I see the source of this music. We, that were learning German some thirty years ago, must remember the noise made at that time about Mendelssohn, the Platonic philosopher. And why? Was there anything particular in "Der Phædon," on the immortality of the soul? Not at all; it left us quite as mortal as it found us; and it has long since been found mortal itself. Its venerable remains are still to be met with in many worm-eaten trunks, pasted on the lids of which I have myself perused a matter of thirty pages, except for a part that had been too closely perused by worms. But the key to all the popularity of the Platonic Mendelssohn is to be sought in the whimsical nature of German liberality, which, in those days, forced Jews into paying toll at the gates of cities, under the title of "swine," but caressed their infidel philosophers. Now, in this category of Jew and infidel, stood the author of "Phædon." He was certainly liable to toll as a hog; but, on the other hand, he was much admired as one who despised the Pentateuch. Now *that* Mendelssohn, whose learned labours lined our trunks, was the father of

this Mendelssohn, whose Greek music afflicts our ears. Naturally, then, it strikes me, that as "papa" Mendelssohn attended the synagogue to save appearances, the filial Mendelssohn would also attend it. I likewise attended the synagogue now and then at Liverpool, and elsewhere. We all three have been cruising in the same latitudes; and, trusting to my own remembrances, I should pronounce that Mendelssohn has stolen his Greek music from the synagogue. There was, in the first chorus of the "Antigone," one sublime ascent (and once repeated), that rang to heaven: it might have entered into the music of Jubal's lyre, or have glorified the timbrel of Miriam. All the rest, tried by the deep standard of my own feeling, that clamours for the impassioned in music, even as the daughter of the horse-leech says, "Give, give," is as much without meaning as most of the Hebrew chanting that I heard at the Liverpool synagogue. I advise Mr. Murray, in the event of his ever reviving the "Antigone," to make the chorus sing the Hundredth Psalm, rather than Mendelssohn's music; or, which would be better still, to import from Lancashire the Handel chorus-singers.

But then, again, whatever change in the music were made, so as to "better the condition" of the poor audience, something should really be done to "better the condition" of the poor chorus. Think of these worthy men, in their white and sky-blue liveries, kept standing the whole evening; no seats allowed, no dancing, no tobacco; nothing to console them but Antigone's beauty; and all this in our climate, latitude fifty-five degrees, 30th of December, and Fahrenheit groping about, I don't pretend to know where, but clearly on his road down to the wine-cellar. Mr. Murray, I am perfectly sure, is too liberal to have grudged the

expense, if he could have found any classic precedent for treating the chorus to a barrel of ale. Ale, he may object, is an unclassical tipple; but perhaps not. Xenophon, the most Attic of prose writers, mentions pointedly in his *Anabasis*, that the Ten Thousand, when retreating through snowy mountains, and in circumstances very like our General Elphinstone's retreat from Cabul, came upon a considerable stock of bottled ale. To be sure, the poor ignorant man calls it *barley-wine* [οἶνος κριθινος]: but the flavour was found so perfectly classical that not one man of the ten thousand, not even the Attic bee himself, is reported to have left any protest against it, or indeed to have left much of the ale.

But stop: perhaps I am intruding upon other men's space. Speaking, therefore, now finally to the principal question, How far did this memorable experiment succeed? I reply, that, in the sense of realizing all that the joint revivers proposed to realize, it succeeded; and failed only where these revivers had themselves failed to comprehend the magnificent tendencies of Greek tragedy, or where the limitations of our theatres, arising out of our habits and social differences, had made it impossible to succeed. In London, I believe that there are nearly thirty theatres, and many more, if every place of amusement (not bearing the technical name of *theatre*) were included. All these must be united to compose a building such as that which received the vast audiences, and consequently the vast spectacles, of some ancient cities. And yet, from a great mistake in our London and Edinburgh attempts to imitate the stage of the Greek theatres, little use was made of such advantages as really *were* at our disposal. The possible depth of the Edinburgh stage was not laid open. Instead of a regal

hall in Thebes, I protest I took it for the *boudoir* of Antigone. It was painted in light colours, an error which was abominable, though possibly meant by the artist (but quite unnecessarily) as a proper ground for relieving the sumptuous dresses of the leading performers. The doors of entrance and exit were most unhappily managed. As to the dresses, those of Creon, of his queen, and of the two loyal sisters, were good: chaste, and yet princely. The dress of the chorus was as bad as bad could be: a few surplices borrowed from Episcopal chapels, or rather the ornamented *albes*, &c., from any rich Roman Catholic establishment, would have been more effective. The *Coryphæus* himself seemed, to my eyes, no better than a railway labourer, fresh from tunnelling or boring, and wearing a *blouse* to hide his working dress. These ill-used men ought to "strike" for better clothes, in case Antigone should again revisit the glimpses of an Edinburgh moon; and at the same time they might mutter a hint about the ale. But the great hindrances to a perfect restoration of a Greek tragedy, lie in peculiarities of our theatres that cannot be removed, because bound up with their purposes. I suppose that Salisbury Plain would seem too vast a theatre: but at least a Cathedral would be required in dimensions, York Minster or Cologne. Lamp-light gives to us some advantages which the ancients had not. But much art would be required to train and organize the lights and the masses of superincumbent gloom, that should be such as to allow no calculation of the dimensions overhead. Aboriginal night should brood over the scene, and the sweeping movements of the scenic groups: bodily expression should be given to the obscure feeling of that dark power which moved in ancient tragedy: and we should be made to know why it is that, with the one exception of the *Persæ*, founded on

the second Persian invasion,* in which Æschylus, the author, was personally a combatant, and therefore a *contemporary*, not one of the thirty-four Greek tragedies surviving, but recedes into the dusky shades of the heroic, or even fabulous times.

A failure, therefore, I think the "Antigone," in relation to an object that for us is unattainable; but a failure worth more than many ordinary successes. We are all deeply indebted to Mr. Murray's liberality, in two senses; to his liberal interest in the noblest section of ancient literature, and to his liberal disregard of expense. To have seen a Grecian play is a great remembrance. To have seen Miss Helen Faucit's Antigone, were *that* all, with her bust, ὡς ἀγαλματος,† and her uplifted arm "pleading against unjust tribunals," is worth—what is it worth? Worth the money? How mean a thought! To see *Helen*, to see Helen of Greece, was the chief prayer of Marlow's Dr. Fastus; the chief gift which he exacted from the fiend. To see Helen of Greece? Dr. Fastus, we *have* seen her: Mr. Murray is the Mephistopheles that showed her to us. It was cheap at the price of a journey to Siberia, and is the next best thing to having seen Waterloo at sunset on the 18th of June 1815.‡

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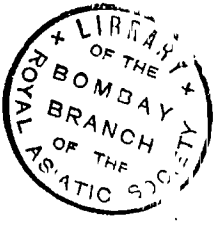
* But in this instance, perhaps, distance of space, combined with the unrivalled grandeur of the war, was felt to equiponderate the distance of time, Susa, the Persian capital of Susa, being fourteen hundred miles from Athens.

† Στερνα θ'ως ἀγαλματος, *her bosom as the bosom of a statue;* an expression of Euripides, and applied, I think, to Polyxena at the moment of her sacrifice on the tomb of Achilles, as the bride that was being married to him at the moment of his death.

‡ Amongst the questions which occurred to me as requiring an answer, in connexion with this revival, was one with regard to the comparative fitness of the Antigone for giving a representative idea

of the Greek stage. I am of opinion that it was the worst choice which could have been made; and for the very reason which no doubt governed that choice, viz., because the austerity of the tragic passion is disfigured by a love episode. Rousseau in his letter to D'Alembert upon his article *Genève* in the French Encyclopédie, asks,—"*Qui est-ce qui doute que, sur nos théâtres, la meilleure pièce de Sophocle ne tombât tout-à-plat?*" And his reason (as collected from other passages) is—because an interest derived from the passion of sexual love can rarely be found on the Greek stage, and yet cannot be dispensed with on that of Paris. But why was it so rare on the Greek stage? Not from accident, but because it did not harmonize with the principle of that stage, and its vast overhanging gloom. It is the great infirmity of the French, and connected constitutionally with the gaiety of their temperament, that they cannot sympathize with this terrific mode of grandeur. We can. And for *us* the choice should have been more purely and severely Grecian; whilst the slenderness of the plot in any Greek tragedy would require a far more effective support from tumultuous movement in the chorus. Even the French are not uniformly insensible to this Grecian grandeur. I remember that Voltaire, amongst many just remarks on the Electra of Sophocles, mixed with others that are *not* just, bitterly condemns this demand for a love fable on the French stage, and illustrates its extravagance by the French tragedy on the same subject, of Crebillon. He (in default of any more suitable resource) has actually made Electra, whose character on the Greek stage is painfully vindictive, in love with an imaginary son of Ægisthus, her father's murderer. Something should also have been said of Mrs. Leigh Murray's Ismene, which was very effective in supporting and in relieving the magnificent impression of Antigone. I ought also to have added a note on the scenic mask, and the common notion (not authorized, I am satisfied, by the practice in the *supreme* era of Pericles) that it exhibited a Janus face, the windward side exhibiting grief or horror, the leeward expressing tranquillity. Believe it not, reader. But on this and other points, it will be better to speak circumstantially, in a separate paper on the Greek drama, as a majestic but very exclusive and almost, if one may so say, bigoted form of the scenic art.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LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the reader may not seek in this little work anything other or more than was designed, I will briefly state its primary object. Political Economy does not advance. Since the revolution effected in that science by Ricardo (1817), upon the whole it has been stationary. But why? It has always been my own conviction that the reason lies, not in any material defect of facts (except as to the single question of money), but in the laxity of some amongst the distinctions which are elementary to the science. For example, that one desperate enormity of vicious logic, which takes place in the ordinary application to price of the relation between supply and demand, has ruined more arguments dispersed through speeches, books, journals, than a long life could fully expose. Let us judge by analogy drawn from mathematics. If it were possible that but three elementary definitions, or axioms, or postulates, in geometry, should be liable to controversy and to a *precarious* use (a use dependent upon petition and momentary consent), what would follow? Simply this—that the whole vast aerial synthesis of that science, at present towering upwards towards infinity, would exhibit an edifice eternally, perhaps, renewing itself by parts, but

eternally tottering in some parts, and in other parts mouldering eternally into ruins. That science, which now holds "acquaintance with the stars" by means of its inevitable and imperishable truth, would become as treacherous as Shakspeare's "stairs of sand;" or like the fantastic architecture which the winds are everlastingly pursuing in the Arabian desert, would exhibit phantom arrays of fleeting columns and fluctuating edifices, which, under the very breath that had created them, would be for ever collapsing into dust. Such, even to this moment, as regards its *practical* applications, is the science of Political Economy. Nothing can be postulated—nothing can be demonstrated; for anarchy, even as to the earliest principles, is predominant. Under this conviction, about twenty-two years ago, I sketched a fragment of this science, entitled "*The Templar's Dialogues.*" The purpose of this fragment was—to draw into much stronger relief than Ricardo himself had done, that one radical doctrine as to value, by which he had given a new birth to Political Economy. My little sketch had the merit of drawing from an author, to this day anonymous, the "*Critical Dissertation upon Value.*" Naturally, it is gratifying to have called forth, whether in alliance or in opposition, so much of ingenuity and of logical acuteness. But, with all his ability, that writer failed to shake any of my opinions. I continue to hold my original ideas on the various aspects of this embarrassing doctrine; and I continue to believe that a much severer investigation of this doctrine is indispensable at the outset. In prosecution of that belief I now go on, without again travelling over the ground which possibly I had won in "The Templar's Dialogues," to investigate some further perplexities in the general doctrine of value, and particularly such as these

which I now specify, in the view of intercepting any misdirected expectations as to the nature of the book.

1. With respect to what is called *value in use* I endeavour to expose the total misapprehension, by Adam Smith, of the word "*use*," as though any opposition were here indicated between the *useful* and the *ornamental* or *pleasurable*. Not what is useful, but what is used, here forms the *nodus* of the antithesis, and regulates conformably the mode of appreciation.

2. With respect to the same term, *value in use*, I endeavour to establish another distinction as against another perplexity much more important. We sit on a summer day by the side of a brook, and, being thirsty, drink from its waters. Now, this beverage has confessedly a value in use; but in England, it is so far from bearing a value in exchange, that such a case expresses the very abnegation and antithesis of exchange value. On the other hand, there is by possibility a very different value in use; there is such a value (that is, a value determined altogether and simply on the scale of uses or teleologic aptitudes) arising under circumstances which will not range it *against* exchange value as its polar antithesis, but will range it *under* exchange value as one of its two modes. In the first acceptation, *value in use* is made co-ordinate with exchange value—ranges over against it, as its adequate contradiction; in the second acceptation, value in use is made subordinate to exchange value, as one of its two modifications. Here lies a source of confusion which never has been exposed, and which, at the very vestibule, has hitherto defeated all attempt at a systematic theory of value.

3. I endeavour to expose the confusion between "market value" as a fact and "market value" as a law. The term

"market value," in *popular* use, expresses only a barren fact—the value of an article, for instance, in Liverpool as opposed to Glasgow; to-day as opposed to yesterday. It means no more than existing value as opposed to value past or future; actual value as opposed to possible value. But, in the *technical* use, "market value" points to no idle matter of fact (*idle*, I mean, because uninfluential on the price),—but it points to a law modifying the price, and derived from the market. In this use, the term "market" does not indicate the mere *ubi* or the *quando* of the sale, but is a short-hand expression for the relation between the quantity offered for sale and the quantity demanded. That is certainly a distinction old enough to be clearly apprehended; and often it *is* clearly apprehended. Yet also, in the practical use, too often it is utterly misapplied. Even by those who parade the distinction in their theoretical statements, even by him who introduced this distinction—lastly, even by that Ricardo who favours us with a separate chapter on this distinction, practically the two senses contemplated by the distinction are confounded, inferences being derived from one sense which apply only to the other.

4. I endeavour to expose the metaphysical confusion involved in "market value," when it is supposed by possibility to constitute an *original* value. This is an error which has led to worse consequences than any of the others here noticed. People fancy that the relation of Supply to Demand could by possibility, and that in fact it often *does*, determine separately *per se* the selling price of an article. Within a few months this monstrous idea has been assumed for true by Colonel Torrens, in an express work on Economic Politics; by Lord Brougham, in relation to the foreign corn trade; and by almost every journal in the

land that has fallen under my own eye. But it is a metaphysical impossibility that Supply and Demand, the relation of which is briefly expressed by the term "market value," could ever affect price except by a *secondary* force. Always there must be a *modificabile* (*i.e.*, an antecedent price, arising from some other cause), before any modification from Supply against Demand can take effect. Consequently, whilst "*natural* price" (the contradiction of "*market* price") is always a mononomial, price, founded on the relation of Supply to Demand, must always be a binomial.

The latter chapters, as a sort of *praxis* on the law of value applied to the leading doctrines of Ricardo, were added for the sake of the student in Political Economy.

They are not absolutely required; but they may have a use in tracing the descent of a pure theory—into consequences connected on the one side with theory and on the other side with practice

CHAPTER I.

SECTION I.—VALUE IN THE GENERIC SENSE.

That natural distinction, which takes place from the very beginnings of society, between value as founded upon some serviceable quality in an object too largely diffused to confer any power of purchasing other objects—and value as founded upon some similar quality in an object so limited as to become *property*, and thus having a power to purchase other objects, has long been familiar to the public ear under the antithetic expressions of "*value in use*" and "*value in exchange.*" Who first noticed pointedly a distinction which must always obscurely have been moving in the minds of men, it would now be idle to inquire: such an inquiry would too much resemble that Greek question, "Who first invented sneezing?" For my own part, the eldest author, in whom I remember to have traced this distinction formally developed, is Plautus—contemporary with Hannibal. He, in his "*Asinaria*," has occasion to introduce a lively scene on a question of prompt payment between *Argyrippus*, a young man then occupied in sowing wild-oats, and *Cœlereta*, a prudent woman settled in business on her own account. She is in fact *a lena*—which name, however, did not bear so horrid a construction under Pagan morals as most justly it does under Christian; and, in that professional character, she is mistress of a young beauty with whom Argyrippus had celebrated a left-handed marriage some time back, which connection he now seeks

to renew upon a second contract. But for this a price is asked of sixty guineas. The question which arises between the parties respects the propriety of the household economy for the present going on upon tick, which Argyrippus views as the sublimest of philosophical discoveries; whilst the *lena* violently resists it as a vile one-sided policy, patronised by all who happened to be buyers, but rejected universally by sellers. The following is the particular passage which concerns the present distinction between *value in use* and *value in exchange*:—

"ARGYR. Ubi illæc quæ dedi ante?
"CÆLER. Abusa: nam, si ea durarent mihi,
Mulier mitteretur ad te: nunquam quicquam poscerem.
Diem, aquam, solem, lunam, noctem,—hæc argento non emo:
Cætera, quæque volumus uti, Græcâ mercamur fide.
Quum à pistore panem petimus, vinum ex cænoplio,
Si æs habent, dant mercem: eâdem nos disciplinâ utimur.
Semper oculatæ nostræ sunt manus, credunt quod vident.
Vetus est—nihili cocio est."

ARG. What has become of those sums which in times past I gave you?

CÆL. All spent, sir—all consumed; for, believe me, if those monies still survived, the young woman should be despatched to your house without another word: once paid in full, I'm not the woman that would trouble you for a shilling. Look here:—*the successions of day and night, water, sunlight, moonlight—all these things I purchase freely without money; but that heap of things beside, which my establishment requires, those I pay for on the old terms of Grecian credit.** *When I send for a loaf to the baker's, for wine*

* Meaning—no credit at all, but ready money. One incomprehensible old commentator pretends that Plautus, in this phrase, designed a compliment to Greek integrity! He is obliged, however, to confess, as the true ground of the saying, that "Fluxæ fuerunt olim admodum fidei Græci: idcirco Græcus Græco non fidebat, nisi præsenti et numeratâ pecuniâ." Meantime, though the *fluxa fides* of the unprincipled Greek was quite undeniable, and, in fact, ruinous to the fiscal service, yet, doubtless, the general want of capital amongst sellers contributed to this absence of credit almost as much as the universal want of probity in the buyers

to the vintner's, certainly the articles are delivered; but when? Why, as soon as those people have touched the cash. Now, that same practice is what I in my turn apply to others. My hands have still eyes at their finger-ends: their faith is strong in all money which actually they see. For "caution," as you call it—for guarantees—they are nothing: security be d——d; and that's an old saying.

The latter part of the speech wanders off into the difference between the system of prompt payment on the one hand, and of credit on the other. But the part in italics confines itself to the difference between value in use and value in exchange—between the class of things valuable which could be had for nothing, and that other class of things valuable which must be paid for; secondly, which must also be paid for on the spot. The former class is a limited class; the latter so extensive, that she makes no attempt to enumerate the items: she simply selects two, bread and wine, as representative items—one of which is the more striking, because it represents a necessity already provided for by nature in the gratuitous article of water.

Here, then, already two centuries before the Christian era, in the second or chief Punic war, is the great distinction brought out into broad daylight between the things useful to man which are too multiplied and diffused to be raised into property, and the things useful to man which are *not* so multiplied and diffused, but which, being hard to obtain, support the owner in demanding a price for them. Many people fancy that these two ideas never are, nor could be, confounded; and some people fancy, amongst whom was Mr Malthus, that in the intercourse of real life the word *value* or *valuable* never is employed at all, rightly or not rightly, in the original sense as implying mere value in use, but that (except amongst affected or pedantic talkers) this word "*value*" must always indicate some sort of value in exchange. We never, therefore, accord-

ing to Mr Malthus, use or could use such a phrase as—"a valuable friend," or "a valuable doctrine." It would be impossible to say that "we ascribed great value to any deliberate judgment of such a judge;" or that "the friendship of a wise elder brother had proved of the highest value to a young man at Cambridge;" or that "the written opinion, which we had obtained from Mr Attorney-General, was eminently valuable." Literally, it is terrific to find blank assertions made by men of sense so much in defiance of the truth, and on matters of fact lying so entirely within an ordinary experience. Full fifty times in every month must Mr Malthus himself have used the word "value" and "valuable" in this very natural sense, which he denounces as a mere visionary sense suggested by the existing books. Now, to show by a real and a recent case, how possible it is for a sensible man to use the words *value* or *valuable* in this original sense—not merely where a pure generic usefulness is concerned, but even in cases which must forcibly have pointed his attention to the other sense (the exchange sense) of the words,—I cite in the note below a striking instance of such a use,* from this day's paper (the *London Standard* for February 27th, 1843).

* "*A striking instance of such a use:*"—It occurs in a very useful letter (under date of Dantzic, January 21, 1843) on the Baltic corn-trade, from a writer evidently familiar with the subject, and authenticating his statements by a real signature. The object of the writer, Mr J. L. Stoddart, is to expose the true and ultimate operation of all fixed duties considered as protections to the home-grower, under those dreadful fluctuations in price which not man but nature causes, and which "cannot be avoided, in spite of the philosophers, who dream they have discovered the philosopher's stone for steadying prices." The purpose and the execution of this gentleman's letter are equally excellent; but the use which he makes of the word *value*, was so perplexing to me in its particular position and connection, that at first I apprehended some gross misprint. After

Value in use, therefore, is an idea lurking by possibility under the elliptical term "*value*" quite as naturally, though not so frequently, as the idea of value in exchange. And, in any case of perplexity arising out of the term *value* employed absolutely, it may be well for the reader to examine closely if some such equivocation does not in reality cause the whole demur. One moment's consideration will convince the student that the second form of value—viz., value in exchange—does not exclude the first form, value in use; for, on the contrary, the second form could not exist

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one introductory sentence, in which he describes himself as a neutral observer under the advantage of being "removed from the excitement of the struggle between manufacturer and agriculturist," Mr Stoddart goes on to say, that "the value of Dantzic wheat, on an average of export, varies from 5s. to 8s. per quarter ABOVE the value of British average wheat;" and after this astounding statement he adds another not at all less so, viz., that Baltic wheat collectively [by which is not meant wheat opposed to the Dantzic wheat, but so understood as to include the Dantzic wheat] may with safety "be estimated on an average to be 5s. ABOVE the value of the growth of the British Islands." Could I trust my own eyes? Undoubtedly I was aware, and had repeatedly used that conviction in print, that the extreme difference between English wheat and foreign would never turn out such experimentally as to justify the monstrous delusions of the Corn-Law agitators. Well I knew that the working poor man would find the ultimate *bonus* upon his bread to be next to nothing under whatsoever changes of the Corn-Law; assuming even the stationariness of wages, and assuming also that no such reaction of evil should arise from the injury to our domestic agriculture as unavoidably would raise. All this I knew. But still, though pretty doubtful, and in the issue liable to be dangerously disturbed, any difference which *did* exist between the prices of Baltic and English wheat was undeniably in favour of the first. *That* was notoriously the cheaper; if not, how should importation need any legal restraint? Here was the perplexity; but one moment cleared it up. It was a verbal *equivoque*. Mr Stoddart had pronounced the Baltic wheat by 5s. on a quarter ABOVE the English wheat in value. Ay, but in *what* value? Did he mean value in exchange, value as expressed by the market price? On the contrary, he meant value in use. From

without presupposing the first. But, in the inverse case, the logic is different: value in use, where it exists antithetically to the other form, not only may but must exclude it.

This leads to another capital distinction:—Value in exchange is an idea constructed by superadding to the original element of serviceableness (or value in use) an accessary element of power [howsoever gained] to command an equivalent. It follows, therefore, that the original element, value in use, may be viewed in two states,—1*st*, as totally disengaged from the secondary element; 2*dly*, as

the tenor of what follows, it is evident that he does not dispute the usual intervaluations of Baltic and English grain. He assumes that, in Poland, before it is loaded with a long list of expenses, the wheat would be very considerably cheaper than English wheat. Why, then, had he said that already in Poland it was *above* the English in value by 5s.? He meant that intrinsically, as a thing to be used, it was above the English; superior (1) in its capacity of being baked; or (2) in its capacity of being kept; or (3) in its capacity of yielding nutriment; or (4) in its flavour to the palate: in some one, or some two, or some three, or in all four of these advantages, he claims for it a superiority to the English; and, what must add to the reader's perplexity, he measures this superiority by money—meaning the 5s. (as one-eighth of 40s.) simply to indicate that the quality of Baltic wheat was superior in that precise ratio; better by a proportion answering to one-eighth part on any given quantity.

One single exemplification, drawn from a case of actual occurrence, is worth twenty which are artificially framed. And this decisive passage, from an excellent essay in a journal of high character, falling into my hands without search, at the very moment of writing the passage which it illustrates, seems effectual for the proof of what Mr Malthus thought next to impossible, viz., that men can and do, without any system to serve, naturally fall into this use of "value" as representing the mere serviceableness of an article quite apart from its exchange-rating in the market. Let the extreme importance of the subject, and the necessity of weighing every turn in the dispute, for one who comes after a world of failures with the promise of setting them all to rights, apologise for the length of this note.

not disengaged from that element, but as necessarily combining with it. In the second state we have seen that it takes the name of "*value in exchange.*" What name does it take in the first state, where it is wholly disengaged from the power of purchasing? *Answer*—[and let the reader weigh this well]—it takes the name of "*wealth.*"

Mr Ricardo was the first person who had the sagacity to see that the idea of wealth was the true polar antagonist to the idea of value in exchange; and that, without this regulative idea, it is impossible to keep the logic of political economy true to its duties. This doctrine, so essentially novel, he first explained in his celebrated chapter (numbered xviii. in his first edition) which bears for its title, "*Value and Riches; their distinctive Properties.*" And in the early part of it he remarks most truly, that "many of the errors in political economy have arisen from errors on this subject, from considering an increase of riches and an increase of value as meaning the same thing."

But it is singular enough, that even Ricardo did not consciously observe the exact coincidence of riches, under this new limitation of his own, with "value in use." This was an accident likely enough to arise under the absence of any positive occasion for directing his eye to that fact. It was, no doubt, a pure case of inadvertence. But there is the same sort of danger from holding two ideas radically identical to be different, or in opposition to each other, as there is from confounding two ideas radically opposed. Meantime, no chapter in Ricardo's book (with the single exception of the first) has been so much singled out for attack, or for special admiration,* as this

* "*Special admiration.*"—For example, Mr Prinsep (in his translation of "Say's Political Economy"), a man of great acuteness and information, has noticed this eighteenth chapter of Ricardo a-

particular chapter which rectifies the idea of wealth. Even amongst the leading supporters of Ricardo, it will be seen further on (in the brief commentary upon this eighteenth chapter), that some have unconsciously surrendered it. Not only have they been unaware of their own revolt, in this particular instance, from that theory which they had professed to adopt; but they have been equally unaware that, simultaneously with the collapse of this doctrine concerning wealth, collapses the entire doctrine of Ricardo concerning value; and if that basis should ever seriously be shaken, all the rest of Ricardo's system being purely in the nature of a superstructure, must fall into ruins. These questions, however, with respect to the truth of particular doctrines, and their power to resist such assaults as have menaced them, will come forward by degrees, in proportion as their development ripens under our advance. For the present, my office is, not to defend them, but to state them, and to trace their logical deduction; by which word, borrowed from a case strictly analogous in the modern expositions of the civil law, I understand a process such as, by a more learned term, would be called a systematic "*genesis*" of any complex truth—the act, namely, of pursuing the growth which gradually carries that truth to its full expansion through all its movements, and showing of each separately how it arose, and in what change or movement of the principal idea, under what necessity supervening at that point, or on the suggestion of what occasional falling in with some other and kindred truth.

I have now traced the generic idea of "value," taken

peculiarly profound; whilst, on the other hand, to the able author of "A Critical Dissertation on Value," to Mr Malthus, and to others, it is a mere candal and rock of offence.

absolutely and without futher limitation, into the two subordinate modes of—1*st*, Value resting exclusively on a power to serve the purpose; and 2*d*, Of value resting on that power, but combined with the accessary power of commanding an equivalent—into value which *does* and value which does *not* involve the idea of property. The simpler mode of value I have announced to be identical with the Ricardian idea of *wealth*, and, under that head, it will come round for consideration in its proper place. But the other mode of value—viz., Exchange Value—which is far more important to political economy, being no longer a regulative but a constitutive idea,* now steps naturally

* "*No longer regulative but constitutive.*"—This is a great distinction heretofore applied to great purposes by Kant; and a general reader might fancy reason for complaint in finding thus presupposed the knowledge of philosophy, which in England is but slightly extended. To presume anything of the kind would indeed be eminently offensive, and an instance of affectation quite inconsistent with the simplicities of good sense. But in this case the two terms opposed almost explain themselves. As an example of a regulative idea, one might allege any idea of pure abstract geometry; for instance, the want of parts or partibility in a geometrical point; the absolute equality of all the radii drawn from a common centre; or, in philosophy, the assumption of an ideal man as a normal type, towards which we may conceive a perpetual tendency in the actual man of our experience—all these are *regulative* ideas. Nobody pretends for a moment that a true and actual equality of the semidiameters ever was, or could be, realised; the hand does not exist that could draw such lines, nor the eye that could judge of them, *if* drawn. But what then? They are most useful—nay, they are indispensable as initial postulates for the guidance of the mind in developing other ideas; without them, although in themselves often fugitive, and never to be overtaken in practice, we could not advance at all. And such is the precise benefit from Ricardo's idea of "*wealth*," technically so called; it is an artificial idea, which, though inert, keeps in their proper places other ideas more tangible and constitutive. On the other hand, the counterpole of this idea—viz., Value in Exchange—enters largely, and as a constituent element, into all the cardinal ideas of political economy.

into the place, standing next in order for investigation; and I warn the young student that, at this point, he steps forward upon perilous ground, of which every inch is debatable. Here it is that the true struggle takes place, that unavoidable combat between principles originally hostile, which into every subsequent section carries forward its consequences, and which, upon *every* system past or to come, impresses that determinate character, exposes that determinate tendency or *clinamen*, eventually decisive of its pretensions.

SECTION II.—VALUE IN EXCHANGE.

What is value in exchange? What is its foundation? Most remarkable it seems, that up to a certain point all systems of modern economy answer this question correctly; yet, after passing that point, that all are wrong. In the vast accumulation of books on this subject, English, French, or Italian (for German books go for nothing here), I have not met with one which sustains the truth to the end; whilst, on the other hand, it would be hardly less difficult to point out one which fails at the opening. Verbal inaccuracies might indeed be cited from all; for in an age of hasty reading, and of contempt for the whole machinery of scholastic distinctions, it cannot be expected that authors will spend much energy upon qualities which have ceased to be meritorious, upon nicety of distinction which perishes to the flying reader, or upon a jealous maintenance of consistency which, unless it were appreciated by severe study, could not benefit the writer. In this way, there arises at once a natural explanation of that carelessness in the mode of exposition which has everywhere disfigured the modern science of political economy.

Almost all writers have agreed substantially, and have rightly agreed, in founding exchangeable value upon two elements—power in the article valued to meet some natural desire or some casual purpose of man, in the first place; and, in the second place, upon difficulty of attainment. These two elements must meet, must come into combination, before any value in exchange can be established. They constitute the two co-ordinate conditions, of which, where either is absent, no value in the sense of exchange value can arise for a moment. Indeed, it is evident to common sense, that any article whatever, to obtain that artificial sort of value which is meant by exchange value, must begin by offering itself as a means to some desirable purpose; and secondly, that even though possessing incontestably this preliminary advantage, it will never ascend to an exchange value in cases where it can be obtained gratuitously, and without effort—of which last terms both are necessary as limitations. For often it will happen that some desirable object may be obtained gratuitously; stoop, and you gather it at your feet: but still, because the continued iteration of this stooping exacts a laborious effort, very soon it is found that to gather for yourself virtually is *not* gratuitous. In the vast forests of the Canadas, at intervals, wild strawberries may be gratuitously gathered by ship-loads; yet such is the exhaustion of a stooping posture, and of a labour so monotonous, that everybody is soon glad to resign the service into mercenary hands. The same idea, the same demand of a twofold *conditio sine quâ non* as essential to the composition of an exchange value, is otherwise expressed (and in a shape better fitted for subsequent reference) by the two following cases, marked *Epsilon* and *Omicron*:—

Case Epsilon.—A man comes forward with his overture

"Here is a thing which I wish you to purchase; it has cost me in labour five guineas, and that is the price I ask." "Very well," you reply; "but tell me this, what desire or purpose of mine will the article promote?" Epsilon rejoins, "Why, as candour is my infirmity, none at all. But what of *that?* Useful or not, the article embodies five guineas' worth of excellent labour." This man, the candid Epsilon, you dismiss. *Case Omicron.*—Him succeeds Omicron, who praises your decisive conduct as to the absurd family of the Epsilons. "That man," he observes, "is weak—candid, but weak; for what was the cost in your eyes but so much toil to no effect of real service? But *that* is what nobody can say of the article offered by myself; it is serviceable always—nay, often you will acknowledge it to be indispensable." "What is it?" you demand. "Why simply, then, it is a pound of water, and as good water as ever you tasted." The scene lies in England, where water bears no value except under that machinery of costly arrangements which delivers it as a permanent and guaranteed succession into the very chambers where it is to be used Omicron accordingly receives permission to follow the candid Epsilon. Each has offered for sale one element of value out of two, one element in a state of insulation, where it was indispensable for any operative value, *i.e.* price, to offer the two in combination; and, without such a combination, it is impossible (neither does any economist deny this by his principles) that value in exchange, under the most romantic or imaginary circumstances, ever should be realised.

Thus far all is right; all is easy and all is harmonious; —thus far, no hair-splitter by profession can raise even a verbal quillet against so plain a movement of the understanding, unless it were by some such cavil as is stated

below.* It is in the next step that a difficulty arises, to all appearance insurmountable. It is a difficulty which seems, when stated, to include a metaphysical impossibility. You are required to do *that* which, under any statement, seems to exact a contradiction in terms. The demand is absolute and not to be evaded, for realising an absurdity and extracting a positive existence out of a nonentity or a blank negation. To this next step, therefore, let us now proceed, after warning the reader that even Ricardo has not escaped the snare which is here spread for the understanding; and that, although a masculine good sense will generally escape in practice from merely logical perplexities [that is, will cut the knot for all immediate results of practice which it cannot untie], yet that errors "in the first intention" come round upon us in subsequent stages, unless they are met by their proper and commensurate solutions. Logic must be freed by logic: a false dialectical appearance of truth must be put down by the fullest exposure of the absolute and hidden truth, since also it will continually happen (as it *has* happened in the present case), though a plausible sophism, which had been summarily crushed for the moment by a strong appeal to general good sense upon the absurd consequences arising, will infallibly return

* "*By such a cavil as is stated below.*"—When hay, for instance, is cited as an article uniting the two conditions laid down, and for that reason as obtaining exchangeable value, it might be alleged that hay meets no human desire, but only a bestial desire. True: and with a view *inter alia* to this particular form of cavil, I have enlarged the definition by saying "human desire or *purpose*." A man has no direct gratification from hay, but indirectly he may have a good deal. The hay may be nothing to the man who buys it; but his horse, who is a connoisseur in hay, may be indispensable to his daily happiness, or even to his safety; and that which in some proportion is essential to the desires of his horse becomes secondarily a purpose to the man.

upon us when no such startling consequences are at hand. Now, therefore, with this sense of the critical step which next awaits us, let us move forward.

The idea of value in exchange having thus been analytically decomposed, the question which offers itself next in order concerns the subdivision of this idea. How many modes are possible of value in exchange? The general answer is—two; and the answer is just: there *are* two. But how are these two distinguished? How is it that they arise? Now here it is, in the answer to this question, that an infirm logic has disturbed the truth. Even Ricardo has not escaped the universal error. Suspensory judgments are painful acts. It is fatiguing to most readers that a provisional view of the truth should be laid before them, upon which all the pains taken to appropriate and master it are by agreement to be finally found worthless. This refutation of error is better so placed as to *follow* the establishment of the truth, in which position the reader may either dismiss it unread, as a corollary which already he knows to be too much—as an offshoot in excess; or, on the other hand, choosing to read it, will do so under the additional light obtained through the true doctrine now restored to its authority.

The difficulty which strikes us all upon the possibility of raising any subdivision under that generic idea of exchange value already stated is this:—The two elements are—1*st*, Intrinsic utility; 2*d*, Difficulty of attainment. But these elements must concur. They are not reciprocating or alternating ideas; they are not, to borrow a word from Coleridge, inter-repellent * ideas, so that room might

" *Inter-repellent.*"—The late Mr Coleridge suggested, and by his own example sanctioned, the use of the preposition *inter* for expressing axes of reciprocal action, or, in his language, of inter-

be made for a double set of exchange values, by supposing alternately each of the elements to be withdrawn, whilst the other element was left paramount. This is impossible; because, by the very terms of the analysis, each element is equally indispensable to the common idea which is the subject of division. Alike in either case, if No 1, or if No. 2, should be dropped out of the composition, instantly the whole idea of exchange value falls to the ground like a punctured bladder. But this seems to preclose the road to any possible subdivision of the generic idea, because immediately it occurs to the student, that when no element can be withdrawn, *then* it is not possible that the subdivisions can differ except as to degree. In one case of exchange value there might, for instance, be a little more of the element A, and a little less of the element B. In some other case these proportions might be reversed. But all this is nothing. When we subdivide the genus *animal*, we are able to do so by means of an element *not* common to the two subdivisions: we assign man as one subdivision—brutes as the other—by means of a great differential idea, the idea of rationality; consequential upon which are tears, laughter, and the capacity of religion.

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action. Thus the verb *interpenetrate*, when predicated of the substances A and B, implied that, by an equal action and reaction, each penetrated the other; to *interaid* (though strictly a Latin preposition should not coalesce with a word not Latin) would express the case where aid in different modes is lent by each of two parties interchangeably. The same complex function is sustained by the French prefix *s'entre*. But even as a justifiable English usage, it may be found occasionally in Shakspeare, and much more frequently in Daniel, a writer of the same age, unusually meditative and philosophic, both in his prose and in his verse. The word *interview*, though now tamed into a lower cast of idea, originally arose upon this application of interchangeable or reciprocating actions.

All these we deny to brutes; all these we claim for man; and thus are these two great sub-genera or species possible. But when all elements are equally present to both of the subdividing ideas, we cannot draw any bisecting line between them. The two ideas lie upon one continuous line—differing, therefore, as higher and lower, by more and by less, but not otherwise; and any subdividing barrier, wheresoever it is made to fall between them, must be drawn arbitrarily, without any reasonable foundation in real or essential differences.

These considerations are calculated to stagger us; and at this precise stage of the discussion I request the reader's most vigilant attention. We have all read of secret doors in great cities, so exquisitely dissembled by art that in what seemed a barren surface of dead wall, where even the eye forewarned could trace no vestige of a separation or of a line, simply, by a simultaneous pressure upon two remote points, suddenly and silently an opening was exposed which revealed a long perspective of retiring columns—architecture the most elaborate, where all had passed for one blank continuity of dead wall. Not less barren in promise—not less abrupt in its transition, this speculation at the very vestibule of political economy, at the point where most it had appeared to allow of no further advance or passage, suddenly opens and expands before an artifice of logic which almost impresses the feelings as a trick of legerdemain—not by any thing unsound in its own nature, but by the sudden kind of pantomime change which it effects. The demand is, that you shall subdivide exchange value into two separate modes. You are to do this without aid from any new idea that has arisen to vary the general idea; you are to work with the two already contained in that general idea—consequently with ideas that

must be common to both the subdivisions, and yet you are to differentiate these subdivisions. Each is to be opposed to the other—each is to differ, and yet the elements assigned to you out of which this difference is to be created are absolutely the same. Who can face such conditions as these—Given a total identity, and out of that you are to create a difference?

Let not the reader complain of the copious way in which the difficulty is exposed. After many hundreds of failures—after endless efforts with endless miscarriages, it is no time for refusing his own terms to the leader of a final assault. So many defeats have naturally made us all angry. I am angry—the reader is angry; and that offer is entitled to consideration, even though it should seem needlessly embarrassed or circuitous, which terminates in the one object that can be worth talking about—viz., in "doing the trick"—and carrying by a summary effort that obstacle which (whether observed or not observed) has so long thwarted the power of perfecting and integrating the theory of value. Once being convinced that it is a mere contradiction to solve the problem, the reader may be relied on for attending to any thing offered as a solution by one who has almost demonstrated its impossibility.

Out of nothing, nothing is generated. This is pretty old ontology; and apparently our case at present is of that nature; for by no Laputan process of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers does it appear how we can hope, out of two samenesses, to extract one difference; yet do it we must, or else farewell to the object before us. And, in order that we *may* do it, let us disembarrass our problem of all superfluous words; and, by way of sharpening the eye to the point of assault, let us narrow it to the smallest possible area.

What we have to do is to consider whether (and now) it is feasible so to use a sameness as to make it do the office of a difference. With one single sameness this would peremptorily *not* be possible; for we could vary it no otherwise than by varying its degrees. Now, a difference in degrees is no substantial difference in logic; and the pretended subdivisions would melt and play into each other, so as to confound the attempt at sustaining any subdivisions at all. But, on the other hand, with two samenesses it is possible to move. A little reflection will show that there *is* a resource for making them alternately act as differences. In physics we see vast phenomena taking place all day long, which *à priori* might have been stated as paradoxes not less startling than that of extracting a difference out of a sameness. One gravity rises through another gravity. True, it is specifically lighter; but still it *has* a specific gravity: and thus we find as the result, with the usual astonishing simplicity of nature, that the same machinery serves for sinking objects and for raising them. By gravity they fall; by gravity they rise. So also, again, that same ocean, which to nations, populous and developed by civilisation, offers the main high-road of intercourse, was to the same nations, when feeble, the great wall of separation and protection. And again, in the case before us, monstrous as really is the paradox,*

* "*As really is the paradox.*"—Some readers will here admonish me to say—not "*is*" the paradox, but "*seems*" the paradox; or rather, they will require me to omit the word paradox altogether, under the prevailing notion that a paradox implies something really extravagant, and something eventually hostile to the truth. In these circumstances it will scarcely be sufficient for me to remind them of the original Grecian meaning attached to this word, which implied no more than what was off-lying from the high-road of popular opinion, or what contradicted the tenor of popular expectation—all which might surely be found in some great truth as well

yet it is true, that, by a dexterous management of two elements absolutely identical, all the effects and benefits may be obtained of two elements essentially different.

Let us look more closely. The two elements are U and D. If both elements are to be present, and both are to be operative, then indeed we have a contradiction in terms such as never will be overcome. But how if both be uniformly present, one only being at any time operative? How if both be indispensably present, but alternately each become inert? How if both act as motives on the buyer for buying at all, but one only (each in turn under its own circumstances) as a force operating on the price?

This is the real case—this is the true solution; and thus is a difference obtained—such a difference as will amply sustain a twofold subdivision from elements substantially the same. Both are co-present, and always. Neither *can* be absent; for, if so, then the common idea of exchange value would vanish, the case *Epsilon* or the case *Omicron* would be realised. But each of the two is suspended alternately. Thus, by way of illustration, walk into almost any possible shop, buy the first article you see; what will

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as in some notorious falsehood. The objector will retort upon me, that the original Grecian use may have been effectually disturbed and defeated by a long and steady English abuse. Meantime the fact is, that the original sense of the *paradoxical* has maintained itself not less in our language than in the ancient Greek. I remember once to have placed this under a clear light by the following antithetic form of words: "Not *that* is paradoxical, or not that chiefly, which, being false, puts on the semblance of truth; but, on the contrary, that which, being true, puts on the semblance of falsehood." Therefore it was that Boyle most accurately entitled some striking cases in statical physics, *Hydrostatical Paradoxes*. Did he mean to advertise these startling facts of science as splendid falsehoods? No, but as great truths, which counterfeited the extravagant.

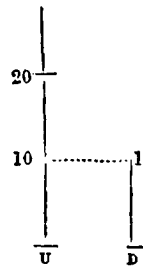
determine its price? In ninety-nine cases of a hundred, simply the element D—difficulty of attainment. The other element, U, or intrinsic utility, will be perfectly inoperative. Let the thing (measured by its uses) be, for your purposes, worth ten guineas, so that you would rather give ten guineas than lose it; yet, if the difficulty of producing it be only worth one guinea, one guinea is the price which it will bear. But still not the less, though U is inoperative, can U be supposed absent? By no possibility; for, if it *had* been absent, assuredly you would not have bought the article even at the lowest price: U acts upon *you*, though it does not act upon the price. On the other hand, in the hundredth case, we will suppose the circumstances reversed. You are on Lake Superior in a steamboat, making your way to an unsettled region 800 miles ahead of civilisation, and consciously with no chance at all of purchasing any luxury whatsoever, little luxury or big luxury, for a space of ten years to come. One fellow-passenger, whom you will part with before sunset, has a powerful musical snuff-box; knowing by experience the power of such a toy over your own feelings, the magic with which at times it lulls your agitations of mind, you are vehemently desirous to purchase it. In the hour of leaving London you had forgot to do so: here is a final chance. But the owner, aware of your situation not less than yourself, is determined to operate by a strain pushed to the very uttermost upon U, upon the intrinsic worth of the article in your individual estimate for your individual purposes. He will not hear of D as any controlling power or mitigating agency in the case; and finally, although at six guineas* a-piece in London or Paris, you might have

* "*Six guineas.*"—It is not a matter of much importance in a case which concerns us only by its principle, and where the principle

thoughts by an unlimited D. Undoubtedly you have submitted to U in extremity as the regulating force of the price; but it was under the sense of D's latent presence. Yet D is so far from exerting any positive force, that the retirement of D from all agency whatever on the price—this it is which creates, as it were, a perfect vacuum, and through that vacuum U rushes up to its highest and ultimate graduation.

This is the foundation of any true solution applied to the difficulty of subdividing exchange value; and this statement of the case is open to a symbolical expression of its principle; which principle, let the reader not forget, is,—that, under an eternal co-presence of two forces equally indispensable to the possibility of any exchange value at all, one only of those forces (and each alternately as the ultimate circumstances take effect) governs and becomes operative in the price. Both must concur to raise any motive for purchasing; but one separately it is which rules the price. Let not the reader quarrel beforehand with illustrations by geometrical symbols; the use which will be made of them is not of a kind to justify any jealousies of a surreptitious logic. It is a logic in applying which we abstract altogether from the qualities of objects, and consider them only in so far as they are liable to the affection of more and less. Simply the most elementary of geometrical ideas will be used; and the object is this—sometimes to render the student's apprehension of the case more definite, but sometimes also to show him that the same difficulty, or one analogous, might arise and be representable in the austere simplicities of geometry; in which case, by parity of argument, the explanation of the difficulty as represented in space will become inversely the explanation for the original difficulty

Here the line U represents the utility value to the purchaser of any article whatever; that is, the very ultimate value to which, by possibility, it could ascend in the case that a screw were made to operate upon the purchaser's secret appreciation of its serviceable qualities. But in ordinary circumstances this cannot happen; and under such ordinary circumstances, what will be the price? It will be the price determined by D—(difficulty of attainment)—and this difficulty is expressed by the line D. But mark how it acts. From the summit of the line D, standing on the same base as U, draw at right angles the dotted line which cuts U; that is to say, D, which is at present the operative force. The true determining force as regards the price takes up from U precisely as much (and no more at any time) as corresponds to itself. D is, in this case, the true and sole operating force. U, which must indeed be co-present (because else the purchaser would *not* be a purchaser, he would have no motive for purchasing—case *Epsilon*), yet, for all that, is inert *quoad* the price; itself submits to an action of D, but it exerts none, it reflects none the very smallest. Now, suppose the case reversed: suppose not D, but U, to become suddenly the ruling force, D has become infinite (as in the case of the musical toy in Canada), that is, the difficulties in the way of supplying the market by a continued reproduction of the article (in one word, the resistance) must be supposed so vast as to be quite beyond the power of any individual to overcome. Instantly, under these circumstances, U springs up to its utmost height. But what *is* the utmost? Because D, by ceasing to be finite and measurable, has



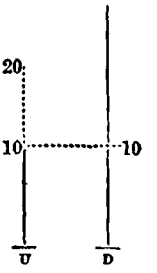
caused U to come into play—will U therefore follow D, so as also to become infinite? Not at all: once called into action as the operating principle, U will become the sole principle; D will be practically extinct for any action that it can exert upon the price. The rare holders of the article, as surviving from past times or regions now inaccessibly distant, will fix a strain upon the few purchasers by means of the intrinsic or U value; each of the candidates must submit to see his own outside or extreme esteem for the article made operative against himself as the law of the price. He must ascend to the very *maximum* of what he will pay, under the known alternative of losing the article for ever if he will *not* pay it. U is therefore governed by no recollection of the past D, by no consideration of the present unlimited D,* but simply thrown back upon its own potential force; *i.e.*, upon each purchaser's appreciation of the article for his own purposes—which can have *no* connexion whatever with the D, or variable resistance to the reproduction of that article in any particular place or time. If you submit to pay £30 of income-tax, doubtless the power of the state determines the general result of your paying at all; but it is not *that* which determines the how much; this is a mixed result from the Exchequer ratio on the one hand, and the amount of your income on the other.

And that this is really so, that both U and D, under the alternate circumstances, will become passive—latent, muga-

* "*By no consideration of the present* D"—*i.e.* in the appreciation which is thrown entirely upon U; but otherwise, in submitting to have the price thrown upon U—in submitting to purchase at all at a price so vastly exalted, doubtless he is governed by the existing D as a negative condition.

tory, as regards the price—may be shown *ex abundanti;* viz., by showing that under any possible changes, either to U or to D, no beginning—no initial moment—of action will arise for the one, so long as the other is operative. Figure to yourself, as the object concerned in such a valuation, some powerful drug. Suppose it the Peruvian or Jesuit's bark, and that suddenly, by applying to it the agency of sulphuric acid, some new product (the sulphate of this foreign bark) arises with prodigiously greater powers—not only greater by far, when applied to the common cases open equally to the old medicine and the new, but also, in another respect, greater; viz., that it is applicable to a set of cases from which the old medicine, by its bulk, or by its tendency to febrile symptoms, had found itself excluded—suppose under this enlarged power, for the basis of the medicine, that the line U, expressing its utility value, should run up to triple or decuple of its present altitude, would that change disturb the present appreciation under D? Not by an iota. Nay, to press the principle to an excess, suppose U to become infinite—still, in all the cases where D is at all the regulative force, D will continue even under this change to be the sole force. Nay, suppose that, even concurrently with this increase to U—D, by some cheaper or briefer process for obtaining the sulphate, should descend; still, even in such a compound case (vast increase for U—sudden decrease for D), not the less U would still continue inert—potentially capable, under the proper circumstances, of exerting an action which might centuple the price, and pitted against a decreasing force in D; nevertheless, so long as U was not in circumstances to exert the whole action, it could exert none at all; so long as D exerted any force, it would exert the whole.

In the opposite case where U, or the utility value, is suddenly called into action as the controlling force, it will generally be found that this force, in its extremity, has not only been latent previously as regards any effect upon the price, but latent as regards even the consciousness of the individual appreciator. This we saw in the case of the musical toy on the Canadian lake. The buyer had not, until a certain moment, been aware of the potential U which really existed to his own contingent appreciation. No necessity had ever arisen that he should enquire rigorously how much he would submit to give in the case of U becoming the operative force. So much of U as was requisite to sustain D, so much as corresponded to D, had always been within the consciousness of the purchaser; and how much further it was capable of ascending had been hitherto a mere question of useless curiosity. But when a sudden and violent revolution in all the circumstances has arisen for the purchaser, when D is felt to have become infinite, the difficulty of obtaining the article (except by one sole anomalous chance) being now greater than any *finite* expression could measure,—What follows? Does the price become infinite, as it would do if it were supposed at all to follow D? No; but D, though vexatiously present to the calculations of the purchaser, is no longer operative: it has become silent; and the alternate force U (now when the case has taken effect, that either U screwed up to its maximum must rule, or else the article must be lost) instantly steps into the place of D, and becomes *exclusively* operative. The dotted perpendicular line represents the sudden ascent of U to double of its



preceding altitude. How much further it would ascend must depend entirely upon the feeling and taste of the individual as regulating his wishes, and upon his disposable money as regulating his power.

Now, under this symbolic expression we may see at once the hyperbolic extravagance of that notion which has so often been cited with praise from Adam Smith, as though an object might be very great by its capacity in respect of D, and yet very little (or indeed nothing) by its capacity in respect of U. Diamonds, it is asserted, are trivial in respect of U, but enormously high on the scale measured by D. This is a blank impossibility. The mistake arises under a total misconception of what U indicates, as will be shown in a succeeding section. The countervailing proposition in Adam Smith, viz., that other and ordinary objects, such as water, may reverse these conditions, being trivial in respect of D, but vast in respect of U, is also false; false in the mode and principle of valuation. But this latter proposition is false only in fact; it is, at the same time, a very conceivable case: whereas the former proposition is false as to the very ideal possibility—it is inconceivable and monstrous. U may outrun D in any extent; and generally *does* so to some extent. It is rare that the whole potential utility value is exhausted by the cost or difficulty value. But the inverse case is monstrous: D can never outrun U by the most fractional increment. A man who would, in a case of necessity, give fifty guineas for an article rather than absolutely miss it, may habitually buy it for no more than three, simply because such is the price as squared to the scale of D. But it is impossible that a man, valuing the article (under the very ultimate pressure of U) at eight guineas, should consent to give twelve, because D could not be overcome for less.

This latter part of the present section, viz., the symbolic illustration of the principles which control exchange value, may seem to the reader too long. Perhaps it is so; but he cannot pronounce it positively "de trop," for it enforces and explains this law, viz., that the two eternally co-present forces, essential to the idea of exchange, nevertheless govern alternately one by one—each alternately becoming inert, and neither modifying the other by the smallest fraction, when that "other" is raised by circumstances into the true controlling principle. Now, this explanation never can be held useless so long as it shall be remembered that Adam Smith, in a passage not seldom cited as a proper basis for a whole system of dependent political economy, has absolutely declared it possible for a man to pay, by any assignable sum, a greater price for a commodity than that same man conceives its uttermost intrinsic value to justify: he will give more than the *maximum* which he *would* give. Not by one iota less extravagant is the proposition fairly deducible from his words. Diamonds have no U value, he assures us—no use (which is the one sole ground upon which, at any price, a man buys anything at all); and yet, because the D value is great, in spite of this "no use," many a man will give an enormous price for diamonds: which proposition is a fierce impossibility. And although, as will be seen in the proper section, the word "use" is here employed most abusively, and in a sense unphilosophically limited, yet in the same proportion by which this distinction as to the word "use" will redress some of the extravagant consequences deducible from the Smithian doctrine—in that same proportion will the famous antithesis upon diamonds and water, from which these consequences flow, vanish like a vapour; and thus will become available (against a party not within that

writer's contemplation) a remark made by the critical dissertationist on value (as well as by the late Mr Coleridge), viz., that oftentimes these plausible paradoxes on that side which offers any brilliancy will be found quite unsustainable; whilst on that side which can be sustained they will be found empty truisms—brilliant so far as they throw up a novel falsehood; but where they reverberate a truth, utterly without either novelty or force. This remark was levelled by the dissertationist at others—chiefly (I believe) at Ricardo; but there is a luxury in seeing the engineer of so keen a truth, either in his own person or that of his friends, "hoist by his own petard."

SECTION III.—ON THE TRUE RELATIONS IN LOGIC OF THE EXPRESSIONS U AND D.

There is no one manifestation of imbecile logic more frequent than the disposition to find in all controversies merely *verbal* disputes. Very early in life I came to be aware that this compendious mode of dismissing weighty questions—by alleging that in fact they seemed rather to offer a dispute about words than about things—had been always one regular and conscious resource of cant with the feeble and the indolent. And amongst the first conclusions, drawn from my own reading experience, was this, that for one known dispute seeming to concern things, but ultimately evaporating in verbal cavils (supposing even *that one* to exist in any recorded form), there might be cited many hundreds of disputes which seemed, or had been declared, to be verbal; whilst by all their consequences they set in violently towards things.* The

* This remark, made by myself in a spirit of youthful scorn for

tendencies of men are altogether towards that error. In private companies, where the tone of society is so underbred as to allow of two people annoying the rest by disputation—such things as verbal disputes may possibly occur; but in public, where men dispute by the pen, or under ceremonial restraints, giving time for consideration, and often with large consequences awaiting the issue—such follies are out of the question: the strong natural instinct attached to the true and substantial, the practical results at hand, and the delays interposed for reflection, bar all opening to such visionary cases—possibilities indeed *in rerum naturâ*, but which no man has ever witnessed; and accordingly at this hour, throughout all our vast European libraries, no man can lay his hand upon one solitary book which argues a verbal question as if it were a real one, or contends for a verbal issue.*

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shallow thinkers, I shall not complain on finding imputed to others. Some years after, I met with it in one of the smaller philosophic essays, varying so much in merit, of Immanuel Kant. Fortunately it is of little consequence who first uttered a weighty truth: it is of the greatest, that every truth be received for what it really is. The very feeblest amongst the "sons of the feeble" must be roused to the sense that they are canting when they find themselves challenged to the proof that ever any dispute, that so much as one, which in any generation could be said properly to have existed by any test of books produced, or passions excited, has turned at all upon words. And the daily experience in society, that all distinctions difficult to manage or to appraise, are pronounced to be "*more verbal* than real," should open our eyes to the true origin of such pretences; they are the desperate resource of conscious weakness—the readiest evasion of a conflict for which the disputant feels that he has no strength and no preparation.

* Every man knows to what quarter the apologist for the cry of verbal disputes will address himself, viz., to the schoolmen; and if we were to believe Locke, or many another of the same unsubtilising understanding, whose propensities to the tangible and the ponderable were a guarantee that they had never looked into such books,

The same capital mistake of false logic, mistaking its own greatest imbecility for conspicuous strength, has often alighted upon changes in terminology, or upon technical improvements of classification, as being in virtue no more than verbal changes. Here, again, we find Kant, though not the man meant by nature for clearing up delusions in the popular understanding, rightly contending that, in the science of algebra for instance, to impose new denominations was often enough to reveal new relations which previously had not been suspected. In reality, we might go much further; and of some changes in algebraic terminology (as particularly the invention of negative exponents), I should say, that they had a value which could be adequately expressed only by such an analogy as might

naturally we must suppose the whole vast product from those looms to be one tissue of moonshine and verbalism. Now, it is no part of my intention in this place to undertake a defence of the scholastic philosophy. But one error I must remark, as tending to sustain that delusive judgment on the schoolmen. It is popularly imagined that the scholastic philosophy was proved to be false in the decisive collision with another philosophy, more sound and practical; a regular conflict (it is imagined) came on between the two, and the issue was, that the one triumphed, while the other retired into obscurity. This is not true. The scholastic philosophy decayed simply because the scholastic divinity, to which it had been applied, and *for* which it had been originally created, was a Popish divinity. Thence came the first shock; and, after the Reformation, even the Papal Church was thrown upon such tactics and arms—not as might be the best in a court of philosophy, but which could meet and parry the new practical and popular warfare of their opponents. Losing its *professional* use, scholasticism lost its main functions and occupation. The case was precisely as if special pleading were suddenly abolished in England by law. In one day the whole subtilties of that science would perish; but it would not therefore have been undermined in its pretensions, nor shown to be less than an exquisite system of casuistry, and a most elaborate machinery for keeping law up to the level of civilisation

be drawn from the completion of a galvanic circle, where previously it had been interrupted. Not merely an addition of new power, but the ratification of all the previous powers yet inchoate, had been the result. It was impossible to use adequately the initial powers of the science, until others had been added which distributed the force through the entire cycle of resistances.

In the present case, although the reader may fancy that such excessive solicitude for planting the great distinctions of value upon a true basis, is not likely to reap any corresponding harvest of results in subsequent stages of the science, further experience will satisfy him that in all cases of dispute already existing, with the exception only of such as are still waiting for facts, and in all cases of efforts for the future progress of the science, it is really the ancient confusion overhanging this difficult theme of value which has been, or which will be, the sole retarding force. The question of value is that into which every problem finally resolves itself; the appeal comes back to that tribunal, and for that tribunal no sufficient code of law has been yet matured which makes it equal to the calls upon its arbitration. It is a great aggravation of the other difficulties in the science of Economy, that the most metaphysical part comes first. A German philosopher, who in that instance was aiming at anything but truth, yet with some momentary show of truth, once observed, with respect to the catechism of our English Church, that it was the most metaphysical of books in a case which required the simplest. "I," said he, "with all my philosophy, cannot swim where these infants are to wade." For my own part, I utterly deny his inference. To be simple, to be easy of comprehension, is but the second condition for a good elementary statement

of Christian belief—the first is, to be faithful. There is no necessity that all things should be at the earliest stage understood—in part they will never be understood in a human state, because they relate to what is infinite for an intellect which is finite. But there is a high necessity that, early in life, those distinctions should be planted which foreclose the mind, by a battery of prejudication and prepossession, against other interpretations, having perhaps the show of intelligibility, but terminating in falsehood, which means contradiction to Scripture. Now the condition of political economy is in this point analogous. Left to our own choice, naturally, none of us could wish to commence with what is most of all subtle, metaphysical, and perplexing. But no choice is allowed. Make a beginning at any other point, and the first explanation you attempt will be found to presuppose and involve all that you are attempting to evade; and in such a case, after every attempt to narrow the immediate question into a mere occasional skirmish, you will find yourself obliged to bring on the general conflict, under the great disadvantage of being already engaged with a separate question—that is, on the most embarrassed ground you could possibly have selected. The great conflict, the main struggle, comes on at the very opening of the field; and simply because *that* is too hastily and insufficiently fought out, are all students forced, at one point or other, to retrace their steps—nay, simply from that cause, and no other, it is possible at this day to affirm with truth, that, amongst many other strange results, no statesman in our British senate, and no leading critical review, has escaped that error in particular, that grossest and largest of errors, which is exposed in the 4th chapter upon market value. It is because men are impatient of the preliminary

cares, efforts, and cautions, such as unavoidably they submit to in mathematics, that upon what is known in Economy there is perpetual uncertainty, and for any inroads into what is yet unknown, perpetual insecurity.

The object of this section is to obtain a better, a more philosophic, and a more significant expression for the two modes of exchange value than those of U and D, employed hitherto; and, at the same time, to explode the expressions adopted by previous writers, as founded upon a false view of their relations.

In any exchange value whatsoever it has been agreed by all parties, that both U and D must be present; there must be a real utility or serviceableness before a man will submit to be affected by D—*i.e.*, before he will pay a price adjusted to the difficulty of attainment; and, *versâ vice*, there must be this real difficulty of attainment before the simple fact of utility in the object will dispose him to pay for it, not by D in particular, but by anything at all. Now, though this is indispensable, yet, in the preceding section it has been shown that, whilst both alike are present, one only governs. And a capital error has been in fancying that value in use (value derived from U) is necessarily opposed to value in exchange; whereas, being one horn of the two into which value in exchange divides, as often as the value in use becomes operative at all, it does itself become—it constitutes—value in exchange; and is no longer co-ordinate to exchange value (in which case it is wealth), but subordinate; one subdivision of exchange value.

Now, then, having shown, under two different sets of circumstances, the one element and the other will with equal certainty take effect and become dominant, I will request the student to consider what, after all, is the true,

sole, and unvarying consideration which acts upon the mind of the purchaser in the first intention of wishing to possess. As regards the price, what acts is alternately U and D; sometimes one, sometimes the other. But not so with regard to the general purpose of buying. Here only one thing acts. No man ever conceived the intention of buying upon any consideration of the difficulty and expense which attend the production of an article. He wishes to possess, he resolves to buy, not on account of these obstacles—far from it—but in spite of them. What acts as the positive and sole attraction to him, is the intrinsic serviceableness of the article towards some purpose of his own. The other element may happen to affect the price, and, generally speaking, *does* affect it as the sole regulating force, but it can never enter at all into the original motive for seeking to possess the article; uniformly, it is viewed in the light of a pure resistance to that desire.

Here, then, present themselves two reasonable designations for supplanting U and D, which are far better—as being, 1*st*, in true logical opposition; and 2*dly*, as pointing severally each to its own origin and nature: U may be called *affirmative*, D *negative*. The latter represents the whole resistance to your possession of the commodity concerned; the former represents the whole benefit, the whole positive advantage, the whole power accruing to you from possession of this commodity. There is always an affirmative value, there is always a negative value, on any commodity bearing an exchange value—that is, on any which can enter a market; but one only of these values takes effect at one time—under certain circumstances, the affirmative value; under other and more ordinary circumstances, the negative. And, accordingly, as one or other becomes operative, as it ceases to be latent and rises into the

effectual force, we may say of it that it has passed into the corresponding price; affirmative value into affirmative price, negative value into negative price. For price is value ratified or made effectual—the potential raised into the actual.

Many years ago, in a slight and unfinished sketch of what is most peculiar to Ricardo (bearing the title of "The Templar's Dialogues"), I made it my business to show that a general confusion had pervaded Political Economy between two cardinal ideas—a *measure* of value, and a *ground* of value; that no writer within my knowledge had escaped this confusion; that the former idea was demonstrably a chimera, an *ens rationis*, which never could be realised; that, except in one instance* (viz., when needed as a test of the variations, whether real or only apparent, between successive stages of a paper currency), no practical benefit would be derived from the realisation of such a measure; whereas, on the other hand, a *ground* of value is so indispensable an idea, that without it not one step can be taken in advance.

The author of "A Critical Dissertation on Value," who does me much honour in saying (p. xxv. of Preface) that this little sketch of mine it was which "first suggested"

* "*Except in one instance.*"—Whether I remembered to make this exception, it is out of my power to say positively, having no copy of the little sketch in question; but certainly I ought to have made it. At this moment there are men of great ability who believe that the whole relief from the war taxation of 1814 and 1815 now accumulated (say in round numbers the difference annually between eighty and fifty millions sterling), is made nugatory by an alleged rise in the value of money, as contrasted with the supposed depreciation (so eternally asserted) upon the national currency during the seven last years of the great war. What the tax-payer has gained by the relief he has lost in the higher value of what he continues to pay. Such is the allegation.

his own work, gives two different opinions in the same page (p. 171) as to the original delivery of this broad distinction. In the text he says—"The author of the 'Templar's Dialogues on Political Economy' is the only writer who appears to me to have been fully aware of this confusion of two separate and distinct ideas. He traces it partly to an ambiguity in the word *determine*." But in a footnote on this same sentence he thus corrects himself:—"This was written before I had seen the second edition of Mr Mill's 'Elements,' in which the distinction is for the first time introduced. His language on the point, however, is not uniformly consistent, as will be shown in the next chapter." I apprehend that, if any such distinction has been anywhere insisted upon *consciously* by Mr Mill, it will be difficult to establish a priority for *him*. The fragment called "The Templar's Dialogues" was written at the end of 1821, and, to the best of my recollection, printed in the spring of 1822. Having never seen any edition whatsoever of Mr Mill's "Elements" until this present return to the subject (spring of 1843), I obtained a copy from a public library. This happens to be the first edition (which is clear from the fact, that no attempt occurs in this work at any distinction whatever between a "measure" and a "ground" of value); and this bears the date of 1821 upon the title-page. It seems probable, therefore, that the date of the second edition would be, at the earliest, 1822—a question, however, which I have no means of deciding. But, be that as it may, two facts seem to discredit such a claim: 1*st*, that Mr Mill, at p. iv. of the Preface, says, "I profess to have made no discovery;" whereas, beyond all doubt, a distinction which exposes suddenly a vast confusion of thought affecting the great mob of books upon this subject, *is* a

discovery, and of every extensive use. *2dly*, it turns out, from a charge alleged at p. 204, by the Dissertator on value, that Mr Mill "confounds the *standard* with the *cause* of value." I understand him to mean, not that constructively Mr Mill confounds these ideas, not that such a confusion can be extorted from his words though against his intention, but that formally and avowedly he insists on the identity of the two ideas. If so, there is an end of the question at once; for "a standard of value" is but a variety of the phrase "*measure* of value." The one, according to a scholastic distinction (most beneficially revived by Leibnitz), is a mere *principium cognoscendi*; the other (a *ground* of value) is a *principium essendi*.*

* Both of these *principia* (the *esse* and the *scire*) meet and are confounded in our word "*determine*." This was a former remark of my own in the "Templar's Dialogues," which I am enabled to quote indirectly through a quotation from that little sketch, made at p. 171, by the Dissertator on value:—"The word *determine* may be taken subjectively for what determines x in relation to our knowledge, or objectively for what determines x in relation to itself. Thus, if I were to ask what determined the length of the race-course?—and the answer were, 'the convenience of the spectators,' or 'the choice of the subscribers,' then it is plain that by the word *determined* I was understood to mean *determined objectively*, in relation to the existence of the object; in other words, what *caused* the race-course to be this length rather than another length. But if the answer were, *an actual admeasurement*, it would then be plain that by the word *determined* I had been understood to mean *determined subjectively—i.e.*, in relation to our knowledge—what ascertained it."

Thus, again, it may be said, in one sense, that men determined the exact length of a degree in latitude, that is, of the interspace divided by 90 between either pole of our earth and its equator. But this is merely the *ratio cognoscendi*. Men determined it in the sense of rigorously measuring it. But the length of a degree could be determined causatively (in the sense of first establishing such a quantity) by no power less than that which could first form a planet having the shape of an oblate spheroid, combined with such

What qualifies an object to be a standard of value—that is, to *stand* still when all other objects are moving, and thus by consequence qualifies it to measure all changes of value between any two objects, showing, as on a delicate scale, how much of the change has belonged to the one object, how much to the other, or whether either has been stationary: this is a thing which we shall never learn, because no such qualification can arise for *any* object—none can be privileged from change affecting itself. And if liable to change itself, we need not quote Aristotle's remark on the Lesbian rule, to prove that it can never measure the changes in other objects. A measure of value is therefore not by accident impossible, but impossible by the very constitution of its idea; precisely as the principle of perpetual motion is not accidentally impossible (by failure of all efforts yet made to discover it), but essentially impossible so long as this truth remains in force—that it is impossible to propagate motion without loss. On the other hand, to seek for the cause or ground of value is not only no visionary quest, speculatively impossible and practically offering little use, but is a *sine quâ non* condition for advancing by a single step in political

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and such dimensions, arising out of an axis about seven thousand miles long. This is the *ratio essendi*.

How necessary it is that this great distinction should be recalled might be exemplified by a large volume of cases where the failure of philosophic attempts has been due exclusively to its neglect. A greater failure, for example, there cannot be than in Paley's Moral Philosophy as to its grounds, and in Lord Shaftesbury's Doctrine of Ridicule as a Criterion of Truth. But in both cases the true vice of the theories lay in this common confusion between the two *rationes*—the *ratio essendi* (accounting causatively for the existence)—the *ratio cognoscendi* (accounting in the way of proof for the certainty of the knowledge). As regards the doctrine of value, such a distinction was at this point indispensable.

economy. Everything that enters a market we find to have some value or other. Everything in every case is known to be isodynamic with some fraction, some multiple, or some certain proportion, of everything else. For this universal scale of relations, for this vast table of equations, between all commodities concerned in human traffic, a ground, a sufficient reason, must exist. What is it? Upon examination it is found that there are two grounds, because there are two separate modes of exchange value for which I have deduced, as the adequate designations, the antithetic terms *affirmative* and *negative*. And if the reader will look forward to Section IV., which arrays before him a considerable list of cases under each form, he will perceive (what in fact is my object in exposing those cases), simultaneously, a proof of the necessity that such cases should exist, and an illustration of the particular circumstances under which each arises. But first, and before all other remarks which he will be likely to make on this ζευγος—this two-headed system of cases, I anticipate the remark which follows; viz., that such and so broad being the distinction between this double system of cases, it is not possible that former economists should have overlooked it. "Under some name or other," he will say, "I am satisfied that these distinctions must have been recognised." He will be right. The distinction *has* been recognised—*has* been formally designated. And what are the designations? Everywhere almost the same: the price which corresponds to the difficulties has been properly called the cost price, as representing in civilised societies the total resistance which is usually possible to the endless reproduction of an article. So far there is no blame; but go forward; go on to the opposite mode of price—to that which I have called the affirmative price. By what name

is it that most economists designate *that?* They call it "*monopoly price*," or "*scarcity price*." But monopoly, but scarcity—these are accidents; these are impertinences —*i.e.*, considerations not pertinent, not relevant to the case; or, to place the logic of the question under the clearest light, these express only the *conditio sine quâ non*, or negative condition. But is *that* what we want? Not at all; we want the positive cause—technically, the *causa sufficiens*—of this antagonist price. That cause is found —not in the scarcity or the monopoly—Aristotle forbid such nonsense! (how could a pure absence or defect of importation—how could a mere negation, produce a robust *positive* ens—a price of sixty guineas?) No; but in something that has existed antecedently to all monopoly or scarcity; in a strong affirmative attraction of the article concerned; in a positive adaptation of this article to each individual buyer's individual purposes. True, the accidental scarcity brings this latent affirmative cause into play; but for that scarcity this latent cause might have concealed itself for generations—might never have acted. The scarcity it is—the absolute stoppage to all further receipts of the article from its regular reproduction, which has enabled *something* to rise into action as the regulator of price. But what *is* that something? You say, popularly, that the absence of a sentinel caused the treasury to be robbed; and this language it would be pedantic to censure, because the true meaning is liable to no virtual misconstruction. But everybody *would* censure it, if the abstraction of "absence" were clothed with the positive attributes of a man, and absence were held responsible for the larceny to the exculpation of the true flesh-and-blood criminal. The case is in all respects the same as to scarcity; the scarcity creates the opening, or occasion for

"something" to supersede the D or negative value; but that something is the U value—the affirmative value.

This must be too self-evident to require any further words; the technical term of "scarcity value," adopted as the antithesis of "cost value" by Ricardo, by Mr M'Culloch, and many beside, will not be defended by anybody, except under the idea that the false logic which it involves is sure to undergo a correction from the logical understanding. But it is unsafe trusting too much to *that*. In the hurry of disputation it would be too late to revise our terms, to allow for silent errors, and to institute *pro hâc vice* rectifications. It is indispensable to the *free* movement of thought that we should have names and phrases for expressing our ideas, upon which we can rely at all hours as concealing no vestige of error. Now, against the technical term in possession, besides the conclusive reasons already exposed, there may be alleged these two sufficient absurdities as consequences to which it is liable:—

1*st*, That in any case of such scarcity actually realised, the scarcity could not be imagined to create a price; because, neither as an absolute scarcity, nor as graduated to any particular point, could it have more relation to one price than to any other—to a shilling than to a thousand guineas. As rationally might it be said that the absence of the sentinel, according to the degrees of its duration, had created the costliness of the articles robbed from the treasury.

2*d*, That if such a shadow as a blank negation *could* become a positive agency of causation, still there would arise many monstrous absurdities. One case will suffice as an illustration of all. Suppose the scarcity as to two articles to be absolute—in other words, the greatest pos-

sible, or beyond any finite degree—then, if the scarcity were the acting cause of the new price, which has superseded the old D price, being the same in both cases, this scarcity must issue in producing the same price for both articles: whereas the true cause, which has been brought into action by the scarcity and the consequent abolition of D, being in reality the U, or utility value (pushed to its *maximum*), will soon show decisively that the one article may not reach the price of half-a-crown, whilst the other may run up to a thousand guineas.

It is useless to talk of "words" and "names" as being shadows, so long as words continue to express ideas, and names to distinguish actual relations. Verbalism it is in fact, and the merest babble of words, which can substitute a pure defect—so aerial an abstraction as a want or an absence—for a positive causal agency. *That* is really scholastic trifling. The true agencies in the case under discussion are eternally and alternately D and U—the resistance to the reproduction of the article, or the power in use of that article. Finally, it has been shown why these should be termed the affirmative and negative values of the article; and from the moment when either value takes effect (ceases to be latent, and become operative upon the market), should be termed severally affirmative and negative price.*

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*In the text of this section it did not seem requisite to pause for any distinction between monopoly and scarcity. But it may be right to add a few lines in a note for the sake of novices, who will naturally feel perplexed by the confused relations between two ideas approaching to each other, yet not identical; and still more perplexed by a case growing out of the two, viz., this:—They have heard the policy of creating an artificial scarcity by a partial destruction, sometimes ridiculed as an extravagance too monstrous to be entertained, except by the most credulous of starving mobs,

SECTION IV.—ON THE TWO MODES OF EXCHANGE VALUE—AFFIRMATIVE AND NEGATIVE.

The business of this present section is chiefly to illustrate by cases the two possible modes of exchange value; viz., the alternate modes as founded on a negative principle,

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and sometimes solemnly attested by historical records. Where lies the truth? Is such a policy conceivable, or is it an absurd romance?

There are scarcities which imply no monopoly, as the occasional scarcity in England (every ten years less possible) of corn or hay; and inversely there are monopolies which imply no original scarcity, as that of spices in the hands of the Old Dutch East India Company. A monopoly does not necessarily act through any factitious or counterfeit scarcity. The English East India Company, that wisest and most princely of commercial institutions, long held a monopoly of tea; but there was no more of artificial scarcity ever created for the sake of giving effect to this monopoly during its long existence, than we have experienced since the period of its abolition. On the other hand, the Dutch did confessedly destroy, at times, one ship-load of spices out of three, in order to sustain the prices of the other two in the markets of Europe. This fact is, I believe, historically certain, and might oftentimes become a very prudent policy. Yet, in opposition to this known precedent, what seems a parallel case of destruction on the part of English farmers, has been loudly rejected as ridiculous; and certainly with justice. "But why;" the novice will ask—"in what lies the difference?" It lies in this:—For any party under any circumstances to create a beneficial scarcity, what he has to do is this:—1*st*, To destroy so largely as materially to raise the price on all which remains; 2*d*, To leave so large a remainder as may much more than compensate (by the higher price upon a reduced quantity) that original price which might have been received upon the whole quantity whilst unreduced. But to take the first step with any effect demands a conspiracy amongst all the sellers. Now the Dutch East India Company were always in a conspiracy; they, from their common interest and unity of federation, stood constantly "*in procinctu*" for such a measure. But to the English farmers, dispersed so widely and thinking so variously, the initial steps towards a conspiracy, of whatever nature it might be, are

and as founded on an affirmative principle. Any reader, therefore, who is already satisfied with this distinction and its grounds, may pass on (without disturbing the *nexus* or logical dependency of the parts) to Section V.

That general principle which governs the transition

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impossible. No man can count upon any sacrifice but his own; yet even a conspiracy along a whole district or country-side (all impossible as it is), would not affect the national price of grain more than by a quantity equal to the consumption of one regiment or one line-of-battle ship fully manned; and we all know how trivial in its effects on the national markets is the sailing on foreign service of many regiments and of many ships. Such a removal of troops or seamen is, however, the case realised (as to its uttermost effect) of a conspiracy far beyond any that ever will be practicable. In the final result, therefore, the Dutchman, who is the person to suffer by the first step, is the same who will reap the whole indemnity and profit in the second. But the Englishman will find himself unable to create any such second stage in the case: his utmost sacrifices will not come near to the effect of raising the price; and if they could, it will not be himself, with a reduced quantity, who can reap the compensation for his own sacrifices, but others who have made no such sacrifices, and who retain their undiminished stock to benefit by the new prices.

Yet how, it may be asked by the novice, can even the Dutchman be sure of receiving a balance of gain upon the case?—of not losing more by the quantity destroyed than can always be fetched back by a higher price upon the quantity which remains? Simply under his experience of the average, annual or triennial, demand for spices in Europe—under this, taken in combination with that notorious principle first consciously remarked by Sir Richard Steele in an age almost ignorant of political economy; viz., that upon any article of primary demand a deficiency to the extent of one-tenth will not enhance the price simply by a corresponding one-tenth, but say by one-fourth; whilst a deficiency of one-fourth will not, in its reaction upon price, confine itself to that proportion, but will frequently go near to double the price. Such are the circumstances of fact and principle which make that experiment ludicrously impossible for the English farmer, which, for the Dutch farmer of Java or the Moluccas, was, in years of redundant produce, a hopeful, and at times even a necessary, measure.

under the appropriate circumstances from negative to affirmative value, might be brought forcibly before the reader by a political case drawn from the civil administration of ancient Rome. Any foreigner coming to Rome before the democratic basis of that republic had given way, would have found some difficulty (when reviewing the history of Rome) in accounting for the principle which had governed the award of triumphs. "I am at a loss," he would say, "to reconcile the rule which in some instances appears to have prevailed with that which must have prevailed at others. In one case I see a rich province overrun, and no triumph granted to the conqueror; in another, I see a very beggarly (perhaps even a mutinous and unmanageable) province—no source of strength, but rather of continual anxiety to Rome—made the occasion of a most brilliant triumph, and even of a family title, such as 'Macedonicus' or 'Isauricus,' the most gratifying personal distinction which Rome had to confer." Here would seem a contradiction; but the answer could dispel it. "We regard," it would be said on behalf of Rome, "two separate and alternate considerations. No province, whether poor or rich, has ever been annexed to our republic which had not this primary condition of value—that it tended to complete our arch of empire. By mere locality, as one link in a chain, it has tended to the *arrondissement* of our dominions, the orb within which our power circulates." So far *any* province whatsoever added within the proper Mediterranean circuit had always a claim upon the republic for some trophy of honour. But to raise this general claim to a level with triumphal honours, we Romans required *

* "*We Romans required.*"—Originally the test applied to a claim of this nature lay in the number of throats cut—a *minimum* being fixed for a triumph, and a separate *minimum* for the "little go" of

that one or other of these two *extra* merits should be pleaded :—either first, that the province, though not rich, had been won by peculiarly hard fighting; or secondly, that though won with very slight efforts, the province was peculiarly rich. The primary, the indispensable value, as a link in the Roman chain, every province must realise, that tended to complete the zone drawn round the Mediterranean. Even a wilderness of rocks would have that value. But this being presumed, of course, as an advantage given by position without merit in the winner, we required, as the crest of the achievement towards justifying a triumph, either the affirmative value of great capacities for taxation, or the negative value of great difficulties overcome in the conquest. Cilicia, for example, returned little in the shape of revenue to Rome; for the population was scanty, and, from the condition of society, wealth was impossible. But the Isaurian guerillas, and the Cilician bucaniers, occupying for many centuries caves and mountain fortresses, that without gunpowder were almost impregnable, gave a sanguinary interest to the conflict, which compensated the small money value. For eight centuries Cilicia was the scourge of the Levant. Palestine again presented even a bloodier contest, though less durable, in a far narrower compass. But Egypt—poor, effeminate Egypt! always "a servant of servants"—offered, amidst all her civilisation, no shadow of resistance. As a test of military merit, she could not found a claim for any man; for six hundred miles she sank on her knees at the bidding of the Roman

an ovation. But this test was applied only in early times whilst the basis of difficulty was more nearly identical. In times of higher civilisation, when this basis became more complex and variously modified, the grounds of claim and the test were modified conformably.

centurion. So far, the triumph was nothing. On the other hand, Egypt was by wealth the first of all provinces. She was the greatest of coeval granaries.* The province technically called Africa, and the island of Sicily, were bagatelles by comparison; and what, therefore, she wanted as the *negative* criterion of merit—having so much wealth—she possessed redundantly in the *affirmative* criterion. Transalpine Gaul, again, was a fine province under both criteria. She took much beating. In the half-forgotten language of the *fancy*, she was "a glutton;" and secondly, on the affirmative side she was also rich. Thus might an ancient Roman have explained and reconciled the apparently conflicting principles upon which triumphs had been awarded. Where a stranger had fancied a want of equitable consistency, because two provinces had been equally bloodless acquisitions, and yet had not equally secured a triumph, he would now be disabused of his error by the sudden explanation, that the one promised great wealth—the other little. And where, again, between two provinces equally worthless as regarded positive returns of use, he had failed to understand why one should bring vast honour to the winner, the other none at all—his embarrassment would be relieved at once by showing him that the unhonoured conquest had fallen at the first summons, possibly as a mere effect of reaction from *adjacent* victories; whilst the other conquest had placed on the record a brilliant success—surmounting a resistance that

* Egypt was so capable of feeding vast armies that for that reason only she was viewed as the potential mother of rebellions, as the eternal temptress of the ambitious. Whence grew the Roman rule, that no proconsul, no man of senatorian rank, should ever go into Egypt as a lieutenant of the Republic or the Emperor; such a man's powers would have been too ample, and his rank of too much authority.

had baffled a series of commanders, and so far flattering to the Roman pride; but in another sense transcendently important, as getting rid of an ominous exposure which proclaimed to the world a possibility of hopeful opposition to Rome.

Now exactly the same principle, transferred to the theory of value in exchange, will explain the two poles on which it revolves. Sometimes you pay for an article on the scale of its use—its use with regard to your individual purposes. On this principle, you pay for A suppose twice as much as you would consent to pay for B. The point at which you pause, and would choose to go without B rather than pay more for it, does not rise more than one-half so high on the scale as the corresponding *ne plus ultra* for A. This is affirmative price. On the other hand, sometimes you pay for an article on the scale of its costliness; *i.e.*, of its resistance to the act of reproduction. This principle is not a direct natural expression of any intrinsic usefulness; it is an indirect, and properly an exponential, expression of value, by an alien accident perfectly impertinent to any interest of yours—not what good it will do to yourself, but what harm it has done to some other man (viz., what quantity of trouble it has imposed upon him), that is the *immediate** question which this second principle answers. But unnatural (that is, artificial) as such a principle seems, still, in all civilised countries this is the principle which takes effect by way of governing force upon price full twenty times for once that the other and natural principle takes effect.

* "*Immediate*," because upon a secondary consideration, you become aware that the trouble imposed on the maker is spared to yourself; yet still the ground of value remains what it was—not a benefit reaped, but an evil evaded.

Now, having explained the two principles, I find it my next duty to exemplify them both by appropriate cases. These, if judiciously selected, will both prove and illustrate.

In the reign of Charles II. occurred the first sale in England of a RHINOCEROS. The more interesting wild beasts—those distinguished by ferocity, by cruelty, and agility—had long been imported from the Mediterranean; and, as some of them were "good fellows and would strike" (though, generally speaking, both the lion and the tiger are the merest curs in nature), they bore tolerable prices, even in the time of Shakspeare. But a rhinoceros had not been yet imported; and, in fact, that brute is a dangerous connexion to form. As a great lady from Germany replied some seventy years ago to an Englishman who had offered her an elephant—"*Mit nichten*, by no means; him eat too mauch." In spite, however, of a similar infirmity, the rhinoceros fetched, under Charles II., *more* than L.2000. But why? on what principle? Was it his computed negative value? Not at all. A granite obelisk from Thebes, or a Cleopatra's needle, though as heavy as a pulk of rhinoceroses, would not have cost so much to sling and transport from the Niger to the Thames. But in such a case there are two reasons why the purchaser is not anxious to inquire about the cost. In buying a loaf *that* is an important question, because a loaf will be bought every day, and there is a great use in knowing the cost or negative value, as that which will assuredly govern an article of daily reproduction. But in buying a rhinoceros, which it is to be hoped that no man will be so ill-fated as to do twice in one world, it is scarcely to be hoped that the importer will tell any truth at all, nor is it of much consequence that he should; for the buyer cares little by comparison as to the separate question on the negative price of the brute to his

importer. He cares perhaps not very much more as to the *separate* question upon the affirmative return likely to arise for himself in the case of his exhibiting such a monster. Neither value taken singly was the practical reply to his anxieties. That reply was found in both values, taken in combination—the negative balanced against the affirmative. It was less important to hear that the cost had been L.1000, so long as the affirmative return was conjecturally assigned at little beyond L.2200, than to hear that the immediate cost to the importer had been L.2000, but with the important assurance that L.5000, at the very least, might be almost guaranteed from the public exhibition of so delicate a brute. The creature had not been brought from the Barbary States, our staple market for monsters, but from some part of Africa round the Cape; so that the cost had been unusually great. But the affirmative value, founded on the public curiosity, was greater; and, when the two terms in the comparison came into collision, then was manifested the excess of the affirmative value, in that one instance, as measured against the negative. An "encore" was hardly to be expected for a rhinoceros in the same generation; but for that once it turned out that a moderate fortune might be raised upon so brutal a basis.

Turkish Horses.—Pretty nearly at the same time, viz., about the year 1684, an experiment of the same nature was made in London upon an animal better suited to sale, but almost equally governed in its price by affirmative qualities. In this instance, however, the qualities lay in excess of beauty and docility, rather than of power and strange conformation. Three horses, of grace and speed at that time without parallel in western Europe, were brought over to England, and paraded before the English court. Amongst others Evelyn saw them, and thus commemorates

the spectacle:—"*December* 17.—Early in the morning, I went into St James's Park to see three Turkish or Asian horses, newly brought over, and now first showed to his Majesty" (Charles II., who died about six weeks later). "There were" (had been) "four, but one of them died at sea, being three weeks coming from Hamborow. They were taken from a bashaw at the siege of Vienna, at the late famous raising that leaguer.* I never beheld so delicate a creature as one of them was; of somewhat a bright bay; in all regards beautifull and proportion'd to admiration; spirited, proud, nimble; making halt, turning with that swiftnesse, and in so small a compass, as was admirable. With all this, so gentle and tractable, as call'd to mind what Busbequius speakes to the reproach of our groomes in Europe, who bring up their horses so churlishly as makes most of them retain their ill habits." Busbequius talks nonsense. This, and the notion that our western (above all, our English) horses are made short-lived by luxurious stables, &c., are old "crazes" amongst ourselves. Mr Edmond Temple, in his Peru, evidently supposes that, with worse grooming, and if otherwise sufficiently ill-treated, our English horses would live generally to the age of forty—possibly, I add, of a thousand, which would be inconvenient. As to the conceit of Busbequius, it is notorious to Englishmen that the worst-tempered horses in the world (often mere devils in malignity) are many of the native breeds in Hindostan, who happen, unfortunately for the hypothesis, to have oftentimes the

* "*Raising that leaguer*"—viz., by John Sobieski in 1683, upon which great event (the *final* disappearance of Mussulmans from central Christendom) is that immortal sonnet of Filicaja's, so nobly translated by Wordsworth: "He" (Sobieski) "conquering THROUGH God, and God BY him,"

very gentlest grooms. The particular horses brought over from the Turkish rout under Vienna, by their exquisite docility, would seem to have been Arabs. The cross of our native breed by the Arab blood, which has since raised the English racer to perfection, was soon after begun (I believe) under the patronage of the Godolphin family. From this era, when Arab velocity for a short burst had been inoculated upon English "bottom," or enduring energy, the Newmarket racer rose to a price previously unheard of in the annals of the horse. So low, however, was the affirmative standard at this period in England, so little had the latent perfections of the animal (the affirmative value) been developed, that of these matchless Arabians, sold on the terms of including the romantically gorgeous appointments for both horse and rider, even the finest was offered for five hundred guineas, and all three together for a thousand. This price had reference (as also in the case of the rhinoceros) exclusively to affirmative value.*

PARADISE LOST.—Were you (walking with a foreigner in London) to purchase for eighteenpence a new copy of this poem, suppose your foreign friend to sting your national pride by saying—"Really it pains me to see the English putting so slight a value upon their great poet as

* "*To affirmative value.*"—That is, applied itself to the *direct* service or pleasure anticipated from the animal, calculated on so many years' purchase, not to any *indirect* exponent or measure of this service. In the case of the rhinoceros (and also of the modern race-horse, as compared with the hunter a little further on), the construction of the affirmative value is somewhat different in form, though substantially the same. *There* the animal is viewed productively: both rhinoceros and racer sell upon the ground of affirmative value; they make returns, but returns in money, and not (as the bashaw's horses) in ornament, sense of beauty, luxurious motion, &c.

to rate his greatest work no higher than eighteenpence"—how would you answer? Perhaps thus:—"My friend, you mistake the matter. The price does not represent the *affirmative* value—the value derived from the *power* of the poem to please or to exalt; *that* would be valued by some as infinite, irrepresentable by money; and yet the *resistance* to its reproduction might be less than the price of a breakfast. Now here, the ordinary law of price exposes itself at once. It is the *power*, the affirmative worth, which creates a fund for any price at all; but it is the *resistance*, the negative worth, or what we call the cost, which determines how much shall be taken from that potential fund. In bibliographic records there are instances of scholars selling a landed estate equal to an annual livelihood for ever, in order to obtain a copy of one single book—viz., an Aristotle. At this day there are men whose estimate of Aristotle is not at all less. Having long since reached his lowest point of depression from the influence of sciolism and misconception, for at least fifty years Aristotle has been a rising author. But does any man pay an estate in exchange for Aristotle as now multiplied? Duval's in folio may be had for two guineas; the elder edition of Sylburgius in quarto may be had (according to our own juvenile experience) for ten guineas; and the modern Bipont by Buhle, only that it is unfinished, may be had for less than three. *There* is the reason for the difference between former purchasers and modern purchasers. The *resistance* is lowered; but the affirmative value may, for anything that is known, be still equal in many minds to that which it was in elder days—and in some minds we know that it is. The fair way to put this to the test would be to restore the elder circumstances. Then the book was a manuscript; printing was an undis-

covered art; so that merely the *resistance* value was much greater, since it would cost a much larger sum to overcome that resistance where the obstacle was so vast a mass of manual labour, than where the corresponding labour in a compositor would multiply, by the pressman's aid, into a thousand copies, and thus divide the cost amongst a thousand purchasers. But this was not all. The owner of a manuscript would not suffer it to be copied. He knew the worth of his prize; it had a monopoly value. And what is that? Monopoly value is affirmative value carried to extremity. It is the case where you press to the ultimate limit upon the desire of a bidder to possess the article. It is no longer a question—for how little might it be afforded? You do not suffer him to put that question. You tell him plainly, that although he might have it copied for forty pounds, instead of sinking upon the original manuscript a perpetual estate yielding forty pounds annually, you will not allow it to be copied. Consequently you draw upon that fund which, in our days, so rarely *can* be drawn upon; viz., the ultimate esteem for the object—the last bidding a man will offer under the known alternative of losing it.

This alternative rarely exists in our days. It is rarely in the power of any man to raise such a question. Yet sometimes it is; and we will cite a case, which is curious, in illustration. In 1812 occurred the famous Roxburghe sale, in commemoration of which a distinguished club was subsequently established in London. It was a library which formed the subject of this sale—and in the series of books stood one which was perfectly unique in affirmative value. This value was to be the sole force operating on the purchaser; for as to the negative value, estimated on the resistance to the multiplication of copies, it was

impossible to assign any: no price would overcome that resistance. The book was the VALDARFER* BOCCACCIO. It contained, not all the works of that author, but his Decameron—and, strange enough, it was not a manuscript, but a printed copy. The value of the book lay in these two peculiarities: 1st, it was asserted that all subsequent editions had been castrated with regard to those passages which reflected too severely on the Papal Church; 2dly, the edition, as being incorrigible in that respect, had been so largely destroyed, that, not without reason, the Roxburghe copy was believed to be unique. In fact, the book had not been seen during the two previous centuries; so that it was at length generally held to be a nonentity. And the biddings went on as they would do for the Wandering Jew, in case he should suddenly turn up as a prize subject for life insurances. The contest soon rose buoyantly above the element of little men. It lay between two "top-sawyers," the late Lord Spencer and Lord Blandford; and finally was knocked down to the latter for two thousand two hundred and forty pounds—at a time when five per cent. was obtained everywhere, and readily, for money. It illustrates the doctrine on which we are now engaged—that the purchaser some few years later, when Duke of Marlborough, and in personal embarrassments, towards which he could draw no relief from plate that was an heirloom, or from estates that were entailed, sold the book to his old competitor, Lord Spencer, for one thousand guineas. Nothing is more variable than the affirmative value of objects which ground it chiefly upon rarity. It is exceedingly apt to pall upon possession. In this case there was a secondary value—the book was not only rare,

* Valdarfer was the printer.

but was here found in its integrity: this one copy was perfect; all others were mutilated. But still such a value, being partly a caprice, and in the extremest sense a *pretium affectionis*, or fancy price, fluctuates with the feelings or opinions of the individual; and, even when it keeps steady, it is likely to fluctuate with the buyer's fortunes.

On the other hand, where a *pretium affectionis* is not without a general countersign from society, we do not find that it fluctuates at all. The great ITALIAN MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING have long borne an affirmative value (*i.e.*, a value founded on *their* pre-eminence, not on the cost of producing); and that value pushed to the excess of a monopoly, continually growing more intense. It would be useless now to ask after the resistance price; because, if that could be ascertained, it would be a mere inoperative curiosity. Very possible it is that Leonardo da Vinci may have spent not more than L.150 in producing his fresco of the Last Supper. But were it possible to detach it from the walls of the convent refectory which it emblazons, the picture would command in London a king's ransom; and the Sistine Chapel embellishments of Michael Angelo probably two such ransoms within a week. Such jewels are now absolutely unique—they are secure from repetition; notorious copies would not for a moment enter into competition. It is very doubtful if artists of power so gigantic will reappear for many centuries; and the sole deduction from their increasing value is the ultimate frailty of their materials.

SALMON is another instructive case. At present it is said pretty generally to bear the average price of fifteenpence a pound;* and this price is doubtless the resistance value.

* Since this was written, a Dutch competition in the markets of London has reduced the price.

But, if the price should ever come to represent the affirmative or power value, it might easily rise considerably higher. There are many men who would prefer one pound of salmon to four of beef; and up to that level, if the stress should ever lie on a man's intrinsic esteem for salmon, it might ascend easily. But it could not ascend very much higher; because a limit is soon reached at which it would always be pulled up suddenly by some other commodity of the same class in still higher esteem. A majority of palates prefer turbot (*i.e.*, true turbot,—not the rubbish which passes for such). And vicarious articles, possibly even superior substitutes, will generally avail to fix a limit on the *maximum* side, beyond which few articles will be pushed even by the severest strain upon their affirmative qualities; that is, by the situation where the question ceases entirely to the seller—What can you afford to take? and is turned against the buyer—What is the utmost that you, rather than lose the article, will consent to give? The simple demand for *variety*, as one amongst the resources of hospitality, might long avail to support a rack price (that is, an affirmative price) for salmon, if it were ever to reach it. People are called upon daily to buy what may allow a reasonable choice to their guests; that is, what may be agreeable as one luxury *amongst* others, even though to their own estimate it may not avail as one luxury *against* others.

Croton Oil.—This case of salmon represents that vast order of cases where the article is within *limits*. Press as you will upon the desire of a man to obtain the article for its intrinsic qualities, for its *power* to gratify (which, as in itself capable of no exact estimate, might seem susceptible of an *unlimited* appreciation), there is, however, in all such cases, or very nearly all, a practical limit to this tendency.

Easily the article may rise to a price double or triple of what would notoriously suffice to overcome the *resistance* or cost. But this very ascent brings it at every step into direct competition with articles of the same class usually reputed to be better. It is of no consequence, in such a competition, whether the superior article is selling on the principle of affirmative value or of negative—selling for its intrinsic qualities or its cost. Turbot, for instance, being at four shillings a pound, whether that four shillings represents a value far beyond the cost, or simply the cost, naturally the candidate for salmon will pause and compare the two fishes with a single reference to the intrinsic *power* of each for the common purpose of gratifying the palate. If, then, he shared in the usual comparative estimate of the two as luxury against luxury, here at once a limit is reached beyond which monopoly of salmon could never extensively force it. Peculiar palates are, for that reason, rare. Limits, therefore, are soon found, and almost universally.

But now we pass to a case where no such limits exist. About nineteen years ago were introduced, almost simultaneously, into the medical practice of this country two most powerful medicines. One of these was the sulphate of quinine; the other was croton oil, amongst drastic medicines of a particular class the most potent that is known. Both were understood to be agents of the first rank against inflammatory action; and, with respect to the last, numerous cases were reported in which it had, beyond a doubt, come in critically to save a patient previously given up by his medical attendants. Naturally these cases would be most numerous during the interval requisite for publishing and diffusing the medicine—an interval which, with our British machinery, is brief. There was time

enough, however, to allow of a large number of cases in which it had not been introduced until the eleventh hour. Two of these came under my personal knowledge, and within the same fortnight. Both were cases of that agonising disorder—inflammation affecting the intestines. One was near to London: a mounted messenger rode in for the medicine; returned within a hundred minutes; and the patient was saved. The other case lay near to Nottingham: the person despatched with the precious talisman to the post-office, then in Lombard Street, found the mail just starting; but, by an inflexible rule of office, neither guard nor coachman was at liberty to receive a parcel not entered in the way-bill: the man had not the presence of mind to entrust it with one of the passengers; the patient was already in extremity; and before the medicine reached Nottingham by a coach leaving London the next morning he had expired.

Now, in the case of such a magical charm, to have or to want which was a warrant for life or for death, it is clear that, amongst rich men, the holder of the subtle elixir, the man who tendered it in time, might effectually demand an oriental reward. "Ask me to the half of my kingdom!" would be the voluntary offer of many a *millionnaire*. And if this undoubted power, occasionally held by individual surgeons, were not neutralised by the honour governing our medical body, cases of excessive prices for critical operations would not be rare. Accordingly Maréchal Lannes in 1809, who had been accustomed in his original walk of life to a medical body far less liberal or scrupulous than ours, used the words of the dying Cardinal Beaufort—"I'll give a thousand pounds," he exclaimed convulsively, "to the man who saves my life!" Not a very princely offer, it must be owned; and we hope

it was not *livres* that he meant. But the case was hopeless; both legs shattered at *his* age were beyond art. Had it even been otherwise, Baron Larrey was a man of honour; and, under any circumstances, would have made the same answer—viz., that, without needing such bribes, the surgeons would do their utmost.

Still the case requires notice. Accidentally in our British system the high standard of professional honour turns aside such mercenary proposals—they have become insults. But it is clear that, *per se*, the value of the aid offered is very frequently in the strictest sense illimitable. Not only might the few monopolists of exquisite skill in operating, or the casual monopolist for an amulet, a charm-like the croton oil, press deeply upon the *affirmative* value of this one resource to a man else scaled for death; but also it is certain that, in applying their screw, medical men would rarely find themselves abreast of those *limits* which eternally are coming into play (as we have illustrated in the case of salmon) with regard to minor objects. A man possessing enormous strength of wrist, with singular freedom from nervous trepidations, is not often found; how very rarely, then, will he be found amongst those possessing an exquisite surgical science! Virtually, in any case where a hair's-breadth swerving of the hand will make the difference of life and death, a surgeon thus jointly favoured by nature and by art holds a *carte blanche* in his hands. This is the *potential* value of his skill; and he knows it; and generally, we believe, that out of the British empire* it would be used to some extent. As

* British people are not entitled to judge by their experience in Germany or Italy. Generally, the physician or the surgeon called in, is some one founding his practice upon British patronage, and trained to British habits of feeling.

it is, what value do we find it to be which really takes place in such instances? It is simply the *resistance* value. Disdaining to levy a ransom, as it were, upon the fears and yearnings after life in the patient, or upon the agitations of his family, the honourable British surgeon or physician estimates only the cost to himself; he will take no account of the gain to the other party. He must compute the cost of his journey to and fro; the cost in practice lost during his absence from home; and that dividend upon the total costs of his education to which a case of this magnitude may fairly pretend. These elements compose the resistance to his being in the situation to offer such aid; and upon these he founds his expectation.

By this time, therefore, the reader understands sufficiently our distinctions of *plus* and *minus*—power and resistance—value. He understands them to be the two ruling poles towards which all possible or conceivable prices must tend; and we admit that, generally, the resistance value will take place, because generally, by applying an equal resistance, the object (whatever it be) may be produced. But by way of showing that it is no romantic idea to suppose a case of continual recurrence where the affirmative value will prevail over the negative, where an object will draw upon the purchaser not for the amount of cost (including, as we need not say, the ordinary rate of profit), but for an amount calculated according to the intrinsic powers, we will give the case of—

Hunters *as against* Race-Horses.—If a man were to offer you a hunter, master of your weight, and otherwise satisfactory, you would readily give him a fair price. But what *is* a fair price? That which will reproduce such a hunter—his cost; the total resistance to his being offered in this condition. Such is the value, and such the law

of value, for a hunter. But it is no longer such for a racer. When a breeder of horses finds one amongst his stud promising first-rate powers of contending at Newmarket, he is no longer content to receive a cost price for the horse, or anything like it. The man who (as a master of pearl-divers) sells the ordinary seed pearls at the mere cost and fair profit on the day's wages which have earned them, when he reaps a pearl fit to embellish the Schah of Persia's crown, looks to become a petty schah himself. He might sell it with a profit by obtaining even that whole day's wages during one hour of which it was produced; but *will* he? no more than, amongst ourselves, the man who, by a twenty-guinea lottery ticket, drew a prize of L.10,000, would have sold his ticket for a profit of cent. per cent. upon its cost. The breeder of the race-horse would take into his estimate the numerous and splendid stakes which the horse might hereafter win; sometimes at Epsom, on one Derby day, as much as L.5000 to L.6000; to say nothing of the Leger at Doncaster, or other enormous prizes. It is true that the chances of mortality and failure must also be weighed; and unluckily no insurance has yet been done on racers, except as regards sea-risk. But, after all drawbacks, the owner may succeed finally in obtaining for a first-rate horse (once known for good performances) as much as L.4000; whilst the whole value, computed on the resistance, may not have been more than as many hundreds. And this fact, though standing back in the rear as regards *public* knowledge, we may see daily advertised in effect by that common regulation which empowers the loser in many cases to insist on the winning horse being sold for L.200, or a similar small sum. Were it not for this rule, which puts a stop to all such attempts without hazard of personal disputes, it would be a capital

speculation for any first rater, though beaten at Newmarket, to sweep all the stakes without effort on a tour through the provincial courses: justice would cease for the owners of inferior horses, and sport for the spectators of the competition.

The last case must have convinced the reader, that, however uncommon it may be, the cost—the resistance—does not always take place even in the bosom of high civilisation. And, by the way, amongst many other strange examples which we could state of anomalous values not considered in books of political economy, it would be easy to show that the very affirmative values of things have shifted under shifting circumstances. Pearls were most valued amongst the ancient Romans, diamonds and rubies amongst modern nations. Why? We are persuaded that, besides other reasons founded on resistance for the varying ratio of prices, this following affirmative reason has prevailed: the Roman festivals were all by daylight, under which sort of light pearls tell most at a distance. The modern are chiefly by lamplight, where the flashing and reverberated lustres of jewels are by far the more effective. The intrinsic *powers* have shifted. As an embellishment of female beauty or distinction, pearls are no longer what they were. Affirmatively they have shifted, as well as in the resistance, or negatively.

SLAVES are valued alternately under both laws. Enter the slave-market at Constantinople; not in its now ruined state, but as it existed at the opening of this 19th century. The great majority of ordinary slaves were valued simply as effects derived from certain known causes adequate to their continued reproduction. They had been stolen; and the cost of fitting out a similar *foray*, when divided suppose amongst a thousand captives, quoted the price of

each ordinary slave. Even upon this class, however, although the cost (that is, on our previous explanation, the negative value) would form the main basis in the estimate, this basis would be slightly modified by varieties in the affirmative value. The cost had been equal; but the affirmative value would obviously vary under marked differences as to health, strength, and age. Was the man worth five or eight years' purchase?—that question must make a slight difference, even where the kind of service itself, that *could* he promised, happened to rank in the lowest ranges of the scale. A turnip cannot admit of a large range in its appreciation; because the very best is no luxury. But still a good turnip will fetch more than a bad one. We do not, however, suppose that this difference in turnips will generally go the length of making one sort sell at negative or cost value, the other at affirmative. Why? Simply because the inferiority in the turnip A is owing to the inferior cost on its culture; and the superiority in turnip B to superior cost. But, in the case of the slaves, this is otherwise. Upon any practicable mode of finding their cost, it must prove to have been the same. The main costs of the outfit were, of necessity, common to the total products of the expedition. And any casual difference in the individual expenditure, from sickness or a longer chase, &c., must be too vague to furnish a ground of separate appreciation. Consequently the mob, the *plebs*, amongst the slaves, must be valued as the small ordinary pearls are valued—simply so many stone-weight on the basis of so much outlay.

But the natural aristocracy amongst the slaves, like the rarer pearls, will be valued on other principles. Those who were stolen from the terraces and valleys lying along that vast esplanade between the Euxine and the Caspian,

had many chances in favour of their proving partially beautiful; by fine features and fine complexions at the least. Amongst the males some would have a Mameluke value, as promising equestrian followers in battle, as capital shots, as veterinary surgeons, as soothsayers, or calculators of horoscopes, &c. All these would be valued affirmatively; not as effects that might be continually reproduced by applying the same machinery of causes to the resistance presented by the difficulties; but inversely, as themselves causes in relation to certain gratifying effects connected with Mohammedan display or luxury. And if we could go back to the old slave-markets of the Romans, we should meet a range of prices (corresponding to a range of accomplishments) as much more extensive than that of the Ottoman Porte as the Roman civilisation was itself nobler and ampler than that of Islamism. Generally, no doubt, the learned and the intellectual slaves amongst the Romans, such as Tiro, the private secretary of Cicero, were *vernæ*—slaves not immediately exotic, but home-bred descendants from slaves imported in some past generation, and trained at their master's expense upon any promise of talent. Tutors (in the sense of pedagogues), physicians, poets, actors, brilliant sword-players, architects, and artists of all classes, *savans*, *littérateurs*—nay, sometimes philosophers not to be sneezed at—were to be purchased in the Roman markets. And this, by the way, was undoubtedly the cause of that somewhat barbarian contempt which the Romans, in the midst of a peculiar refinement, never disguised for showy accomplishments. We read this sentiment conspicuously expressed in that memorable passage where Virgil so carelessly resigns to foreigners, Græculi, or whatever they might be, the supremacy in all arts but those of conquest and government; and, in one instance, viz., "*orabunt*

causas melius," with a studied insult to a great compatriot recently departed, not less false as to the fact than base as to the motive. But the contempt was natural in a Roman noble for what he could so easily purchase. Even in menial domestics, some pretensions to beauty and to youth were looked for: "tall stripling youths, like Ganymede or Hylas," stood ranged about the dinner-table. The solemn and shadowy banquet, offered by way of temptation to our Saviour in the wilderness (see *Paradise Regained*), is from a Roman dinner; and the philosophic Cicero, in the midst of eternal declamations against luxury, &c., thinks it a capital jest against any man that his usual attendants at dinner were but three in number, old, shambling fellows, that squinted perhaps, two of them bandy-legged, and one with a tendency to mange. Under this condition of the Roman slave-shambles as respected the demand, we must be sure that affirmative price would interfere emphatically to govern the scale. Slaves possessing the greatest natural or acquired advantages, would often be thrown, by the chances of battle, into Roman hands, at the very same rate as those who had no advantages whatever. The cost might be very little, or it might be none, except for a three months' voyage to Rome; and, at any rate, would be equal. So far, there would be no ground for difference in the price. But if at all on a level as to the cost, the slaves were surely not on a level when considered as powers. As powers, as possessors of various accomplishments ministering to the luxury, or to the pompous display of some princely household, the slaves would fetch prices perhaps as various as their own numbers, and pointing to a gamut of differences utterly unknown to any West Indian colonies, or the States of continental America. In that New World

slavery has assumed a far coarser and more animal aspect. Men, women, or children have been all alike viewed in relation to mere prædial uses. Household slaves must there also be wanted, no doubt, but in a small ratio by comparison with the Roman demand; and, secondly, they were not bought originally with that view so as materially to influence the market, but were subsequently selected for domestic stations, upon experimental discovery of their qualities. Whereas in Rome—that is, through all Italy and the Roman colonies—the contemplation of higher functions on a very extensive scale, as open almost *exclusively* to slaves, would act upon the *total* market—even upon its inferior articles—were it only by greatly diminishing the final *residuum* available for menial services. The result was, that, according to the growth of Rome, slaves were growing continually in price. Between 650–60 U.C. (the period of Marius, Sylla, &c.) and 700–710 (final stage of the Julian conflict with Pompey), the prices of all slaves must prodigiously have increased. And this object it was—viz., the slave-market, a most substantial speculation; not by any means the pearl market (as rumour stated at the time)—which furnished the great collateral motive (see Mitford's *Greece*) to Cæsar's two British expeditions.

LAND is another illustration, and of the first rank. Ricardo ought not to have overlooked a case so broad as this. You may easily bring it under examination, by contrasting it with the case of a machine for displacing human labour. That machine, if it does the work in one hundred days of one hundred men in the same time, will at first sell for something approaching to the labour which it saves—say, for the value of eighty men's labour: that is, *it will sell for what it can produce, not for what will produce itself;* that is, it will sell for affirmative, not for

negative value. But as soon as the construction of such a machine ceases to be a secret, its value will totally alter. It will not sell for the labour produced, but for the labour producing. By the supposition, it produces work equal to that of a hundred men for one hundred days; but, if it can itself be produced by twenty men in twenty days, then it will finally drop in value to that price: it will no longer be viewed as a cause equal to certain effects, but as an effect certainly reproducible by a known cause at a known cost. Such is the case eventually with all *artificial* machines; and for the plain reason, that once ceasing to be a secret, they can be reproduced *ad infinitum*. On the other hand, land is a *natural* machine—it is limited—it cannot be reproduced. It will therefore always sell as a power—that is, in relation to the effects which it can produce, not as itself an effect; because no cause is adequate to the production of land. The rent expresses one year's value of land; and, if it is bought in perpetuity, then the value is calculated on so many years' purchase—a valuation worthy, on another occasion, of a separate consideration. For the present, it is enough to say that land is not valued on any principle of cost—does not sell at negative value—but entirely on the principle of its powers or intrinsic qualities: in short, it sells for affirmative value—as a power, as a cause, not as an effect.

Popish *reliques* put this distinction in a still clearer light. The mere idea of valuing such articles as producible and reproducible, as effects from a known machinery, would at once have stripped them of all value whatever. Even a saint can have only one cranium; and, in fact, the too great multiplication of these relics, as derived from one and the same individual saint or martyr, was one of the causes, co-operating with changes in the temper

of society, and with changes in the intercourse of nations, which gradually destroyed the market in relics. But we are far from deriding them. For the simple and believing ages, when the eldest son of baptism, the King of France, led by the bridle the mule who bore such relics, and went out on foot, bareheaded, to meet them—these were great spiritual powers; always powers for exalting or quickening devotion, and sometimes, it was imagined, for the working of benign miracles. This was their affirmative value; and when *that* languished, they could not pass over to the other scale of negative value—this was impossible; for they could not be openly reproduced: counterfeited, forged, they might be—and too often they were. But this was not a fact to be confessed. They could sell at all only by selling as genuine articles. A value as powers they must have, a value affirmatively, or they could have none at all.

Section V.—On the Principal Form of Exchange Value—viz., *Negative Value.*

Thus far I have been attempting to extricate from the confusion which besets it, and to establish in coherency through all its parts, that idea of value in general, and those subdivisions of exchange value, which come forward as antithetic principles in the earliest stages of the deduction. And thus far it is undeniable that Ricardo's views were as unsound as those of any man, the very weakest among all, who had gone before him. Casual words which he has used, and the practical inference from his neglect to censure, betray this fact. But now the deduction has reached a point at which Ricardo's great reform first comes

into action. Henceforward the powerful hand of Ricardo will be felt in every turn and movement of economy.

It may now be assumed as a thing established, that there are two great antithetic forms of value, and no more; viz., affirmative value, resting upon the intrinsic powers of the article valued for achieving or for aiding a human purpose—and negative value, which neglects altogether the article in itself, and rests upon an accident outside of the article, viz., the amount of resistance to be overcome in continually reproducing it.

Upon the first form of value there is little opening for any further explanation, because no opening for any error, except that one error which arises from yielding, through *lacheté* of the understanding, to the false impression of the word "use," as though "use" meant use beneficial—a use approved by the moral sense, or the understanding, in contradistinction to a false, factious, and imaginary use. Whereas this is all pure impertinence; and the use contemplated is the simple power of ministering to a purpose, though that purpose were the most absurd, wicked, or destructive to the user that could be imagined. But this misconception is treated in a separate section (viz., in section vi.) At present, therefore, and throughout *this* section, we have nothing to distract our attention from the single question which remains—Value in exchange being founded either on power or on resistance; and the case of power being dismissed to a subsequent section, what is it that constitutes the resistance? This value measured by resistance—once for all, this negative value—being in fact the *sole* value ever heard of in the markets, except for here and there a casual exception, by much the greatest question in political economy is that which now comes on for consideration.

How stood the answer to this question when first Ricardo addressed himself to the subject? According to many writers—according to Ricardo himself and Mr M'Culloch—the answer was occasionally not amiss; only it was unsteady and vacillating. Is that so? Not at all: the answer *was* amiss—was *always* amiss—was *never* right in a single instance. For what is it to us that a man stumbles by some accident into a form of expression which might be sustained at this day as tolerably correct (simply because ambiguous), if, by five hundred other expressions in that same man's book, we know to a certainty that he did not mean his own equivocal language to be taken in that sole sense—one sense out of two—which could sustain its correctness? You urge as decisive the opinion of some eminent witness, who, being asked—"To whose jurisdiction does such a case belong?" had answered, "To the pope's"—meaning only that it did *not* belong to that of the civil power; whilst yet the proof was strong against him, that he had not been aware of two popes being in the field, pope and anti-pope, and whilst the question of jurisdiction had undeniably concerned not the old competition of temporal and spiritual, but that particular personal schism. A very dubious, because a very latitudinarian, expression is cited abundantly from Adam Smith, and the civil critics in economy praise it with vehemence. "*Oh, si sic omnia!*" they exclaim. "Oh, if he had never forgot himself!" But *that* is language which cannot be tolerated. Adam Smith *appears* to be right in some occasional passages upon this great question, merely because his words, having two senses, dissemble that sense which is now found to be inconsistent with the truth. Yet even this dissembling was not consciously contemplated by Adam Smith; he could not dissemble

what he did not perceive; he could not equivocate between two senses which to him were one. It is certain, by a vast redundancy of proof, that he never came to be aware of any double sense lurking in his own words; and it is equally certain that, if the *two* senses now indicated in the expression had been distinctly pointed out to him, he would not have declared for either as exclusive of the other; he would have insisted that the two meanings amounted to the same—that one was substantially a reiteration of the other, under a different set of syllables—and that the whole distinction, out of which follows directly a total revolution of political economy, had been pure scholastic moonshine.

That all this is a correct statement, one sentence will prove. What was the foundation, in Adam Smith's view, of that principal exchange value which in all markets predominates, and which usually is known as the cost value? This mode of exchange value it is which I am treating in this 5th section. I have called it negative value; but, call it as your please, what is the eternal ground which sustains it? Adam Smith replied in one word, that it is LABOUR. Well, is it not? Why, at one time it might have been said, with some jealousy, that it was; for this elliptical phrase might have been used by Ricardo himself to denote all which it ought to denote; and, without examination, it could not be known that Adam Smith had not used it in this short-hand way. But proofs would soon arise that in fact he had not. Suppose him questioned thus:—"By the vague general phrase '*labour*' do you mean *quantity of labour*, or do you mean *value of labour*? Price in a market, you affirm, is governed and controlled by labour; and therefore, as double labour will produce double value, as decuple labour will produce decuple value,

so, inversely, from double value you feel yourself at liberty to infer double labour, and from decuple value to infer decuple labour. In this we all agree—we moderns that are always right, and our fathers that were always wrong. But when you say *that*, when you utter that unimpeachable truth, do you mean that from double value could be inferred double *quantity* of labour; as that in Portugal, for instance, because the same cotton stockings will cost thirty shillings which in England may be had for fifteen, therefore two days' labour is required on the bad Portuguese system to equal in effect of production one day's labour on the English system? Is this what you mean? Or, on the contrary, is it this, that therefore the *value* of labour (that is, wages) may be inferred to be double in Portugal of what it is in England?" Mirrors are undoubtedly cheaper by much amongst us English people in 1843 than they were in the year of Waterloo. I saw, in 1832, a small one of eight feet high, the very fellow to one which, in 1815, had been used for the very same purpose, of filling up a five feet recess, overarched by wooden carvings, between two separate compartments of a library, and thus connecting the two into the unity of one. In every point —of dimensions, of reputed quality, of framing, and of application—the two mirrors were the same, and both had been manufactured on a special order to meet the disposable vacancy; yet the one of 1815 had cost forty-eight guineas, the one of 1832 had cost only thirty pounds. Now, in reporting from Adam Smith labour as the ground of value, and in applying that doctrine to this case of the mirrors, is it *your* construction of the word "labour" that the young mirror had cost so much less than the old mirror in consequence of fewer days' work being spent upon it, or in consequence of the same precise days' work (no more, and

no fewer) being paid at a lower rate? I abstract from the quality of money in which the wages happened to be paid. We are all aware that, between 1819 and 1832, there was full time to accomplish that agumented value of money which the believers in the war depreciation* suppose to have been the natural *antistrophe*, or inverse series of motions pursued by our English currency under the speculative measures of Sir Robert Peel in his earlier years. For a moment, therefore, the reader might fancy that the cheapness of the one mirror was no more than an expression of a currency re-established in power, and that the dearness of the other had been a mere nominal dearness. But this fancy is destroyed by a comparsion with the mass of other commmodities, all of which must have been equally affected (if any had) by a fall and rise in the value of money. The dilemma, therefore, resolves itself into these alternative propositions; viz., that the later and cheaper of the mirrors had been produced through some smaller quantity of labour, or else that the same unvarying

* "*War depreciation.*"—I do not intend to say one word upon this much-agitated question in so short a work. I will not therefore deny the alleged depreciation of 1811, &c.; for *that* would be arrogant in a place which allows no room for assigning reasons. This, however, I may say without blame, that no proof, good in point of logic, has publicly been ever offered in evidence of the depreciation; consequently, no previous presumption has been created in favour of the supposed counter-movement of the currency, as a possible movement. But the reason why at all I refer to the case, is for the sake of negativing the pretended countenance of Ricardo to the war depreciation. True, he maintained this opinion nominally. But when it is understood that, by Ricardo's definition of depreciation, any separation of the paper currency from the metallic standard (whether growing out of a higher Brazil cost of gold, or out of a real fall in the paper, expressed in a merely apparent rise of gold) equally satisfied *his* conditions of a depreciation, it becomes plain that the whole doctrine vanishes in smoke.

quantity of labour had been obtained at a very much less rate of wages. Now, which of the two alternative explanations does that man declare for, who adopts the vague language of labour being the foundation of price? Does he make his election for quantity of labour, or for value of labour? Either choice will satisfy the mere understanding for the moment, since either will explain the immediate phenomenon of a large, and else unaccountable difference in the prices of the two mirrors: but one only will satisfy Political Economy, because one only will stand the trial of those final consequences into which economy will pursue it.

Greatly it has always surprised me, that Ricardo should not have introduced in his first chapter that *experimentum crucis* which, about four years later, I found myself obliged to introduce in "The Templar's Dialogues;" because, as the matter now stands, Ricardo's main chapter is not so much a proof of his new theory as an illustration of it. For instance, he begins by saying that, in the earliest period of society, the hunter and the fisherman would exchange their several commodities on the basis laid down; viz., a day's produce of the one against a day's produce of the other. * But if any opponent had gone a step further, so as next to suppose the case of a master fisherman employing twenty journeymen, and the hunter employing a simi-

* Cavils might be raised against this statement having no reference at all to the real question at issue—viz. quantity of labour against cost of labour—by showing that oftentimes the produce on one side might be none at all. But such cavils would be unsubstantial; they would affect, not the principle, but simply the mode of estimating, or rating, quantities under that principle. The same principle of labour rated by quantity would continue to govern, though the modes of computing that quantity might grow continually more complex.

lar body of ministerial agents, the whole question under discussion would have come back in full force upon the disputants. Circumstances would immediately have been imagined under which the quantities of labour had altered for the same produce, or (which is the same thing) where the produce had altered under an unvarying quantity of labour. Opposite circumstances would have been imagined where not the quantities, but the rewards, or prices of labours, had altered; and then, thirdly, circumstances would have been imagined where both alterations had been in motion simultaneously, the one in the fisherman's business, the other in the hunter's. And the resulting prices would have been affirmed to be the same under all these varying circumstances, or to be in any degree capriciously different, according to the views of the writer. Simply as illustration against illustration, one case is as good as another, until it is shown to involve an absurdity. Now, it is true that obscurely, and in a corner, Ricardo *does* indicate an absurdity flowing from the notion of wages governing the prices of the articles produced. But this absurdity should have been put forward pointedly and conspicuously, in the front of the main illustrative case between fishermen and hunters; whereas, at present, it is only said, that thus does the hunter, thus does the fisher; and, upon either doing otherwise, that the other will remonstrate. To be sure he will. But the case demanded a proof that neither party *could* do otherwise. Such a proof let me now attempt.

CASE THE FIRST—where the *quantity* of labour governs the price.

A beaver hat of the finest quality has hitherto cost two guineas. At length, after centuries of beaver-hunting, which have terminated in altering the very habits of the

animal, compelling it to become shy and recluse where once it had been careless and gregarious,* naturally the price of a beaver hat will begin to advance. But why? What is the essential movement that has taken place? The novice will object that it is not in the quantity of producing labour; for assuredly the process of manufacturing a beaver skin into a hat will not have been retrograde: if it changes at all, it will be for the better; instead of the former process, will gradually be substituted a shorter. Or, if it should seem not so much a short process that superseded a long one, as a cheap process that superseded a dear one, still in any case it would be for the better. And, in fact, though a cheaper process may seem at first sight different from a shorter, eventually they will be found to coincide. For how *can* it be cheaper? Either, first, by dispensing, through some compendious contrivance, with part of the labour (in which case it is cheaper, obviously *because* it is shorter); or, secondly, because something (whether implement or material) at a low price is substituted for something formerly used at a higher price. But in that case why *was* the old displaced article at a higher price? Simply because it required more labour to produce it. This truth is illustrated in the present objection: the novice objects that the hat does not cost more, on account of more labour being required to manufacture a hat, but because the raw material is more costly: and this strikes him as being quite a separate element in the cost of an article, and perfectly distinct from the labour spent in producing that article. All this, however, is misplaced ingenuity. The raw material seems to be destinct from the

* For this change in the habits of the beaver, see the reports of hunters, Indians, Canadian half-creeds, &c.

producing labour; but in fact it is the same thing: it is part of the producing labour contemplated in an earlier stage. The beaver can be valued only as the hat is valued; on the same principle applied at a different time. How is the manufacturing process more or less costly? Exactly as it requires more or less labour. How else is the beaver more or less costly? That also, viz. the raw material, can vary in cost only as it requires more or less labour; that is, twenty men, fifteen, or ten, within the same number of weeks, to secure a given quantity of beaver skins. The manufacturer of rum, of arrack, of ale, of perry, speaks of the labour employed in his own particular process of distillation, brewing, fermentation, as antithetically opposed to the raw material on which his skill is exercised. But this is only because naturally he abstracts his attention from processes belonging to a stage of labour *previous* to his own stage, and with which earliest processes personally he has no connection. Up to the moment which brings the raw material into his own hands, he *postulates* that article as thus far a product unknown to himself; viz., so far as it is a product from a skill or science not within his own profession. Else he is well aware that the sugar, the rice, the malt, the pears, all alike are valued, and *can* be valued, only upon that same consideration of so much labour applied to their production, which consideration it is that assigns a value and a price to the final product from his own professional series of operations.

SECTION VI.—ON THE TECHNICAL TERM—*VALUE IN USE.*

I. It has been already explained, that the capital and influential error of Adam Smith, in his famous distinction between value in use and value in exchange, lies in his co-ordinating these ideas. Yet how? Are they *not* co-ordinate? Doubtless they are sometimes; doubtless they divide sometimes against each other as collateral *genera* of value; that is, whenever each excludes the other. In the case where a particular value in use has no value at all in exchange, there the two ideas stand in full antithesis to each other, exactly as Adam Smith represents them. But, secondly, value in use is often not *co*-ordinate but *sub*-ordinate to value in exchange. Value in use sometimes *excludes* all value in exchange—that is one mode. But value in use sometimes so entirely *includes* exchange value as to form in fact but one subdivision of that idea; one horn out of the two into which exchange value divaricates.

This has been sufficiently illustrated in the last section, and it may be repeated once for all in this logical type or diagram:—

First relation:

Value, as opposed to non-value,

Subdivides into

Value in use.	Value in exchange.

Second relation:

Value in exchange, as opposed to pure teleologic value bearing no price in exchange,

Subdivides into

Value in use (as a possible ground of price.)	Value in cost (as the ordinary ground of price.)

Any man acquainted with logic will apprehend at once the prodigious confusion likely to ensue, when *genera* and *species*, radical ideas and their subdivisions, are all confounded together. A glassful of water, taken out of a brook in England to quench a momentary thirst, has only a use value; it stands opposed as a *collateral* idea (not as a *filial* but as a *sisterly* idea) to value in exchange. And the two hostile ideas jointly, compose the general abstract idea of value as opposed to worthlessness; they are its two species as in diagram I. But, on the other hand, a glass of medicinal water, having its value measured by the resistance to its production, is not opposed co-ordinately to exchange value; it ranks *under* exchange value as one of two modes:—1. Teleologic power (= use); 2. Cost. It is only requisite to look back upon the case of the musical toy in Canada, selling, under peculiar circumstances, for a price founded on its teleology; whilst in London or Paris, at the very same time, in contempt of this teleology (or consideration of serviceableness), it sells on the principle of its cost, in order to see value in use no longer collateral and opposed to value in exchange; but, on the contrary, to see it coinciding with exchange value, and as one subordinate *mode* of exchange value (incapable, therefore, of opposition to exchange value), to see it dividing against cost as the other mode. In general, it may be said, that value in use, as excluding value in exchange, has no place in political economy; from the moment when it begins to interest the economist, it must be because it happens to coincide with the value in exchange: it has itself become the value in exchange.

Here lay the original error, the πρωτον ψευδος, viz., in the false position of use value, as if always and necessarily contra-arranged to exchange value; whereas often enough

the use value becomes for a time the sole basis of the exchange value. But this first error is followed by two others

II. How came Adam Smith to say of water, that it bears little or no value in exchange. You might as well say that abstractedly, and without reference to *specific* gravity, pine timber was heavy or not heavy: it is heavy or not in the absolute sense, as you take much of that timber, or little of that timber. Specific gravity, indeed, already presupposes a past collation of weights, because it compares the weights under equal bulks: and then it becomes reasonable to say that lead is heavy, else the proposition is unmeaning. A little water, and in the wrong place, has no value: a great deal of water, and in the right place, even in watery England, has a very great value. Not merely as a fishery, but as a bath for swimmers; as a reservoir, or Roman "castellum," for supplying the domestic purposes of a city; as a torrent, or water-power, for turning machinery; as a dock for shipping, as an anchorage for boats, as a canal for transporting great bulks and weights of commodities—water is often incalculable in its exchange value. The late Duke of Bridgewater derived a larger rental from one of his canals, than perhaps he could have done from half the diamonds in the regal treasuries of Europe or Asia.* How has a man, in comparing water

* "*Of Asia.*" The Asiatic princes notoriously put a higher affirmative value on this kind of personal ornament, than has in any age been allowed to it in Europe. The queen of Great Britain, so mighty a potentate, has usually (whether queen consort or queen regnant) worn diamonds and rubies on her coronation day, worth about one hundred thousand pounds. The king of Oude, a petty Indian prince, raised to that supreme rank by ourselves, has repeatedly, on his own person or his son's, worn such jewels to the value of two millions sterling. In Christendom, Prince Esterhazy's

with diamonds, the right of staking against any single diamond one ounce of water, rather than ten thousand ounces, or than ten million ounces, or these rather than a grain? Even the ancients, little as they knew of political economy, knew better than this. Before they attempt a comparison between two commodities, they are careful to assign the particular quantities (usually the weights) between which the equations shall be made. Aurelian, for instance, would not allow his wife a silk (or possibly a silk velvet) gown, because he thought it too dear for authorising by so authentic a precedent. But *how* dear? At that time (say 250 years after Christ) it was ἰσοστασιον τῳ χρυσῳ, drew in the scales against gold; a pound weight of the silk tissue exchanged for a pound weight of gold at the ordinary alloy. Thus Plautus, in his Epidicus [Act iii. sc. 3].

> "Næ tu habes servom graphicum, et quantivis pretii!
> Non caru' est auro contra."
>
> "Indeed you have an accomplished slave, and worth any money!
> He is cheap weighed against gold: *i.e.* against his own weight in gold."

Otherwise, says an old French commentator, he might be sold *au poids de l'or;* and so in many scores of places. To make an intelligible valuation in gold, the *weight* of the article in question is assumed as the basis of the equation. Else it is the old Cambridge problem—*Given the skipper's name, to determine the ship's longitude.*

III. How came Adam Smith (by way of retaliation for stripping water of its exchange value) to say, that diamonds have little or no value in use? Diamonds realise the "use" contemplated by political economy quite as much as water.

"Vest coat" overlaid with diamonds, is the most costly single article known, or not known to pawnbrokers, but it is not valued at more than half a million sterling.

Water has the exchange value of diamonds, diamonds have the use value of water. The use means the capacity of being used, that is, of being applied to a purpose. It is not meant that, by possessing value in use, a thing is useful—is valuable—*quoad commodum* or *quoad utilitatem*, but valuable *ad utendum, utendi gratia*, with a view to being used; not that it accomplishes some salutary or laudable purpose, but that it accomplishes a purpose—however monstrous, pernicious, or even destructive to the user; and that its price, instead of being founded on its cost (or the resistance to its reproduction), is founded on its power to realise this purpose. From the Greek word for a purpose (or final cause), viz, τελος, (*telos*), we have the word *teleologic;* to denote that quality in any subject by which it tends towards a purpose, or is referred to a purpose. Thus the beauty of a kitchen-garden, of a machine, of a systematic theory, or of a demonstration, is said to be teleologic; as first of all perceived upon referring it to the purposes which it professes to answer. On the same principle all affirmative value, or value in use, is teleologic value—value derived from the purpose which the article contemplates.*

* It would, however, be much more convenient in an amended political economy (that is, an economy in which not only the great doctrines should be formally harmonised and expanded, but in which also a better terminology should be introduced, wearing the simplicity equally with the broad applicability of an algebraic language), that some such term as *teleologic* or *affirmative* should be reserved conventionally, in order to meet the following case:—By teleologic value, unless specially restrained to a more technical service, would naturally be understood the case, a very common one, where the selling price of an article (the exchange value) happened at the moment, or was supposed for any purpose of dispute, to found itself on the use value. But we need also a term expressing this use value—for instance, the value of atmospheric air, in

Lastly, upon any other explanation of the word "*use*," as part of the term "value in use," the puerility of the consequences must startle every man whose attention is once directed to the point. It is clear that political economy neither has resources nor any motive for distinguishing between the useful and the noxious; it is clear that political economy has quite as little of either, for distinguishing between the truly useful and the spuriously useful. No man has paid for an article less or more because it is fascinating and ruinous; no man has paid for an article, either less or more, because it is dull and useful. On what fiction, therefore, or under what pretence, should political economy insinuate her proboscis into such inquiries? She may "hope that she is not intruding;" but it is certain that she *is:* and if a value can be tolerated which founds itself on the useful, then with equal reason may be introduced a value founded on the virtuous, or a value peculiar to Birmingham, to Wednesday, to Friday, and to Robinson Crusoe.

But whilst "the useful" must be deplorably impertinent as a subject of inquiry to political economy, the "use" of any article in the sense of its purposes, functions, or teleological relations, as furnishing the ground for their values or prices, will offer one entire hemisphere in that

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cases where it is not only contemplated apart from any exchange value, but where essentially it repels all exchange value. In such conventional restriction of its acceptation, the term teleologic value would become tantamount to the term *riches*, as rightly and sagaciously set up in a separate chapter of Ricardo, by way of a counterpole to all exchange value whatever. Ricardo has been liberally assaulted for this antithesis as *prima facie* absurd and irrelate; verbally it seems so. But the ζευγος, the *dualism* of these polar ideas, riches and value, is a mere necessity of the understanding, and returns upon the severe thinker after all verbal efforts to evade it.

field of science. And for this reason, because the purpose which any article answers, and the cost which it imposes, must eternally form the two limits, within which the tennis-ball of price flies backward and forward. Five guineas being, upon the particular article x, the *maximum* of teleologic price, the utmost sacrifice to which you would ever submit, under the fullest appreciation of the natural purposes which x can fulfil, and then only under the known alternative of losing it if you refuse the five guineas; this constitutes the one pole, the aphelion or remotest point to which the price for you could ever ascend. But, on the other hand, it is quite consistent with this potential teleologic price, that, considered as a product (not as itself a power for raising products), measured in its value by the resistance to its own endless reproduction, x might not be worth more than five shillings. The cost of reproducing might be no more. And so long as that state of things subsisted, you would not listen to any call made upon your ultimate or teleologic appreciation. You would insist on the appreciation by cost—on the five shillings—so long as nothing hindered the reproduction upon those terms. Here you have the other pole, the perihelion, countervailing the higher extreme which comes into play, only in that case where circumstances suspend the free reproduction of the article. These, therefore, constitute the two limits between which the price must always be held potentially to oscillate. Consequently, *for itself* this pair of limits—the use and the cost—the use as the positive or virtual measure, the cost as the measure by resistance, must be as all-important as the other pair of limits between the useful and the noxious must be impertinent. But, secondly, the former pair of limits is also the basis or ground of genesis from which the whole science is eventually developed.

Thus, by way of brief illustration, a genuine picture of Da Vinci's or Raphael's, sells *always* on the principle of value in use, or teleologic value. An enlightened sensibility to the finest effects of art—this constitutes the purpose or teleologic function to which the appreciation is referred; no regard is paid to the lower limit, founded on the difficulty of reproduction; that being now, and ever since the death of the great artists, a limit in the most absolute sense unapproachable. It is right, therefore, to say that the picture sells for its use, *i.e.*, its capacity of being used or enjoyed; and that this price cannot now be intercepted (as so generally the affirmative of prices of articles *are*) by a price founded upon cost of reproducing. So, again, the phial of prussic acid, which you buy in a remote Australian colony, accidentally drained of its supplies, at a price exorbitantly beyond its ordinary cost, must be classed as a price founded on value in use, notwithstanding that I will assume it to have been bought with a view to self-destruction. It would argue great levity of heart to view in the light of a useful thing any agency whatever that had terminated in so sorrowful a result as suicide. Usefulness there was not in the prussic acid, as any power sufficient to affect or alter the price; but a purpose there was, however gloomy a purpose, a teleologic use attached to the acid, under the circumstances supposed. Now, if this purpose is considered in the price, then the use of the article, its teleologic function, has operated; and in bar of its more customary ground. But, it is perhaps retorted, "considered! why, the purpose, the application, the possible uses of an article, must *always* be considered in the price; for, unless it promised those uses, there would be no price at all." True; and this it is which always causes a confusion: that even in the common case

where merely the cost it is which cuts off from a possible line that section of the line representative of the price, still it is the affirmative uses of the article which make it first of all conceivable for any such line to exist. The cost cuts off, suppose from a valuation of twenty (as corresponding to the affirmative use of the article), six as corresponding to itself; but that the twenty should at all exist, without which even the six would be impossible, is due originally, and in all cases, to the affirmative ground—not to the negative, and in those cases even where the negative price actually takes effect. This, however, does not disturb the principle—that, whilst the affirmative value only can cause any fund at all to be available for price, alternately it is either that affirmative value or the negative value of cost, which settles how much out of this fund shall be in fact disposable for price. Here, for instance, as to the prussic acid, always it must be the capacity of this acid to meet a purpose which could cause *any* price at all to arise. And this effect of affirmative value must *always* continue to act, even when the ordinary state of things shall have been restored by some English vessel bringing an abundant supply of the acid, and after the cost or negative value shall have been reinstalled as the operative price. This primary and *latent* action of the affirmative value must not be for a moment forgotten. In fact, the confusion arising out of this one oversight has been the real cause why the idea of value has never yet been thoroughly and searchingly investigated. It must be remembered that in every case of price alike, whether *terminating* in a negative or affirmative result, invariably and necessarily it commences on affirmative grounds. Without a purpose contemplated, no article could be entertained in the thoughts for a moment as even potentially susceptible of a price.

But, secondly, this being presumed to be realised as a *sine qua non* condition, then always a twofold opening arises: the original, intrinsic, affirmative value, has first determined the possible quantity of money, &c., available in the extreme case for price, say twenty. But in the last step it is *either* this affirmative value, *or* the negative, which settles how much of that twenty shall be cut off and rendered effective—whether the entire twenty, or perhaps only one. And in the very delicate management of forces so contradictory coming *always* into a collision, or into the very closest juxtaposition, it cannot be wondered at that the popular and hurried style of thinking in economy has led most men into confusion.

Before concluding, it may be well to remark that even the Pagan Greeks, ignorant as they necessarily were on political economy, perceived the main outline of distinction between affirmative and negative price.

A passage exists in the "Characteristics" of Theophrastus, which presents us with this distinction in a lively form, and under circumstances which will prove interesting to the reader. By pure accident, this passage came under the separate review of two eminent scholars—Casaubon and Salmasius. Greater names do not adorn the rolls of scholarship. Casaubon was distinguished for his accuracy in the midst of his vast comprehensiveness; and every page of his writing is characterised by an overruling good sense. Salmasius, on the other hand, was too adventurous to be always safe. He was the man for riding steeple-chases—for wrestling with extravagant difficulties—or for dancing upon nothing. Yet, with all the benefit from this caution of his intellectual temper, upon the passage in Theophrastus did Casaubon write the most inexcusable nonsense; whilst the youthful Salmasius, at

one bound of his agile understanding, cleared the "rasper" in a style that must have satisfied even the doubts of Isaac. The case illustrates powerfully the uselessness of mere erudition in contending with a difficulty seated in the matter—substantially in the thing—and not in the Greek or Latin expression. Here, in Theophrastus, it was not Greek, it was political economy, that could put it to rights. I will give the very words, construing, as I go along, for the benefit of non-Grecian readers. Και πωλων τι, *and when selling any article*, μη λεγειν, *not to say* (*i.e.* it is amongst his characteristic traits not to say), τοις ὠνουμενοις, *to the purchasers*, ποσου ἀν ἀποδοιτο, *in exchange for how much he would deliver it*, ἀλλ' ἐρωταν, *but to ask*——Ay, "*but to ask*"—What is it that he asks? Casaubon, we are concerned to report, construes the word thus—*ecquid inveniat damnandum?—what is it that he* (the purchaser, I suppose) *finds to complain of?* But, besides that such a rendering could not be sustained verbally, it is still worse, that this sense, if it *could* be sustained, would be irrelevant. How would it be any substitution for the plain declaration of what price he asked, to turn round upon a buyer, and insist upon that buyer's saying what blemish could be detected in the article? And then, venerable Isaac, in which of your waistcoat-pockets did you find the word *damnandum?* And again, as the Greek expression had been plural, τοις ὠνουμενοις, to the purchasers, whence come it that the verb is εὑρισκει, and not *pluraliter* εὑρισκουσι? Ought Casaubon to have been satisfied with that blunder, so apparent, on *his* construction, in the syntax?

Salmasius saw the truth at a glance. *His* version needs no justification: itself justifies itself. Thus it is: "τι εἰρωκει; ad verbum *quid invenit?* hoc est, quid pretium mereat hæc res; quanti valeat?" Instead of saying at a word

how much he demands, our knavish friend insists upon asking, τι ἐυρισκει;—"*What does it fetch?* What do *we* say, gentlemen, for this glorious sabre from Damascus? What price shall I have the honour of naming for these jewelled stirrups from Antioch?" The antithesis designed is gross and palpable: that it *is* the antithesis, and sharply drawn, between affirmative and negative price—power price (in reference to the power in the article to fulfil human purposes) as opposed to resistance price (or price measured by the amount of resistance to its reproduction)—price, in short, regulated by what x will produce in opposition to price regulated by what will produce x—all this (which is but the same idea under three different formulæ) will appear at once by the following reflection:—What is it that Theophrastus imputes to him as the *form* of his trickery (whatever might be its drift)? It is—that he evaded a question to himself, and turned round upon the company with a question of his own. Now, it is evident that the question of price, when thown into the negative form as a question about the cost, was a question for *him* to answer, and not for the company. The cost could be known only to himself. But, when our friend has taken his resolution of translating the *onus* to the buyers, the only way to accomplish this is—by throwing that question about price into a shape which only the company could answer. "Nay, gentlemen, how can I tell the value? Every man knows best what pleasure or what benefit he will draw from an article. Do you mind your own business: the cost is *my* business; but yours is—the worth of the thing for use; for your uses, not for mine." Scamp seems to have the best of it: *their* benefit from the article could not to be affected by the terms on which he had acquired

it. And thus even Hellas was *up* to this elementary distinction.*

Section VII.—Modes of Capital as Affecting Value.

Finally, there arises a modification, first indicated by Ricardo, of value, from the different proportions in which capital, fixed or circulating, predominates in the production of the articles. In this case, it can very often no longer be said that the prices of the resulting articles, according to the general rule of Ricardo, vary as the quantities of the producing labour—a disturbance of that law occcurs.

The difference between what is called fixed capital and what is called circulating capital, has often been represented as shifting and shadowy. However, without entering upon that dispute further at his point, it will be sufficient to say, that they *may* be distinguished essentially. Circulating capital, in its normal idea, means any agent whatever used productively which perishes in the

* Salmasius subsequently explained his view of the passage in a short paraphrastic commentary, which agrees exactly with the present in pointing to the double form of exchange value, except as to the temper of the vender, whom Salmasius (doubtless warped by the title of the particular chapter in Theophrastus, viz. Περὶ Ἀὐθαδείας) conceives to be acting in the spirit of insolence. This is part of what Salmasius says, "Superbus et contumax venditor designatur his notis a Theophrasto—qui" [*i.e.* venditor] "merces suas quanti vendat indicare dedignatus, emptorem interroget—quanti valeant, et quo pretio emi dignæ sint?" True: this is the nature of the substitution which he makes, but not the spirit in which he makes it. Not as disdaining to declare at what price he sells, but fraudulently, as seeing an interest in evading that question does Scamp transfer the right of question to himself, and the duty of answer, to the other side. He transfers it from negative value to affirmative,

very act of being used. Thus, wages are conveniently said to be for a month, a week, or a day; but, in fact, a commensurate "moment" of wages perishes upon every instant of time. So of candlelight or gas, so of the porter or drink of any kind allowed by the master of a manufacturing establishment — none of it holds over for a second act of consumption. That part which may accidently survive, is a part wholly distinct, not concerned at all in the first act. But in fixed capital this is otherwise. The workman's tools hold over from one act of production to a thousandth act. The same identical chisel, saw, grindstone, and not successive parts of them, have operated on many hundreds of cases; and by how much larger has been the range of these iterations, by so much the more intensely is the tool, engine, or machinery entitled to the denomination of fixed. The leading case under circulating capital—what we chiefly think of—is wages; the leading case under fixed capital is machinery.

Now, in practice, although one kind of capital often preponderates, rarely is it found altogether to exclude the other. Where wages, for instance, form the main element of cost, there will yet be implements required; and, inversely, the most extensive machines require human vigilance, direction, and sometimes very considerable co-operation. But, though this is always the practical case, for the sake of trying the question, it is better to suppose an extreme case, in which alternately the products arise exclusively from a machine, demanding no aid whatever from circulating capital, and again exclusively from human labour, demanding no aid whatever from capital fixed in stationary machines or instruments. On such an assumption, Ricardo undertakes to show that the commodities produced in the first case could sustain a far greater fall

in price under the same change in the circumstances, and with the same injury (no more and no less) to the manufacturing capitalists, than those produced in the second

He bids us suppose a case of circulating capital, where, for the production of certain articles, two thousand pounds annually are paid in wages. We are to suppose an opposite case, in which two thousand pounds have been sunk in a very durable machine for producing a particular set of articles. Now, the annual profits will be the same for both parties: say, at ten per cent, two hundred pounds. Consequently we may say of the total products turned out from either establishment—that they will sell for two thousand two hundred pounds in the first case, for two hundred pounds in the second. Some trifle should be added for current repairs on the machine, and also another trifle as a sinking-fund for replacing the machine finally—yet, as this machine is of variable duration, and in one case calculated to last for a century, both provisions are uncertain, and frequently too inconsiderable to affect the results, so that they may be safely neglected.

Now then, such being the circumstances of the two cases, suppose a rise in wages of two per cent to affect the prices of articles issuing from the first establishment. For a time this is peculiar to that establishment; it does not reach the second at first, because *that* by the case pays no wages. But at last it reaches the second set of products also, through the rebound upon profits. The two per cent extra on wages will be forty pounds in the whole. Now, the loss upon wages must be borne by profits. But the forty pounds levied upon two hundred pounds will reduce the prices of the articles by that amount, *i.e.*, twenty per cent; whereas the forty pounds levied upon two

thousand two hundred pounds, is simply transferred to the labourers, and the price continues as it was.

The case here imagined by Ricardo, and which is subsequently varied through lower stages of durability, greatly disturbing the violence of the results as to price, is exceedingly important by its tendency. And he goes on to show, what will naturally have suggested itself to the student, that between different sorts of fixed capital there is the same difference of tendency as between fixed and circulating. And why? Because the durability, which forms the ground of the generic distinction between fixed and circulating, varies also, and therefore becomes a ground for a special distinction, between any different orders of the fixed. When a man sows corn, which is intensely circulating capital, he seems absolutely and violently to throw it away. But this eventually comes back to him in a new shape. But on every year he renews this violent sacrifice of capital. Other modes of capital, in an opposite extreme, as a thrashing machine, last for his life or even longer. Now, the intermediate modes, such as horses, next cows, carts, rakes, as they outlast uses continually less durable, come nearer and nearer to the principle of the circulating capital; and consequently the difference of result upon price, under any changes occurring in productive agencies, tend more and more to become evanescent.

This is the amount of Ricardo's restriction applied to his own general principle of value. An objection, made by Malthus, which to himself appeared fatal, stumbled in the very statement, not conforming to the conditions presupposed by Ricardo. There is, however, some degree of obscurity still overhanging this final section of Ricardo's great chapter on value; and for a large *system* of political economy, which, without regard to names, should endea-

vour severely to settle the truth as affecting every part, this particular section would require a more searching consideration. But in a little work professing only to state the separate principles (which happen to be fundamental) and the separate *theory* of Ricardo, there seems no reason for extending the inquiry beyond the limits fixed by his own views.

CHAPTER II.

ON MARKET VALUE.

A very short chapter, and a very bad one (the worst in the whole series) has been introduced by Ricardo upon *market value*, quite out of its natural place; it stands fourth in succession by the arrangement of the first edition; whereas it ought, upon any principle, to have ranked immediately after the first. I mention this because the dislocation of the chapter from its true place naturally suggests the cause of its unsoundness; it was a hurried after-thought, introduced to provide for inconveniences which, until they had began to crowd upon his experience, the writer had not previously anticipated. What was Ricardo's specific object in this chapter? Was it, as in his great inaugural chapter on value, to amend or reconstitute the old notions current upon this important section of economy? By no means; for that construction of his object there is no opening, since he neither objects to any one point in the old definition and old employment of the idea, nor does he add silently or indirectly any new element to that idea; he neither amplifies the use of this idea, nor regulates by any limitation its logical relations. As he found it he adopts it; as he adopts it he leaves it. Every other chapter formed a distinct precedent against his title to write this. But it was his necessity which threw him upon such an

anomaly. He found that a case was gathering upon him, which would else call in every page for a distinction and a caution. As often as it should happen—that either to the question of rent, of profits, of wages, or of foreign trade, he should apply his own new laws of value, he would be eternally crossed and thwarted by one and the same form of objections; viz, by those which are drawn from market value.

He would be supposed, by the unskilful student, always to overlook *that* from which always and systematically he abstracted. The modifications to value, arising out of accidental disturbances in the market, out of casual excesses or casual defects in the supply, are in fact no objections at all. The capital and ruling law determine such an article A to be worth 25. Then supervenes a modification, which, by accident, is equal in virtue to 3; if this modification (from a *defect* in the supply) happen to be + 3, in that case the resulting price will be 28; if it happens (from a corresponding *excess* in the supply) to be − 3, in that case the resulting price will be 22. But alike in either case the original determination of the primary law has had its full effect. To have reached 28, when a casual disturbance arose from an additional 3, argues sufficiently an original or natural price of 25; to have settled at 22, when a disturbance had arisen equal to the effect of subtracting 3, equally argues back to the original price of 25. Consequently all such disturbances are vainly alleged as answers to the capital laws of value, or as in the very least degree objections to those laws. As well might it be said that gravitation is not gravitation, because a magnet is so placed as to affect the velocity of descent. The gravitation, you may rely on it, exerts its full power without abatement; and all which is neutralised by the magnet, must be fully

accounted for. This is what Ricardo contemplates in the 4th chapter. He wishes to check the rash reader by a timely caution—"Do not go on complicating the matter to no purpose, by eternally submitting every assertion upon price to the disturbance of a well known irregularity. We are all alike aware of that irregularity. It is an irregularity as regards its amount in any particular case; but it is perfectly regular in its mode of action. We cannot tell beforehand what will be the supply of an article in relation to its demand; that is uncertain and irregular; but, once known and certified, we can all anticipate its effects."

The case was the same precisely as when Ricardo announced beforehand that he should neglect the variations in the value of money. What could be the use of stating every proposition as to price three times over;—first, in the contingency of money remaining stationary; secondly, in the contingency of its rising; thirdly, in the contingency of its falling? Such an eternal *fugue* of iterations, such a Welsh triad of cases, would treble the labour of writer and reader, without doing the slightest service to either. Within ten pages it would become a mere nuisance. Why not, once for all, abstract from such regular irregularities, which affect no principle, but merely tend to make every conclusion needlessly operose and perplexing? That was the course which Ricardo *did* take in the case of money: he announced his intention of abstracting from all disturbances of that nature: he made it understood, that from this point onwards he would always assume money as ranging at its stationary natural value; that is, at the value predetermined by the cost, without looking aside this way or that to changes in the value from the momentary market supply.

Now, then, exactly that same intention of abstracting

from the casual oscillations of a market, which he had announced in regard to money, here in this 4th chapter he desires to announce universally with regard to all other articles whatsoever. He will fatigue neither himself nor his readers, by entertaining an eternal set of changes which can be rung upon all cases alike, and which affect no principle in any.

Having thus shown what it *was* that Ricardo designed in this chapter (viz., a general *caveat* through all time coming, as to a particular useless practice); and secondly, what it was *not* that Ricardo designed (viz., a new view of the subsisting doctrine on market value); thirdly, let me have permission to show what it was that he *ought* to have intended. He ought to have disengaged the old doctrine from a foul logical blunder, which (if not the very greatest in political economy) is certainly the greatest upon a point of equal simplicity, and the greatest for practical effect.

What *is* "market value?" Does it mean value in a market? Precisely upon that blunder has turned the whole distortion of this doctrine, which else, and separate from its misconstructions, is essential to political economy. Let the reader ask himself this question:—What is the antithesis to "market value?" Upon *that* there is no dispute: all are agreed in calling it "natural value." And what does natural value mean? Confessedly it means the value which is central to the oscillation right and left, arising from supply either redundant or defective. Consequently, whilst market value means value as it is disturbed by such oscillations, natural value (being the direct antithesis) means value as it is *not* disturbed by such oscillations. Such being the nature of this famous distinction, how shameful an error it has been in all writers

since the idea of market value was first introduced, and much more so in Ricardo, the great *malleus hereticorum*, that they speak of "the actual value,"* *i.e.*, the present or existing value, as a term interchangeable with that of market value. Ricardo does so in the very first sentence of his 4th chapter. "In making labour the foundation," &c., "we must not," says he, "be supposed to deny the accidental and temporary deviations of the actual or market price of commodities from this their primary and natural price." Actual or market! why, that would stand, if "market price" meant "price in a market;" but it means nothing of the sort. And, if it was designed to do so, then I ask, for what was it ever introduced? Exactly because price in a market is not always the same thing as market price, was this latter phrase ever introduced, and guarded as a technical term. Every man will grant that the "actual price" may happen to coincide with the "natural price;" he will grant also (for he must) that actual price may happen at another time to coincide with market price: but if actual price, or existing price, may at one time coincide with the technical term market price, and at another time with its direct antithesis—that is, may coincide indifferently with A or with non-A; with what colour of decency could a man make actual price and market price to be convertible terms; that is, essentially united, and yet by necessity at times essentially opposed?

Adam Smith it was who first brought up the distinction

* "*The actual value.*"—"*Actual*," in the sense of *present*, is one of the most frequent (but also of the most disgusting) Gallicisms. *L'état actuel des armées Françaises*, is good French; but to say in English, "the actual condition," &c., is a jargon of foreigners. *Actual* in English can never be opposed to *future;* it is with us the antithesis, 1st, and generally to *possible;* 2d, to *contingent;* 3d, to a representation existing only in words, or by way of pretence.

of market value. What did he mean by it? He meant, value of any article as adfected (purposely I use the algebraic term) by the state of the market, disturbed from its equilibrium. He was not ignorant that no *quantity* of an article, whether in excess or in defect, could ever mainly fix the price: the cost it is only that could do *that;* but the quantity in the market would, *if not level to the demand*, be a coefficient in regulating that price. Sometimes this quantity might be a great deal too much for the demand; sometimes it might be a great deal too little; and, accordingly, as either case happened, it would (by raising or by depressing) modify the simple result obtained from the cost. Having thus set up a term, viz., market value, to express cost value as adfected by quantity in excess or in defect, next he looked out for a contradictory term (viz., natural value), in order to express cost value as it is *not* adfected by quantity in excess or in defect.

These two terms, therefore, express the two opposite poles of a *law*. They indicate always an agency of law. But the terms actual value, or value in a market, express only a fact. When you speak of the actual value, meaning in good English the present or existing value, you cannot but be aware that it might coincide equally with the cost price *as* adfected by quantity, or with the cost price as *not* adfected by the quantity: that is, with technical market price, or with technical natural price (which is non-market price). The actual price of a coach-horse, for instance, "sixteen hands high, grand action, six years old," will generally turn out to be a "*market* price" in the true technical sense; for horses never travel entirely out of that circle: they are always somewhat in excess or in defect. And the reason of this is, that the breeding of horses cannot adapt itself fast enough to the oscillations in the

demand. It is not until an oscillation in one direction has begun to make itself felt steadily in the prices, that it is assumed to be certain, and acted upon; and by that time it is too late to countermand the scale of arrangements which has already been in action through four years back. Hence, in horses, or wherever it is impossible to equate the supply abruptly with an altered state of the demand, large elongations occur, this way or that, between the oscillating market price (reflecting the cost adfected by the quantity) and the steady central price, or natural price (reflecting the cost only, without regard to quantity). On the other hand, whilst horses are perhaps always at market value, boots and shoes are never known to bear a market value. Some variation may occur slowly in the price of hides, and therefore of leather. This, however, is not much, where no changes happen in the course of foreign trade, and none in the duties. As to the manufactured article, there is so little reason for supplying it in any variable ratio, and shoemakers are notoriously such philosophic men, and the demand of the public is so equable, that no man buys shoes or boots at any other than the steady natural price. The result of this difference is seen in the two orders of men, shoemakers and horse-dealers. The horse-dealer is always too clever; whilst it is in no scorn, but in thankful remembrance of such men as Jacob Boehmen, &c.., that Mr Coleridge and many others have declared the shoemakers' craft to be the most practically productive of meditation amongst men. This has partly been ascribed to its sedentary habits; but much more, I believe, depends upon the shoemaker's selling always at natural, never at unnatural or market price; whilst the unhappy horse-dealer, being still up to his lips in adfected price, and absolutely compelled to tamper with this price,

naturally gets the habit of tampering with the buyer's ignorance, or any other circumstance that shapes the price to his wishes.

Market price, therefore, is so far from meaning the rude idea of price in a market, that such a term would never have been introduced as a technical distinction, except expressly for the purpose of contradicting that rude idea. This, it was felt, might or might not happen to include the double affections of cost and quantity. But what the economist wanted was a term that always should, and must include them; and, observe, no sooner has he got his term, trimmed it, fought for it, than instantly he unsettles it from its foundation. With one Alnaschar kick he destroys the whole edifice upon which he has employed himself so painfully.

But is this confusion of the idea the worst result from the defeated doctrine? By no means. A crazy maxim has got possession of the whole world; viz., that price is, or can be, determined by the relation between supply and demand. The man who uses this maxim does not himself mean it. He cannot say, "I think thus; you think otherwise." He does *not* think thus. Try to extract price for wheat from the simple relation of the supply to the demand. Suppose the supply to be by one-tenth part beyond the demand, what price will *that* indicate for eight imperial bushels of the best red wheat, weighing sixty-four pounds a bushel? Will the price be a shilling, or will it be a thousand pounds? You guess that the first would be too little, and the second too much. Perhaps so; but what makes you "guess" this? Why, simply, your past experience. You fancy yourself ascertaining the price by the relation of supply to demand, and, in fact, you are ascertaining it by privately looking for the cost in past

years; the very thing that you had pledged yourself to dispense with.

Now, mark how a man does really proceed in solving such a problem. He finds upon inquiry that an excess in the supply of wheat by one-tenth will cause a depreciation perhaps by one-sixth: the accident of excess has told to the extent of a sixth. But of what? A sixth of what? Manifestly, a sixth upon the last price of wheat. The pretended result, that could be known by knowing the mere amount of excess, now turns out to be a mere function of the former cost, previous to the depreciation. But that price includes the whole difficulty; for always the price of wheat will express the *cost* in the first place, as the principal (oftentimes the sole) element. This call C. Then, secondly, the other (the movable) element of the price will represent any modification upon this C, by means of too much or too little wheat in the market. This modifying element of quantity call Q; and then any existing price in any particular corn-market will always be $C+Q$ in the case where there is a deficiency; always $C-Q$ in the case where there is an excess; always C (*i.e.* a mononomial) in the case where there is neither deficiency nor excess, consequently where market price does *not* take place, but, on the contrary, the price which contradicts market price, or, in Adam Smith's language, natural price.

Thus it is shown, by pursuing the problem to the last, that every possible case of technical market value (that is, not value in a market, but value in a market whose equilibrium has been disturbed) cannot by possibility rest upon a single law (whether cost on the one hand, or relation of supply to demand on the other), but of necessity upon two laws; briefly, that it must be a *Binomial*. It is scandalous and astonishing that Adam Smith, the intro-

ducer of this important distinction, should himself be the first, in very many cases, to confound it with its own formal antithesis. It is still more scandalous that Ricardo —actually making war upon the logic of Adam Smith, and founding his theory upon a much severer logic—should equally have confounded the law of market value with the direct contradiction to that law. Both did so under the misleading of a verbal equivocation* in the term "*market;*" and the possibility of this equivocation would be banished henceforth by substituting for "market value" the term Binomial value.

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* "*Verbal equivocation.*"—What equivocation? some readers will say. For though a false result is somehow obtained, it does not instantly appear how the word *market* has, or can have, led to this result by two senses. But it *has*. In one of its uses, and that the commonest by very much, the word *market* indicates a FACT, and nothing more, viz. simply the *ubi* of the sale. But, in another use, this word indicates a LAW, viz. the *conditions* under which the sale was made; which conditions are the three several states of the market as to the balance existing between the quantity of any article and the public demand for it. Every market, and in all times, must offer of every commodity, either first, too much for the demand, or secondly, too little, or thirdly, neither too much nor too little; and the term "*market value,*" when pointing to such conditions, points to a coefficient which in part governs the price. But in the popular use, where it expresses only a fact, it points to a mere inert accident having no tendency to affect the price.

CHAPTER III.

SECTION I.—WAGES.

There are four elements in the condition of every working body, which (like so many organs of a complex machine) must eternally operate by aiding or by thwarting each other. According to the social circumstances at the time given, these elements must act either in the same direction or in different directions; and conformably to the modes of *combining* the action under four distinct causes, operating by different proportions, and often in conflicting directions, must be the practical result—the tendencies upwards or downwards which will affect wages universally.

The four elements are these—

1. The rate of movement in the POPULATION: Is *that* steadily advancing or slowly receding? Does *that* tend to raise the value of wages, or to depress it?

2. The rate of movement in the national CAPITAL: Is *that* advancing or receding? And does it *pro tanto* therefore tend to raise or to depress the rate of wages?

3. The fluctuations in the price of necessaries, but, above all, of FOOD: Are those fluctuations from one decennium to another tending, upon the whole, to an advance or to a decline? Is the price of food from century to century, when taken with its complementary adjunct in the price of clothes, fire, and lodging, such as, upon the whole, to sustain wages—to stimulate wages—or to depress them?

4. The traditional STANDARD OF LIVING: Is *that* fortunately high and exacting in its requisitions? or is "man's life," to cite a strong word from Shakspeare (whose profound humanity had fixed his attention upon the vast importance of a high scale in domestic comfort),—"is man's life cheap as brutes'?" Is it in short an old English standard* which prevails, or a modern Irish standard? Is

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*"*An old English standard.*"—Upon this subject there exists a most inveterate prejudice in Scotland, which ought not to be hard of overthrow, being absolutely unfounded; only that to be attacked with success, it must be attacked upon a new principle. It is universally held by the Scotch, or rather postulated as a point confessed and notorious, that the English, as compared with themselves, are a nation luxurious in diet. Now, as to the Scottish gentry, this notion is a mere romance; between them and the English gentry here is no difference whatever in that respect. But, on descending below the gentry, through all the numerous classes of society, you will certainly find a lower diet prevailing in Scotland; and, secondly, a lower regard to diet. As compared with the Scottish, it cannot be denied that the English working classes, and the lower class of shopkeepers, *were* (I wish it could be said *are*) considerably more luxurious as to diet. I know not whether this homely diet of Scotland has, upon the whole, proved an advantage for *her;* very sure I am that a more generous diet has been a blessing of the first order to England. Even as regards health, there is something to be said for a more *genial* diet. That diet, which leads people to indifference for eating, may sound mere philosophic; but it is not the healthiest: on that point there are conclusive experiments. On the other hand, considered as a political advantage, a high standard of diet is invaluable. Many are the writers who have properly insisted on the vast benefits, in periods of scarcity, which accrue to nations enjoying a large latitude of *descent;* whereas the Swedish or Scottish nation, from habitual povery of diet (though fortunately a diet improved and improving through the last hundred years), finds itself already on the lowest round of the ladder, whenever the call comes for descending. In a famine what can be *their* resources? This, however, is but one of the great national benefits arising from a high standard of diet. The others lie in the perpetual elevation which such a standard communicates to wages, and to the expecta-

it that standard which elevated the noble yeomanry of England through six centuries, or that which has depressed to an abject animal existence the Irish serfs; and depressed the houseless lazzaroni of Naples, Peru, and Mexico, to a sensual dependence upon sunshine and sleep? To these

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tions generally of the labouring classes. Through this higher tone it is, in part, that the English working order has for a century fought up against the degrading tendencies of population, irregularly stimulated. Their condition has often locally deteriorated; but under a lower standard of general domestic comfort, England would, by this time, have approximated to the condition of Ireland.

The fact, therefore, of a less luxurious diet for the working classes of Scotland, may be conceded without conceding an unmixed advantage. I have no personal interest in defending a more luxurious standard, being myself a mere anchorite as to such enjoyments; but I cannot overlook the advantage to a nation, that under ordinary circumstances, its whole level of enjoyment should be raised pretty high. Meantime, the main practical question is still unsettled. Because the English working class is luxurious (or *was* so) by comparison with the same class in Scotland, must it therefore follow that the English working class is luxurious in an positive sense? Relatively to one sole nation it is so: but that one nation is not Europe—is not the world. This has been quite forgotten by the Scotch. And upon a large inquiry it becomes evident beyond all possibility of dispute, that Scotland realises a noticeable extreme in that respect; France and Germany the opposite extreme; and that England stands between these two extremes, but much nearer to the Scottish extreme than to the Franco-German. Mere ignorance can shut a man's eyes to this relation of things. Any man having had opportunities of observing the French emigrants in England, or who remembers the testimony of Mr Cobbett, jun., and other qualified witnesses, to the enormous voracity of the French peasantry, or who reflects on the fact that women universally are unatinted in England with the vice of *gourmandise*, and that any women who have made themselves memorable in England by this vice (as, for instance, the Duchess of Portsmouth, with others that I could add), were French women; that the French only have cultivated cookery as a science, and have a large gastronomic literature; or who knows anything of the experience in English inns, when French prisoners of war were quartered upon them; will laugh at

four elements some hasty thinkers would add a fifth, viz., the relative quantity of work to be done—and this certainly *is* important; for, undoubtedly, if the population should increase, it will be a balance to that increase if the national work increases by the same proportion; and it will be

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the idea that the English lower classes in *such* neighbourhood can need any defence. But the Germans are worse than the French. Let a man make himself acquainted with the *universal* duration and excess of the dinner throughout Lower Germany, and he will begin to rectify his opinions upon this subject. Upper Germany is worst still; and Austria, in particular, wallows in sensuality of *all* kinds; but in none so much as that of good eating. Many travellers are beginning to publish the truth on this subject. One in particular, a very clever man, founds upon this one vice (which, too laxly, he calls the *continental* vice) no small share of the continental poverty. They spend their time (says he), which justly he alleges is their money, on good cooking. This charge, observe, applies to seventy millions of men. Even of the Prussian army, he remarks, that "the *lusty roundabout*, rather than a muscular growth," which strikes the eye in that military body, "is no doubt derived from the good living to which" at home they have been "*accustomed* from infancy." Speaking of all France, and all Germany, the same traveller says (p. 363)—"It costs at the least twice as much of human time and labour to dine five million of French or German people as to dine five millions of English; and time and labour are the basis of all national wealth." Again, "the loss of time in the eating and preparation of food, forms a very important drawback on the prosperity of families on the Continent." Again, listen to this: "*Gourmandise* is found to be a vice as troublesome to deal with among *the French soldiery* as tippling with ours." The same vice is the cause of the French depredations in the field. The poor, he says, are infected with this vice, and betray it in their looks and teeth. Finally, he clenches the matter thus:—"In the total, it is fully a fifth of the time and the labour of a continental population that is *daily* wasted in cookery and eating." And what nation is it that he contrasts so favourably for itself with Germans and French? It is the English. And who is the traveller that makes this striking record? An Englishman, you fancy. By no means. It is a Scotchman, Mr Samuel Laing, in the year 1842. So perish opinions founded on a narrow and partial range of comparison

more than a balance if the national work should increase more than proportionally. But the element of work to be done is already expressed implicitly in the two first elements of population and of capital; for, if the population increase, then the work of raising food must increase commensurately: and, again, if the capital increase, it will force some corresponding employment for itself by tentatively exploring every kind of new work that has any chance of proving profitable.

It is more important to notice, that all these four modifying causes of wages, though each separately for itself capable of several action, are also fitted to act in pairs, each two as a separate combination, ζευγος, or *yoke* of forces. Thus No. 1, or population, will act on wages at any rate; but it will act differently according as it is supported or thwarted by concurrent changes in capital. Population moving forward too rapidly would, *cæteris paribus*, be unfavourable to the prosperous movement of wages; yet if No. 2, the national capital—*i.e.* if the funds for employing labour—should advance even faster than the labour, then it might happen that wages would rise, although under a state of the population otherwise unfavourable to wages. This conditional action of one element according to the state of the other is continually exhibited, and often ruinously, in our infant colonies. Work of some kind, in such colonies, there must be; for there is a population of some class and quality to feed and to furnish with dwelling-houses, firing, and the very coarsest manufactures; as to the finer, these are long supplied by importation. But with this primary basis for going to work, sometimes there is labour in excess present with little capital for employing it; sometimes there is capital in excess, with no adequate labour of a proper quality for receiving the action of capital.

Very lately, and therefore after all the benefit of our long experience on such subjects, the Government commissioners sent down to Paisley (with a view to the relief of that town from her surplus population) shipped off to distant settlements in strange climates mechanics and weavers, who were found more useless for colonial labours than a band of mere gentlemen; having none of the hardy habits which, more even than practised skill, are requisite for rural industry, and, in general, for industry of that elementary class required in young or infant communities. And universally it may be said, as a first consideration in the general theory of colonisation, that not only capital and labour should be harmoniously combined, so that neither agency may languish from defect of the appropriate re-agency, but also that labour itself, in its several sub-divisions, should be more cautiously *assorted* than has generally been the case. Houses form an *instantaneous* class of necessaries in new colonies; those rare cases being excepted in which the season of the year and the climate allow of a long encampment.* Yet how can houses advance

* "*Encampment.*"—Which mode of life, however, might be extended greatly, if some Asiatic plans of raising a circular, dry terrace for receiving the tent were adopted; and if, secondly, for canvas were substituted hides, tarpaulins, or other substances resisting heavy rains. The Roman expression for a good substantial encampment was "*sub pellibus*"—*under hides;* but this is a point in the science of castrametation which we moderns have too much neglected, and perhaps chiefly from the following cause. To what professional art should we naturally look for the encouragement and improvement of tents? Manifestly to the military art. Now, unfortunately for this result, there is a growing indisposition amongst military men to the use of tents. Napoleon, it will be seen, in Las Cases, pronounced them unwholesome, and greatly preferred the practice of *bivouacking—i.e.* of sleeping *sub dio*—as respected salubrity. But this preference could not apply to tropical climates or to others where the dews are very heavy.

harmoniously (that is, in such a concurrency of the parts that one part may not be kept waiting for the other) unless the masons or bricklayers are in due proportion to the carpenters—both to the woodcutters and sawyers—and all four classes to the plasterers, slaters (or tilers), and glaziers? Or, again, supposing the forest game to be scarce, but that a river, firth, or bay, near to the settlement, offers an unusual abundance of fine fish, how injurious must be that neglect which should defeat this bountiful provision of nature by leaving unsummoned a due proportion of fishermen, boats, nets, and, in some cases, of a curing establishment, completely mounted. Five hundred men thus employed might support the whole colony, and leave its main labour disposable for a wide variety of mixed pursuits; whilst, otherwise, the whole strength of the colony must be unavoidably sequestered into the one channel of raising subsistence. Mr Gibbon Wakefield's improvement in colonisation, first suggested about ten years ago, was the earliest step taken upon principle in the philosophic theory of this subject. He saw the fatal schism or divorce which took place continually between capital and labour. Rich men had hitherto bought vast tracts of land at a small cost, not with any view of really enclosing and cultivating their allotments, but in the confidence that a public interest would grow up in the colony, that *other* lands would be improved, and that their own private shares (however neglected) being well situated, and at length *insulated* by thriving farms, would benefit by the *reacting* value from the circumjacent lands; upon which consummation taking place, it would become *their* policy to sell. Thus was a considerable capital transferred to the colony, but not a capital which had much tendency to attract labour. Mr Wakefield's system put an end to this abuse, or, at least,

to its ruinous operation upon labour. The funds raised by the sale of the colonial land were applied, under regulations of law, and by fixed proportions, to the transportation of proper working families; as fast as the land sold itself, so fast were the funds raised for the attraction of labour; consequently, the want, the chief demand, bred commensurately its own relief—land, as at any rate it is a call for labour, now became a pledge or security for labour. This was a great improvement. But there is still much of the colonising theory in arrear as respects the organisation, in more salutary proportions, of labour according to its great capital varieties. We see that an army is a machine, not merely in the sense of its unity as to purpose through the great artifice of its discipline, but also through the variety of its arms, or organs, for services differing in kind, though yet co-operating to a common result. Social life requires a composition of the same nature in the adjustment of the labour by which it advances towards its purposes; and this composition cannot be neglected without deranging colonies in their infancy, by retarding, if such neglect of assortment does not wholly intercept and strangle, their expansive energies.

From all this, so far as we have yet gone, what is the inference? The inference is, that of the four great elements for determining wages, not one can be relied upon as an insulated or unconditional force; all are dependent upon each, and each upon all. For, if we call the rate of advancing population P, and the rate of advancing capital C, then, because P expresses the *supply* of men, and C expresses the *demand* for men, (since men are *supplied* in the ratio denoted by the growth of population, and men are *demanded* in the ratio denoted by the growth of capital for employing them), it follows that in fact P + C makes

but one compound force as regards wages; the final effect upon wages being determined by the excess of either element P or C, in its modification of the other. And again, if we denote the average rate of price, upwards or downwards, upon the necessaries of workmen by N, and the traditional standard of living amongst the workmen of that nation by S, then will S + N express practically, through each period of a generation, not two separate forces acting upon wages, but one single force, resulting from the balance or intermodification between the two. In this way the treatment of the question is simplified: we are not called upon, like an Indian juggler, always to play with four balls at once. The four elements, working in pairs, become two; and the problem is this, to compute *à priori* (that is, by inference from a principle), or to trace *à posteriori* (that is, experimentally), the degree in which wages (known already as an average rate), are modified for the present by the balance resulting from P + C, and secondly, by the balance resulting from N + S. Population as working against capital; price of necessaries as working against the old traditionary standard of comfort—these, in effect, are the ordinary forces operating in the same direction, or in different directions, upon wages.

In illustration of this principle, we have had of late years a memorable case in our slave colonies. We all know at present, if we did not know at the time, that no legislative experiment was ever conducted with so much sentimental folly, and mischievous disregard of reversionary interests, as the *sudden* emancipation of our West India slaves—that is, the sudden admission to the rank of men, of those, who intellectually and in self-restraint, were below the condition of children. Our own levity in granting was dramatically mimicked by *their* levity in using. They

were as ready to abuse ungratefully as we to concede absurdly. At present we are suffering the penalties of our folly; and amongst them the mortification of seeing that ancient enemy of ours, always so full of light-minded precipitancy, and once in this very field of slavery manifesting that precipitancy in results so bloody (causing, in fact, a general massacre of her own children by the legislation of fifteen minutes), now, alas! building wisdom upon our irretrievable madness, and putting forth a statemanlike providence such as used to be characteristic of our English senate, while that English senate has trifled sentimentally in the way once characteristic of Paris. The French scheme now in preparation is as thoughtful and cautious as the English scheme, unhappily irrevocable, was pitiably frantic. More truly and comprehensively than ever that word was applied to such a case, it may be said that the British Parliament ruined the West Indies. For if Spain by her narrow policy ruined both herself and her magnificent colonies, it cost her three centuries to do so; but we "did the trick" in about as many years—a consummation that could not have been possible except in the case of sugar colonies, which were in reality mere factories. All human follies, however, whether tragic or comic, must have their better and worse scenes.* And this was the more

* It struck many as the coolest specimen of audacity on record, that not long since a governor of one amongst our English colonies absolutely made it the subject of solemn official congratulation, in writing home, that the emancipated slaves were buying up the estates of their ancient masters. (This language of triumph had been held before, but not before by any official person.) And how? Did *that* proclaim any real advance on the part of the slaves? The purchase money had been accumulated chiefly in their days of slavery, and formed therefore the emphatic measure and expression of the kindness and liberality with which they had been treated. But, after all, the

to be expected in the West Indies, as circumstances forbade any free circulation of labour between the several islands. Accordingly, in some islands, where the balance upon P + C was particularly favourable to the labourer, as, for instance, in Jamaica and Trinidad, there the derangement of all social interests upon this harlequin experiment was total. The slaves, by relation to the funds for employing them irregularly, *i.e.* so as to set their natural superiors at defiance, were vast. For, amongst other follies, our senate at home had quite forgotten to make any regulations against their throwing themselves for luxurious indolence (the besetting vice of negroes and lazzaroni) upon the ample waste lands. The same state of things amongst the negroes —the same capital oversights in Parliament—applied also to part of our continental colonies, as British Guiana. But, on the other hand, in islands like Antigua and Barbadoes, where the natural circumstances were different, P in relation to C being much nearer on a level, and no such plentiful

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true revolution was in the masters: not the slaves had prospered in the change, but the master had been ruined. The capital being gone which should have cultured the estates, naturally the estates became often nearly worthless; and *under those circumstances* it was, that the wretched negro, by uniting himself with his fellows, became the new proprietor. Was *that* any subject of congratulation and self-glorification for a wise man? It is too late now to be wise for the ends of justice. The proprietor has retired, if he was rich—has perished, if he was poor. The social system has been wrecked; property is in ruins; capital has fled. Beginning, as it *has* done, in spoliation, the edifice of society now stands upon an evil footing in the British West Indies. But this will soon become worse (as we may read in the experience of Hayti), unless some redress, such as is yet possible, shall be applied to the anti-social disorders which threaten those colonies. And the nature of this redress cannot be better learned than in the French policy of Duc de Broglie, or (as to this point) in the still more cautious policy of his partisan opponents.

resources for idleness to fall back upon, the blow fell more lightly. N + S, as being probably near to the same level in all these islands, might be safely neglected in a question of wages. Now, from this West Indian condition of the labouring class, suddenly summoned to a mighty revolution by a legislature which took no thought *of* this condition, nor *for* this condition, turn to a labouring class ranking in the opposite extreme amongst European nations. The Swiss populatation are not, *per se* (that is, by any superiority of nature, intellectual or moral), an interesting race. But, by their social economy, they are amongst the most respectable working orders on the Continent. Their population advances, in some places, in the healthiest way —not by excessive births counterworking excessive deaths, but by few deaths (locally not more than one annually upon seventy-five) compensating their few births (sometimes one annually upon forty-five). The rate of increase is therefore generally moderate. On the other hand, capital is nearly stationary. Thus far, therefore, as concerns P + O, the situation of Switzerland is not hopeful; and, but for emigration (which in Switzerlnad does not act as it will do generally—to defeat itself by extra stimulation to the rate of population), the distress would be much greater than as yet it appears to be. But why is this? By what privilege in her institutions or usages, does Switzerland escape the curse which has so continually besieged the Scottish Highlands, and other regions of a redundant population? There is nothing romantically fine in the present condition of the Swiss. On the contrary, they are a nation of low-toned sensibility; and, from the languor amongst them of all religious principle, they are in danger of great eventual demoralisation. But, in the mean time, they struggle with some success against the downward tendencies of their situa-

tion; and they do not yet exhibit a squalid Irish surplus upon their population—one out of four, fierce, famishing, and without prospect of regular employment. Still less do the Swiss carry the contagion and causes of pauperism amongst their next neighbours, as do the Irish. Their own cup of woe has long been full for the Irish; and through the last score of years, or since the improvement of steam navigation, its overflowings have been settling ruinously upon England* and on Scotland. Now, Switzerland at

* It is perfectly astonishing to hear one mistake current upon this subject. Because the New Poorlaw, amongst its many heavy offences against Christian wisdom, sanctions this one measure of natural justice—that, upon becoming chargeable to an English parish the Irish pauper (*if found to be without a settlement*) shall be shipped back to Ireland—it is therefore assumed that the evils of Irish pauperism *quoad* ourselves are now corrected. How so? Was *that* the main evil? It might have become such under the action of a known trick practised locally in Ireland. Subscriptions were at one time raised in certain districts for shipping off mendicants to English ports: at a present cost of one guinea a-head, the town or district in Ireland got rid permanently of those whom it could bribe into emigration. This policy, which is not surprising when played off by a poor country against a rich one, has certainly been crushed in an early stage by the Poor Bill; but, however ruinous that policy was by its menace, actually it had not been realised upon any very large scale. The true ruin of Irish pauperism to England and Scotland is far different, and not of a nature to be checked by any possible Poor Bill. This ruin lies, first and chiefly, in the gradual degradation of wages, English and Scotch, under the fierce growth of Irish competition; secondly, in the chargeableness of Irish pauperism, once settled, (or for any reason not liable to removal), upon funds English and Scotch. In Scotland the case is even worse at present than in England; for there the Poor Laws are in so desperate a condition of craziness, by original insufficiency, that the Government will now be violently compelled into an interference with evils too monstrous to be longer tolerated. The Scottish aristocracy have, in this one instance, manifested a bigotry of opposition to the reforms clamorously called for by the exposures of Dr Pulteney Alison, such as could hardly have been anticipated from

least evades these evils: she neither exhibits misery in her own bosom, as the Scottish Highlands often, and Ireland for ever: nor is she the rank cause of misery to neighbouring nations, as is Ireland. But again I ask, through

a patriotism so sincere as theirs. But the abuses are too crying for any further attempt at disguise. The one great evil of the Scottish Poorlaws lies in the mockery of its own professed purposes, in the mere idle simulation of a relief which too often is no relief at all. Cases are before the public in which half-a-crown, or even one shilling, *per annum*, is the amount of each pauper's dividend. But when the evil of public distress become too gigantic to be trifled with in that way, then it is seen, in mighty cities like Glasgow, to what extent the parasitical pauperism of Ireland has strangled and crushed the native vigour of the land. Paisley, with a sudden development of pauperism in 1842, beyond all proportions that had ever been supposed possible, was compelled to draw heavily upon alien funds; and yet, with all this non-local aid, both Scotch and English, the sheer impossibility of feeding adequately the entire body of claimants coerced the humane distributors of the relief into drawing a line between Scotch and Irish. Then it was that the total affliction became known—viz. the hideous extent in which Irish intruders upon Scotland had taken the bread out of her own children's mouths. As to England, it has long been accepted as a fair statement, that fifty thousand Irish interlopers annually swell the great tide of our *native* increase (say two hundred and twenty or two hundred and forty thousand *per annum*), already too rapidly advancing. Yet how has this twofold increase met with any final absorption? In fact, it might be replied, that latterly it has *not* been absorbed; and so far as there was any distress at all though the year 1842 (a distress which, on the faith of many public returns, I greatly doubt—excepting, first, as distress will *always* exist in so vast a working population forced into a variable sympathy with every part of the globe; and excepting, secondly, the *local* distress of Paisley, Glasgow, Stockport, Leicester, &c.), it is to this partial non-absorption of extra labour, falling in with dreadful American derangements of commerce, that the domestic pressure has been owing. A man might, however, demur to the *possibility* of so much alien labour crowding into our great labour markets. Where, he might say, is the opening for so much new labour? And especially since the tendency has been, of late years, not to limit the virtual amount of labour for each person, but (by greatly extending the labouring hours, with the result of at last

what advantage or privilege of her situation? The answer is undeniable: it is simply through her high patriarchal standard of comfort and respectability. In some countries, merely through the one habit of living too much abroad and in the open air, it has happened that a very low standard

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forcing an interposition from the legislature) materially to augment that individual amount. There has, however, been a change in the channels of labour favourable to the concurrent increase of labour numerically, and of the separate labour for each, and so far favourable to this tide of Irish intrusion. Even where the absolute work to be done has but little increased, the numerical increase of labourers has been great, through the growing substitution of female for male (and above all of childish for adult) labour. Three girls of thirteen, at wages of six shillings to eight shillings a-week, have by myriads displaced the one man of mature age, at wages varying from eighteen shillings to forty-five. This revolution has not *uniformly* been injurious, even to the English working classes; or, at least, its injurious reaction upon the adult working population has not yet had time for reaching its full display. But to the Irish family, starting from so low a *standard* of domestic comfort, the change has acted as a bounty. And in this triple race of the English labour against machinery—against Irish competition—against infant competition—has laid the real opening and possibility for that cruel encroachment upon infant health and happiness, which has at length awakened the thunders of public indignation, never again to be laid asleep. At present there is this one sole barrier of *self*-protection for English labour; viz. the high domestic standard of comfort inherited from English ancestors. Left to itself, that barrier, so long assaulted and shaken, would soon give way entirely; and the English labour market would be finally prostrated to a level with any, the very basest, human degradation ever witnessed amongst Oriental slaves. This protection, if it survives at all, will survive through the yet energetic spirit of the English working man. But in the accidents of his situation there is one collateral encouragement to the English native. Machinery, which has so often stranded him for a time, is at length likely to depress the bounty on Irish intrusion; the infant-labour revolution probably has reached its *maximum*; and, in the mean time, Ireland, it may be hoped, by railroads, by good government, and by growing capital, will soon be preparing better days for her own children at home.

of comfort or pleasure is connected with the domestic hearth. *Home* is not there a word of sanctity or endearment. This is the case pretty widely upon Italian ground, and not solely amongst the lazzaroni of Naples. This is the case in Peru, in Mexico, and indeed more or less everywhere in South America. The genial climate has defeated itself as a blessing. Co-operating by its own temptations with the constitutional luxurious languor in the natives, the climate has become a withering curse to the better instincts of the people. But Ireland, but Switzerland, have not been subject to that mode of temptation. Welcome the apparent curses, which (like labour itself) finally become blessings, of stern northern climates! Yet the same temptation in effect has operated upon both, through a different channel. The luxury of excessive indolence had, from the earliest period, fascinated Ireland into a savage life. A scale almost brutal of diet and of lodging had already long reconciled itself to the Irish feelings in the labouring class, when the fatal gift of the potato stepped in to make the improgressive state compatible with a vast expansion of the population. To Switzerland, agitated nobly by the storms of the Reformation, and starting from a much higher point of self-valuation, such a temptation proved none at all. To this day she adheres indomitably to the ancient habits of her fathers. Other nations preserve their economy through their morals; Switzerland preserves her morals through her economy; and even yet her children will not marry without guarantees for the continued prospect, in the coming generation, of what they witnessed in the last. And thus two nations, not originally standing upon a very different basis of landed wealth, are now seen in the most absolute repulsion to each other, upon the two polar extremities as to comfort and self-respect.

Section II.—WAGES.

Hitherto we find nothing peculiar to Ricardo in the forces acting upon labour. It was necessary to notice these four elements in that complex machinery which finally moulds the vicissitudes of wages; but, after all, it is only one of the four, viz., the current price of the articles essential to a poor man's household, which can, by any sudden change, produce a correspondingly sudden change upon wages. The rate of increase upon population, the changes incident to capital, the national traditionary standard of domestic life—all these are slow to move, and, when they *have* moved, slow to embody themselves in corresponding effects. Population, for instance, perseveres often through generations in the same prevailing rate; and if this rate should, from any cause, sustain the most abrupt change, it would take a score of years before that change could begin to tell upon the labour market. But the fourth element, the daily cost of necessaries, alters sometimes largely in one day; and upon this, therefore, must be charged the main solution of those vicissitudes in wages which are likely to occur within one man's life. The other forces vary, by degrees fine and imperceptible, so as to effect the condition of working men deeply and radically from century to century. But such an effect, though sure, and important to the historical grandeur of nations, is not rapid enough to be concurrent with the corresponding changes upon other functions of productive power. We look for an agency upon wages able to keep abreast of these other agencies, fitted by its easy motion for receiving *their* effects, and for returning to *them* a continual modification from itself.

Here, therefore, it is, upon this one force out of four which control the price of labour; viz., upon the poor man's household consumption for the diet of his family, for their clothing, their lodging, for the annual dividend upon the cost and maintenance of his furniture (amongst which only the beds and bedding are expensive), for his fuel (sometimes, from land-carriage, costly), for his candles and his soap, with a small allowance for medicine and medical attendance, and too often (though most naturally) a large one for strong liquors—upon these *items* in a poor man's expenditure it is that the main agency of change settles—schooling for his children he generally obtains *gratis*.

Now the reader is aware, that, according to Ricardo's view, an expenditure on this humble scale is chiefly determined by the cost of production upon the land. Yet why? The furniture and the clothes (with the exception of the woollen or iron parts amongst them) do not arise from the domestic soil, though much of the food *does;* yet, even amongst *that*, the tea and the sugar (two very important articles) are wholly foreign; and all the other articles, except fuel, are trivial in price. Certainly it must be granted that the habit of estimating the labourer's expenses by the cost of his diet (nay, exclusively by one item of his diet—bread), is radically false; and of *that* Ricardo is sensible, though apparently he does not allow sufficiently for the true proportion held. The corn-law incendiaries here, as everywhere when they approach the facts or the principles of the question, betray an ignorance which could not be surpassed if the discussion were remitted to Ashantee or Negroland. They calculate a change of ten per cent. upon wheat as if it meant a change of ten per cent. on wages (though, by the way, often denying elsewhere that wages at all sympathise with the price of food). Now, suppose

the total food of a working man's family to cost two-fifths of his total wages, and suppose that of these two-fifths one moiety, *i.e.*, one-fifth of the wages, is spent upon flour, and oatmeal, and bread; in that case a change of ten per cent. upon wheat will amount to one-tenth upon one-fifth of the total wages. But one-tenth of one-fifth is one-fiftieth, or two per cent. upon the total wages; so trivial is the result upon wages from a change in wheat which is very considerable. Suppose the change upon wheat to be even as much as fifteen shillings less upon sixty, *i.e.*, twenty-five per cent, then the total change will be one-fourth of one-fifth, which is one-twentieth—that is, five per cent. upon the total wages; and everybody is aware that a fall of fifteen shillings upon sixty is greater than we often experience in any single season. Ricardo, indeed, attempts to justify the supposition, that, as a natural state of things, an English labourer might spend one-half of his wages upon wheat (p. 106), and the other half upon "other things," by alleging (p. 97) that "in rich countries a labourer, by the sacrifice of a very small quantity only of his food, is able to provide liberally for all his other wants." No; not necessarily. That remark arises only through a neglect (habitual to Ricardo) of the antagonist principle, which is eternally at work to compensate the declensions of land, by countervailing improvements of endless kinds: so that at this time, all over western Europe, there cannot be a doubt that, with a far worse soil as the regulating soil for cost, wheat is cheaper than it was a thousand years ago. Yet, if Ricardo were right in supposing a labourer to spend half his wages upon wheat only, then his beer, bacon, cheese, milk, butter, tea, and sugar, must proportionably cost, at the very least, all the rest of his wages; so that for clothes, lodging, fuel, to say nothing of other miscellanies, he would

have no provision at all. But these are romantic estimates, and pardonable in Ricardo from his city life, which had denied him, until his latest years, all opportunities of studying the life of labourers.

Meantime it will not be denied, that flour and bread compose an important item upon the labourer's housekeeping, though not by possibility *so* important as Ricardo chooses to fancy. Now then, so far as this flour and bread are obtained from a soil continually worse (since, 1st, population forces culture for ever upon worse soils; and, 2dly, the very worst always gives the price for the whole), so far the flour and bread would be continually dearer were there no such compensating law as that which I, almost too frequently, have noticed, for the reason that Ricardo too systematically forgets it. Let *us* also forget it for the present, so as to pursue the principle of wages more clearly by pushing it into an extreme, which in practice does but rarely take place to that extent. On this basis the following short extract from Ricardo (pp. 105, 106), accompanied by a single word of commentary, will explain the whole of what is peculiar to Ricardo in his theory of wages:—

"When wheat was at L.4 per quarter, suppose the labourer's wages to be L.24 per annum, or the value of six quarters of wheat, and suppose half his wages to be expended on wheat, and the other half (or L.12) on other things, he would receive

L.24, 14s.	when wheat was at	L.4 4 8	or the value of	5·83 quarters.
25, 10s.		4 10 0		5·66 quarters.
26, 8s.		4 16 0		5·50 quarters.
27, 6s. 8d.		5 2 10		5·33 quarters.

He would receive these wages to enable him to live just as well, and no better than before; for, when corn was at L.4 per quarter, he would expend for

three quarters of corn, at L.4 per quarter, . .	L.12	0 0
And on other things . . .	12	0 0
	L.24	0 0

When wheat was at L.4, 10s., three quarters of wheat would cost	L.13 10 0
And other things, . .	12 0 0
	L.25 10 0
When at L.4, 16s., three quarters of wheat would cost	L.14 8 0
Other things, . .	12 0 0
	L.26 8 0

"In proportion as corn became dear, he" (the labourer) "would receive less corn wages, but his money would always increase; whilst his enjoyments, on the above supposition, would be precisely the same. But, as other commodities would be raised in price, in proportion as raw produce entered into their composition, he would have more to pay for some of them. Although his tea, sugar, soap, candles, and house-rent would probably be no dearer, he would pay more for his bacon, cheese, butter, linen, shoes, and cloth; and therefore, even with the above increase of wages, his situation would be comparatively worse."

The principle of advance is this:—When wheat was at 80s. per quarter, the labourer had received L.24; when wheat rose to 90s., it might seem that he should receive L.27; because 80:90::L.24:L.27. But, in fact, he receives only one-half of the difference, viz., 30s. His wages are now L.25, 10s. Why is this? Because only one-half of his original wages had been spent on wheat. But the full development of this principle I refer to the chapter on Rent, that I may not be obliged to repeat myself.

CHAPTER IV.

Section I.—RENT.

The particular situation of this chapter in Ricardo, placed immediately after the chapter on Value, is not without significance. By placing the consideration of Rent where he *does* place it, he is to be understood as viewing Rent under the idea of a disturbance to Value. Under that fiction, or at least under that relation, selected from other relations equally conspicuous, he brings up the question before his own bar. For the ordinary and continual disturbances of value, growing out of the varying proportions between fixed and circulating capital, Ricardo had allowed, in a striking part of his opening chapter. He had shown conclusively, that the universal principle of varying quantity in the producing labour as the cause of varying price, is subject to two modifications: as, first, that the price will be greater in the case where circulating capital predominates, than in the opposite case where fixed capital predominates; secondly, that the tendency will be in the same direction, according to the degrees in which the fixed capital has less and less of durability; for the plain reason, that so far the fixed capital approximates in virtue to the separate nature of circulating capital. These are settled re-agencies of co-causes, which sometimes arise jointly with the great general cause of price, sometimes arise singly, and sometimes not

at all. They must not be called anomalies or irregularities, any more than the resistance of the air is an irregularity or *exception* to the law governing the motion of projectiles. It is convenient to abstract from this resistance in the first steps of the exposition. But afterwards, when you allow for it, this allowance is not to be considered in the light of any concession, as if originally you had gone too far, and now wished to unmask the whole truth by instalments. Not at all. The original force, as you had laid it down from the first, continues to be the true force: *it exerts its whole agency, and not a part or fraction of its agency*, even under the co-presence of the opposing and limiting cause. If, being left to itself, it ought to have reached an effect of 50, but, under this limiting force, it *has* fallen to 35, then the true logic is not to say that it has yielded to an exception, or suffered an irregularity: on the contrary, all is regular. Since, if at first sight, it seems simply to have lost 15 (which, *pro tanto*, seems an irregularity), on severer examination it appears to have expended that 15 on neutralising a counter-agency; so that the total force exerted has been equally 50 according to the theory, and according to the true concrete case of experience.

Now, then, is rent a disturbance of value simply in the sense of being a modification (as here explained), or does it suspend and defeat that law? Ricardo has not pushed the question to that formal issue; but, generally, he has endeavoured to bring the question of rent into immediate relation with value, by putting the question upon it in this shape—"Whether the appropriation of land, and the consequent creation of rent, will occasion any variation in the relative value of commodities, independently of the quantity of labour necessary to production?" Whether, in short, the proportions between the two labours producing A and B will

continue, in spite of rent, to determine the prices of A and B; or whether this law will be limited by the law of rent; or whether in any case this law will be actually set aside by rent? Upon Adam Smith's principles, rent introduced a new element into price. Is *that* so? It is the question moved at present.

So important a question brings forward the obligation of investigating the new doctrine of rent as a duty even for Ricardo, who else could not have any particular interest in discussing a doctrine which had not been discovered by himself. The modern doctrine of rent was, in reality, one of those numerous discoveries which have been made many times over before they *are* made; that is, it had been ideally detected at different eras by some inquisitive and random intellect, prying where it had no business, several times before it was perceived to involve those weighty consequences which give dignity to the truth, by giving practical motives for remembering it. Ricardo had been acquainted with this truth for nearly two years when he wrote his own book. It is not improbable that, *previously* to this knowledge he had tentatively sketched his theory of value; but he must have been impeded by the defect of such knowledge in carrying out this theory into a satisfactory harmony with the laws regulating wages and profits; for both these presuppose the law of rent Without knowing rent and its principles it is impossible to know the principles which control wages in the first place, and profits in the second.

Natural it is, when a man enters upon a new theme, that he should introduce it by a definition; and, as regards what logicians call the *nominal* definition, such a course is prefectly right. But as to the *real* definition, this is so far from taking precedency in the natural process of thought

that, on the contrary, it ought to be the last result* from the total discussion. However, without insisting upon this. what *is* the definition? "Rent," says Ricardo, "is that portion of the produce of the earth which is paid to the landlord for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil."

Can this definition be sustained? Certainly not. The word "*indestructible*" is liable to challenge; and, in order that the student may see *why*, first let me explain to him under what prepossession it was that Ricardo introduced that word. He was thinking of the *casual* and the *intermitting* when he suggested the *indestructible*. At pp. 50 and 51, he notices two cases—one being the case of a Norway forest, and the other of a coal-mine or a stone-quarry—where Adam Smith had applied the popular term "rent" as strictly pertinent. But Ricardo thinks otherwise. In any one of these cases he views the payment for the mine or quarry, colloquially called "the rent," as no rent at all in any strict sense. Now, as against Adam Smith, in the *quoad hominem* sense, the censure of Ricardo is not applicable: *he* is but consistent; for he could not be bound to any strictness of distinction growing out of a doctrine which in *his* days was unknown. But understand Ricardo as speaking *of* Adam Smith in an argument spoken *to*

* "*The last result.*"—A remark very nearly approaching to this is made by Edmund Burke in some part of the little "Essay on Taste," prefixed to his "Essay on the Sublime." Burke, however, a very young man at the date of that work, was not sufficiently cautious. At that time his philosophical reading and meditation could not have been extensive, and he neglected to qualify the resulting definition as the *real* one, in contradistinction to the nominal. Naturally, and almost inevitably, the nominal definition goes *before* the discussion; since, without some περιλήψις, or rough circumscribing outline of the subject, a reader cannot be supposed to know the very object or substance of the inquiry.

more modern writers, and still, even in that case, Ricardo is wrong. He contemplates the Norway forest, the coal-mine, the stone-quarry, as if all alike leased out to the tenant, not with any view to a continued succession of crops, but as simply transferred on the consideration of that crop now ready for removal. He puts the question, in fact, precisely as he would do on the case of a man's leasing out his coal-cellar to another with the privilege of emptying it. Now, this is not the real case of a forest or a coal-mine. In the forest there is a regular process pursued with the purpose of creating a continual succession of "falls," so arranged that, by the fifteenth year, for instance, the section thinned in the first year may be ready again for thinnings, and so on perpetually, according to the nature of the wood. In a coal-mine, again, the known uncertainty of the veins as to direction and density of the different strata, gives a reasonable prospect of continuous succession in the annual yield. But suppose all this *not* to be so. Take the case as Ricardo apparently shapes it—viz., that you let off a coal-cellar with liberty to the lessee of emptying it within a year or two. Here the profitable product, the "crop" of the cellar, is known beforehand to a hundred-weight, and you are not to suppose any concealment as to this fact, or any deception. Clearly, now, this coal cannot be described as any produce from "the original and indestructible powers" of the cellar. And therefore, says Ricardo,* the term "rent" could not be applied in any other than an improper sense to the consideration paid by the lessee of the cellar. But is *that* so? Not at all. In the modern (and most exclusive) sense of

* "*Says Ricardo*," *i.e.*, says by the tenor of his argument, says implicitly, else he does *not* say so explicitly; for the case itself of the coal-cellar is not *his* illustration, but mine.

the term, "rent" might be paid by such a lessee. For take the cellar, or take the stone-quarry, and imagine the coal, the stone, or the stercoraceous deposit in the vast crypts cleaned out by Hercules, to have been accurately measured, it would be no impossible bargain that a day's produce from the labour of fifty men in any one of the chambers supposed, should be set off against a similar product from known mines, quarries, crypts, in the same neighbourhood, and should be charged with a rent corresponding to the assignable differences in the "put-out." A neighbouring coal-mine, for instance, worked by a hundred colliers, would furnish a standard for the comparison. If our carbonaceous crypt, or our stercoraceous crypt, yielded a produce larger by twenty-five per cent. upon the same quantity of labour, then we should have a good ground for rent in the severest sense, although the crypt were notoriously exhaustible in one, two, or three years.

It is not, therefore, the inherent or *indestructible* powers of a subject which will make it capable of rent, but the *differential* powers; and the true definition of rent is, in the strictest terms, *that portion of the produce from the soil* (or from any agency of production) *which is paid to the landlord for the use of its differential powers, as measured by comparison with those of similar agencies operating on the same market.* Though Aristotle should rise from the dead, that definition (I humbly submit) will stand.

Undoubtedly, there are found cases in England, and cases very numerous, where, at first sight, Ricardo's definition seems almost indispensable for reaching the true distinction between what *is* rent, and what is *not.* For instance, he himself supposes the case where "of two adjoining farms," otherwise exactly equal (same size, same

quality), "one had all the conveniencies of farming buildings, was, besides, properly drained and manured, and advantageously divided by hedges, fences, and walls; while the other had none of these advantages." Now, surely Ricardo has the right to presume, that for the improved farm "more remuneration would naturally be paid" than for the unimproved. But would that excess of remuneration be "rent?" "No," says Ricardo himself, "it would not; but, popularly, it would be called rent. And then he goes on to show that the true rent, which probably would be the same in each case, is that part of the total "remuneration" which is "paid for the original and indestructible powers of the soil;" whilst that part of the remuneration which is strictly pseudo-rent, must be viewed as "paid for the use of the capital" sunk in the improvements. Is that not sound? Certainly it is; quite sound: and, by the way, it is the more noticeable in Ricardo, because it has been accidentally his ordinary oversight to talk of rent as if it were the one great burden on the farmer of land: whereas so much greater is the burden in this island from the capital required, that Mr Jacob* (well known in past times to the British Government as an excellent authority) reports the proportion of capital to rent, needed in ordinary circumstances, as being then little

* William Jacob, F.R.S., stood in a position of advantage, on a sort of isthmus, for judging of any question in economy relating to agriculture; for (on the one side) he was well read in the literature of Economy, and (on the other) he was practically familiar with the whole condition and details of rural industry in this island. His "Considerations on the Protection required by British Agriculture," in 1814, is a valuable work. And the talent, together with the moderation and the knowledge displayed in it, recommended him subsequently to the Government as a commissioner for inquiries into Continental agriculture.

less than four to one. From fifty-two reports made to a Committee of the Lords in the year before Waterloo, the result was, that upon one hundred acres, paying in rent no more than L.161, 12s. 7d., the total of *other* expenses (that is, of the capital fixed and circulating) was L.601, 15s. 1d. *per annum*. And in some other cases, as, for instance, in bringing into tillage the waste lands known technically as "cold clays," the proportion of capital required for some years appeared to be much greater—on an average, three times greater, so that the capital would be ten or eleven times as much as the rent; and in such circumstances, the *total* sacrifice of rent by the landlord would be no serious relief to the improving tenant. Such being the true relation of agricultural capital to rent, which generally Ricardo seems to overlook, it would be strange indeed to blame him for this particular passage, in which he does *not* overlook it. The distinction is just and necessary. The payment for the house, barns, stables, fences, drains, &c., is rightly distinguished from the rent; it is interest paid upon capital invested in the farm, and therefore, in fact, lent to the farmer. As reasonably might you call the interest upon twenty thousand pounds, which the farmer had brought into his business, either as a loan from the neighbouring bank, or as his own patrimonial inheritance, part of his rent. But still the rent (speaking with that strictness which must always be a duty where we are speaking polemically) is to be calculated from the rating, from the place occupied on the differential scale, howsoever that place has been reached. Now, at this moment, much land is thus or thus rich, in consequence of this or that sum of capital co-operative with its original powers. You are not careful to distinguish between the original power and the acquired power; any more than, with regard to a man of talents, you care

to say, "So much is due to nature, so much to education and personal efforts." Often you cannot distinguish. The farmer, indeed, as a private secret, may guess that so much of his nominal rent arises upon the improvements, so much upon the original powers of the land. But the true rent is calculated severely upon these differential powers, however obtained, as found by comparing it with other lands cultivated on the prospect of the same markets; and the only ground for separating the nominal rent into true rent and pseudo-rent, is because some improvements do not directly increase the differential powers of a particular estate, but only increase the convenience, the respectability in appearance, the variable divisibility of the estate; or, potentially, they raise a basis upon which, as yet, no additional power perhaps *has* been raised, but on which the tenant (being a man of energy) *can* raise such a power much sooner than otherwise he could. For instance, an excellent road has been made to lime or marl, or new pits of those manures have been opened. Now, it is for the tenant to use those advantages. If he does *not* use them, to him they are as if they did not exist; but, if he does, then he finds a saving of possibly fifty per cent. upon all that he fetches, which may be seven or ten per cent. on his total costs. So, again, as to better divisions of lands, by which they may be applied to a larger cycle of uses; or, where the divisions have previously existed, heretofore they may have been rude and fixed. Now, by means of light iron hurdles, they may be much more effectual, and yet susceptible of variable arrangement, according to the wants of the particular season. Or, again, the house upon the estate, the approach to it, and the outhouses universally, may have been improved. Where, indeed, the improvement has tended to the direct

conservation of the produce, as by leaded tanks of shallow capacity for receiving cream, or by granaries fenced against vermin, or by reservoirs prepared for receiving manure without waste, they are equivalent to direct augmentations in the soil of natural power.

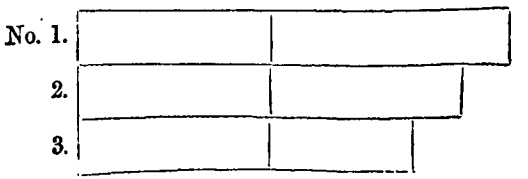
The logical incidence of the last paragraph, though plain in its parts, may seem obscure in the whole; and I add this explanation. There is a large distinction into two cases to be made for agricultural improvements. And this was not overlooked by Ricardo. The difference is, that one class actually augments the power of your land: it *did* produce ten—it *does* produce twelve. But the other class leaves the power where it was; having produced ten formerly, it produces ten now. How, then, is it an improvement? In this way, that, whereas formerly this ten required a cost of five guineas, now it requires only a cost of three. I do not at all overlook that oftentimes this saving is but an inverse form of announcing an increased power, since the two guineas saved may be used in further corresponding production; and the blindness to this possible inversion of the case is that which so unaccountably misled Malthus. But sometimes it happens that improvements are not so used, and do not naturally suggest such a use. For instance, on obtaining marl cheaper, you save annually; but perhaps, even at the old price of marl, you had enough. You feel the difference, therefore, not in a larger amount of marl, for you want no more; and perhaps you spend the difference *as* income, not productively. So, again, if "Rebecca's Daughters" save you five guineas a summer on tolls, naturally you spend the money in drinking Rebecca's health—not upon improvements. Now, this distinction of cases is of a nature to fortify Ricardo's distinction between the inde-

structible advantages of land, and its casual advantages in convenience. The first *will*, the second will *not*, operate the upon future rent. So far it seems as if I were justifying Ricardo. But what I *do* say is, that the special plausibility, in this instance, of Ricardo's illustration must not lead us away from the fact, that even here it is not the indestructibility of the powers, taken singly, which could sustain the difference of the two improvements stated, were not that indestructibility manifested on a differential scale.

Section II.—RENT.

Rent having been thus defined as *the series of increments arising upon the differential qualities of land*, no matter in what way that land may happen to be employed, it follows that this series will begin to expand itself concurrently with the earliest advances of the population.

And because these original differences in quality of soils, keeping pace altogether in their development with the movement of the population, are best understood by a scale of graduations addressed to the eye—at this point, ready for the references and explanations which may be found necessary hereafter, I place such a diagram or ocular construction of the case :—



In Tuscany there may be 300, in England many more

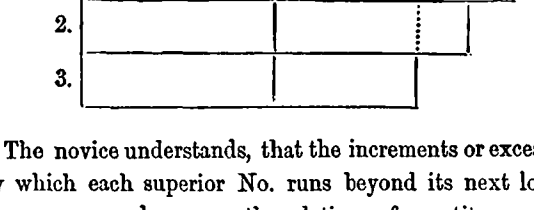
than 300, qualities of soil expanded; but three, as amply as 300, will explain the law for the whole.

No. 1 represents the class of soils *first* brought under culture. And why *first?* For the natural reason that these soils were seen obviously to be the most productive under an equal expenditure of capital: they are first in order of development, which is an act of human choice, because they are first in order of merit, which is a consequence of natural endowment. The precedency allotted by man does but follow and advertise the precedency allotted by nature. And if a second-rate soil close to a great market like Birmingham, if a third-rate soil close to a great seaport like Newcastle, is sometimes more profitable in the very same year 1770, than a first-rate soil in the wilds of central Cardiganshire—possessing at that time neither a domestic population for consuming its produce, nor roads of any kind for transporting such supplies to the corresponding centres of demand, thus far no doubt the regular expansion of the series will be slightly disturbed: to that extent it cannot be denied that the rigour of the graduation must be interrupted. But it is a sufficient answer to say—that, in so large a territory as England, the final effect upon the general balance will be trivial; and, secondly, that lands which are thus accidentally privileged, for which the local position is able to defeat the natural endowment, will be inevitably raised artificially by the compensations of culture and rich manures to the *real* rank of No. 1, which originally they had usurped.

No. 2 represents the second class of soils, called up into the series as soon as the growing population has made No. 1 insufficient.

No. 3 represents the third class of soils called up under the same pressure continually increasing.

Now, in the next step, retaining the very same diagram, let us circumstantiate its *internal* relations by filling in the secondary divisions, which shall be distinguished by a dotted line:—

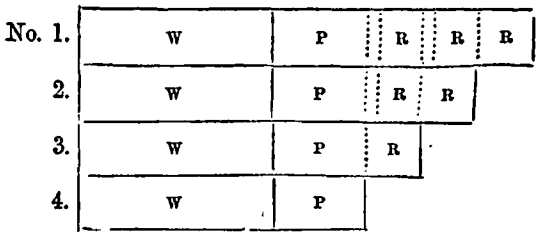


The novice understands, that the increments or excesses, by which each superior No. runs beyond its next lower No., express and measure the relations of quantity amongst the products. For example, the product upon No. 2 exceeds that upon No. 3, the product upon No. 1 exceeds that upon No. 2; but by how much? By the section which the dotted lines mark off. But this section on each of the upper soils (No. 1 and No. 2),—this abscise marked off by dotted lines—is RENT.

Finally, to complete this preparation of the diagram before any argument or explanation is applied to it, let us mount the whole scaffolding of subdivisions, the tertiary as well as the secondary changes which follow the development of the scale, adding the letters denoting the particular function of revenue to which each of these sections corresponds.

To this third and final diagram is added a fourth soil; whereas, in general, it is quite needless to persecute the reader with a scale carried lower than the third round. I suppose it almost superfluous to add—that W expresses

the function of wages, P of profit, and R the several incre-



ments of rent, as they emerge successively under the series of agricultural expansions. When No. 2 was first summoned into use, one single chamber out of the six marked R (viz., that on the extreme east or right hand of the diagram) was struck off *ipso facto* from No. 1 by that movement of No. 2. In the next stage, when No. 3 was summoned, two chambers (ranging north and south on the diagram) were *simultaneously* struck off from No. 2 and No. 1, as equally disposable for rent. And, finally, when No. 4 was summoned, three chambers (all rising perpendicularly on the same meridian, but varying in latitude) were again *simultaneously* struck off, as being each the separate abscis for rent, which became due for the same reason, and therefore at the same moment, on No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3.

Section III.—RENT.

"Now," having prepared my tables, and sufficiently armed myself for the decent conjurations of political economy, in the language of Prospero, "Now, I arise," and the reader will suppose me pointing with a long

wand. or caduceus, to the hieroglyphics of the diagram; and if he would further suppose these subdivisions framed of mosaic tablets, ivory and ebony, for instance (as on a chessboard), for symbolising even to the random eye the separate sections of *wages* and *profit*, whilst golden tessellæ at the very least would be proper to express the eternal encroachments of rent* (*Acherontis avari*), the logic of what follows would then become more emphatic, and more authoritative, as it always does by many degrees, where it is made to speak *sensuously* to the eye. A *construction* (*i.e.*, a geometrical exhibition) of any elaborate truth, is not often practicable; but, wherever it is so, prudence will not allow it to be neglected. What is called *evidentia*, that sort of demonstration which "shows out" which is *ostensive* (in the old language of mathematicians), and not merely *discursive*, or founded on dialectic *discursus* of the undertanding, is, by a natural necessity, more convincing to the learner. And, had Ricardo relied on this constructive mode of illustrating his chapters upon rent and upon wages, they would not have tried the patience of his students in the way they *have* done; still less would they have baffled the efforts of really able men (when not supported by some obstinate interest in the study), at deciphering the very outline of their principles. The case is astonishing. Two doctrines in Ricardo's system, viz., value and rent (with its *complement* in wages), constitute the well-heads of his economy: these mastered, *all* is mastered; for the rest runs down in

* "*Eternal encroachments of rent*"—eternal by an argument *ad hominem*, which neither Sir Edward West, the original discoverer of the doctrine, nor Ricardo, was in any condition to refuse; as to *them* the encroachments *are* eternal. But I have repeatedly urged elsewhere, that this law is checked by an opposite law—this tendency is neutralised from century to century by a counter tendency.

a torrent of inferences from these *præcognita*. Yet these two chapters in Ricardo are perhaps his obscurest. Upon value, though churlishly penurious in illustrations and in guarded distinctions between cases liable to be confounded, the exposition is substantially present; it has a local manifestation. But upon rent it is not quite certain that all the grounds of decision are present even in cipher. What is clear, is general and expansive; what is special, what involves the *differential* portion of the truth, the novel, the esoteric, and the characteristic, all this is thrown upon the overcharged duty of one single page (viz., the last page in the chapter). It is therefore disproportionately brief at any rate; but by a most unhappy arrangement, even so much as *is* communicated, lies dispersed and vagrant through a complex table of numerical proportions; whilst for this table there is wanting some guiding Ariadne's thread to the explorer before he can apprehend even the *principium motûs*—that is, in which one of the several columns he must look for the *original* impulse to the series of changes displayed. Action and reaction he perceives to be going on strenuously; but where do they *commence?*

Suppose, now, the wand pointed to diagram the first, and striking the upper part of this diagram. What I wish first to engage the reader's attention is the original starting-point of society as to rent, which (fiercely as many people have disputed it, even in the sense of a possibility) must be assumed even as a postulate of the understanding. It is a mere necessity of logic to assume as the starting-point, that primitive condition of the land under which it neither did nor could pay rent. Originally, when the population had called only for No. 1, it is seen by looking back to diagram I. that the land did not trisect itself into

rent, profit, and wages. There *was* no rent; there *could* be none; the land bisected itself only into the two capital sections of wages and profit. But exactly on this point it is that many a coarse sceptic comes forward. Let political economy say what it will, he for *his* part will not believe that any proprietor of land would give up his land gratuitously to the public service. All others engaged in the laborious manufacture of corn, of oxen, and of horses, being so notoriously moved to it by considerations reasonably selfish, why should the landowner stand alone in his unappreciated patriotism?

But it is not alleged that he will. And now, since this mode of argument has been adopted as the main thesis of separate books and pamphlets, it is worth noticing it by a severe and formal exposure. For the *first* thing broadly noticeable in such an argument, is the puerile style of anachronism which it betrays; assuming (as if it were a matter of course) the modern perfect subdivision of the agricultural class into owners and tenants by lease. On the part of society there is a necessity for an article, which, on the part of the owner, it seems by the objection there is no motive for giving up to the public service. But how so? In a period of society so early as that must be when only No. 1 is called for, no separate class of occupants or tenants distinct from the class of owners can have been formed. As yet, no motive towards such a class can have arisen in the secretion of rent, as a separate function of revenue, from profit. There goes to wreck the total objection; for, at this stage of society, profit upon land will be enormous. Now, what reason can there be for supposing that the owner will deny himself an immoderate income, because it happens to reach him under the name of profit, rather than under the name of rent? Simply by that one

exposure, we see how thoroughly the objector has been mastered by his own modern prepossessions.

But *next*, as the necessity for substitutes and *locumtenentes* on landed properties (*i.e.*, in some sense, for tenants or lessees), must have arisen in *every* period of society, under personal accidents of lunacy, orphan nonage, military absence, &c., long before the case arose as a professional classification, defined and separately guarded by law, it follows that, for such tenants, where at all they existed, necessity would suggest a mode of payment: that payment would naturally be charged on the high rate of profit incident to that early era of society. A division of profits would, in such times, give a higher return to both parties than the whole profits, in other times, to one. But then, *that* would not be in a technical sense rent? True, it would not: and rent in that scientific sense is exactly what we are denying, as a possibility, at this stage of expansion upon land, viz., when only No. 1 was in cultivation.

Thirdly, as the estate could be delegated on the landlord's account to a servant or ministerial agent, even the second arrangement, and also the first, is not indispensable; so that, even in that false sense, rent would not often or necessarily arise.

Fourthly, where a nominal quit-rent is received in consideration of kinship or past services, or where feudal incidents of aid might be rendered, both the first, the second, and the third arrangement would often be needless.

Fifthly, upon whatever scheme of partition, or of feudal service substituted for partition, a landlord might choose to make his estates profitable, this result is palpable: the land *is* cultivated, or it is *not* cultivated; and in either case what is the event to us? How are we (the maintainers of

rent technical in the modern sense) interested in either issue? Say that the land is *not* cultivated: in that case none of us, on either side, is affected. Say that the land *is* cultivated, and on what terms. The landlord receives only some recognition of his feudal superiority: here, then, is confessedly no rent. Again, the landlord, upon some arrangement or other, first, second, or third, enters upon a share, known or unknown, of the profits. Still, what is that to us? Profits are profits, and rent is rent; and the things will not be confounded because an obstinate man attempts to confound the words. It is altogether needless to waste arguments on proving, that in the circumstances supposed, rent proper *could* not rise. For until No. 2 is called into action, how can any difference exist upon the products of soils? Until a difference exists, how can an excess founded on that difference exist? Until such a differential excess exists, how can rent be measured? In any other sense we do not deny rent; in this sense the objector does not affirm it, unless he is of opinion that an excess or difference could arise upon No. 1, by comparison, with itself. "Sambo and Quaco are very like each other, but particularly Sambo." On the other hand, if the objector fancies a possibility of refusing this definition, and says—"In my eyes anything shall be rent which is paid to the landlord, in consideration of the right conceded to cultivate; and from whatever fund the payment is derived, equally if deducted by the labourers from their wages, or by the occupying capitalist from his profits;"—in that case where is the dispute between us? Is it we that deny the power of labourers to make such a deduction from wages, and to pay this over to the landlord? On the contrary, this has been practised for generations in Ireland, as respects the conacre Is it we that deny the

power of the farming tenant to deduct a sum for the landlord's demand—1. From his own profits; 2. From the income of some *other* property belonging to himself; 3. From the bounty of an indulgent aunt or grandmother? On the contrary, this is going on for ever even at this day in England: and to deny it would be to affirm that every man occupied in farming must uniformly succeed: wheresoever he does *not*, the rent (if paid at all) will be paid out of alien funds; in that case it is rent only by a verbal trick. So long as *words* are the only representatives of our ideas, so long there will always be an opening for a trickster to charge upon any verbal distinctions the pretence of verbalism. But the short answer in this case is, that rent, considered as an index or exponent to a series of differences upon a scale of soils, *obeys one set of laws—whilst rent*, in the *ordinary lax sense, obeys none.* The ebbs or flowings of rent, taken in the strict sense, are governed by laws as regular as marine tides; but in the vague sense of an acknowledgment to the landlord, made from any fund whatever, rent will be as capricious in its regulating principles, as in its original motives.

Next, let me point to that feature in all the three diagrams—that always the *lowest* soil yields no rent. The cause of this, and the effect, are equally apparent. The cause is, that *no* soil yields rent until a soil lower than itself has defined and marked off a *difference* of produce. For the same reason why there can be no rent on No. 1, when no other No. is used, there can never be any rent in the No. which happens to be *lowest* in the scale: equally in both cases there is wanting a *lower* soil, to mark off a difference. Rent is the excess of produce upon any given quality of soil, by comparison with another quality worse than itself. Until his worse quality comes into

play, there can be no such comparison, and, by consequence, no such excess. Until there is a point of comparison—that is, until the soil now last in the scale becomes the penultimate—you cannot point to any difference as more than a future possibility. All soils promise a potential difference; but this cannot be realised until a lower base of comparison arises. Such is the cause: the effect is more likely to be contested. It is this. According to the modern doctrine, the price of the produce on *all* the soils is regulated by this lowest soil; and for this reason—that the price of produce must be such as to cover that which is grown on the *least* advantageous terms. A price, sufficient for the upper soils, would be quite insufficient to continue the culture upon the lower; since, in a market, no distinction can be allowed in the price for differences of advantage. Of those differences the public has no knowledge; or, if it had, could not allow for them. *Results* are allowed for: qualities of grain, affirmatively better, sell higher; but *grounds* of qualities, as, that a man has spent more capital upon his grain, or that he has won an equal grain from a worse soil by superior skill—for these there *can* be no allowance. And, in fact, it is from these disadvantages, as graduated into a regular descending scale, that a regular series of increments becomes disposable for rent. So far an opponent will submit, because he must; but he will dispute the possibility of any such lowest soils existing by a whole class as *rentless* soils. This, however, is the same question recurring, which has already been recently canvassed with respect to No. 1. And in a field, where it is impossible to find room for *every* discussion, it is quite sufficient to make these three replies:—(1st), That a lowest class of soils may always be available as rentless soils, in the case where the

owner unites with that character the character of occupying farmer. (2dly), That the *mode* of the non-payment often explains its possibility. A tenant been able to pay a rent upon land not absolutely the worst, but the penultimate: at this rent he has been warranted in bestowing upon the land so much capital: secondly, he stimulates the land by more capital, and obtains a second though inferior crop: for that secondary crop, equivalent to the crop on a lower soil, he pays no rent. Now, here the rentless capital will be concealed and masked to the general eye by the associated capital which *does* pay rent. This is one of the cases in which virtually the *lowest* land is concerned; for those secondary powers in a higher soil, which have been called out by the second application of capital, are often exactly on a level with the primary qualities of the lowest. (3dly), A very common case, sometimes a very extensive one, is *where the tenant holds, jointly with superior land, other land of the lowest quality at present susceptible of culture.* The one quality, out of which really is paid all the rent that he *does* pay, shelters and disguises the other quality, out of which, in fact, he pays none. Not the bystanders only, but even himself and his landlord, are possibly deceived. An entire estate comprehending much good land, but also some too bad for cultivation, has been let on a surveyor's calculation—85 acres of the land No. 4 and No. 5, lying dispersed amongst 1140 of land No. 3, 2, and even 1, have *virtually* not affected the contract; they have been, in fact, thrown in gratuitously. No. 5 it has been found at that period unprofitable to cultivate. But No. 4 *is* cultivated, and is part of that land which fixes price by paying wages and profits only. It ought, therefore, as the lowest soil actually in use, to pay no rent; how *that* is possible, has been

shown by the circumstances of the contract; and how such a fact may escape the knowledge even of the parties to that contract, is explained by the scattered interfusion of some bad land amongst much that is very good or in various degrees better.

Secion IV.—RENT.

Now remains the final task. It is seen, it has been proved, that an eternal series of difference is developed upon the land by the unresting advance of population. These differences, these increments, are undeniable: a question arises—How are they disposed of? How do they operate? How do these eternal changes on the land effect the distribution of its produce? We know how a certain phenomenon called rent arises. Its origin, its mode of advancing—these are no longer doubtful. But what we now want to know, what as yet we do not know, is—the *results* of this phenomenon upon all interests connected with the land; its operation upon the amount of their several shares.

Here is, at first sight, a perplexing question. Had the question been confined to this—*What becomes of the increments eternally arising upon land, as each lower quality is developed?* in that case the answer would have been easy. We all know, by this time, that these increments are rent; no rent except from these increments; no increments which can be applied otherwise than to rent. But the real question is larger. There is a singular delusion which takes place here. Because the increment takes place on occasion of the inferior soil being called up, there is a natural *subreptio intellectûs*, a hasty impression left on the mind, that the inferior soil actually causes the incre

ment—actually *produces* the addition which becomes available for rent. So far from that, so far from adding anything, every descent of this kind upon a lower soil *takes away* something. It *seems* to add—and for the landlord's benefit it *does* add—for it makes *that* a portion of his share which previously had been the share of other people. But *absolutely* (that is, in relation to the *aggregate* claims of capitalist, farmer, labourer), this increment is manifestly a decrement, and never anything else. Fast as these increments travel *westwards** on the diagram, exactly in that ratio does the residuum—the portion available for the other shares on the land—grow ever narrower and narrower. The evolution of No. 2 (which suppose to have occurred during the Saxon polyarchy) did not add anything to the actual produce on No. 1. The action of No. 2 was simply to measure off on No. 1 a portion equal to its own defect, and to make it otherwise disposable than it had been. But obviously this separation on No. 1 has not enlarged the total shares; *absolutely*, the total produce on No. 1 is left exactly where it was, and the only real change is a different distribution of this produce.

This distribution is the subject of the present section; and it will most merit the attention of the student, first, because (being already *per se* the most difficult part of the subject) it happens to be that part most cursorily explained by Ricardo. And secondly, it is charged with illusions from the *first*. One of these I have explained—

* "*Westwards.*"—It would be mere pedantry to refuse this brief terminology, derived from the theory of maps. The diagram is treated as a map, or chart, in which the upper side is by ancient usage the north,&c. The advantage for the diagram is—that a single word does the office of a very operose circumlocution.

the random impression that the series of increments, which *are* increments only *quoad hoc*, is a series of actual *bona fide* additions. A second illusion is this—Because all the increments, as fast as they take place, pass into rent, it is a most natural inference that these successive additions do not disturb the distribution of the other shares. Were any part of the increments otherwise applicable than to rent—inversely, were any part of rent otherwise derivable than from the increments, you feel that the work of assigning their several shares to profits, wages, &c., would become perplexed. But you fancy it to be kept exceedingly simple by the known fact, that the constant excesses arising through the development of the land scale are not divisible upon any mixed principle—so much to profits, so much to wages; but go in mass, and without one farthing of reservation, to rent. The natural, but false, conclusion from this will be—that rent, being itself quite unaffected by the other shares, will reciprocally not in the least affect those other shares. This, however, is altogether erroneous. From the moment when rent becomes developed upon the land, a perpetual change is going on *derivatively* in the shares allotted to labourers and to farmers. The grounds, the clockwork, of this change, lurks in a tabular statement of proportions by Ricardo; this I shall transfer accurately from his pages to my own; and then, because *all* judicious readers complain heavily of the manner in which Ricardo has treated the exposition of this subject, I shall make it my business to fill up the scheme which he, from carelessness (and perhaps more from natural inaptitude* for the task of simplifying knowledge), has left so obscure.

* "*Inaptitude.*"—The facts overlooked in Ricardo's position are two—1st, That by original conformation of mind, like some other

TABLE of Proportions drawn up by Ricardo, for the purpose of explaining the collateral or parallel changes which take place in the affections of value, through all interests, upon the land, contingently upon each successive development of lower soils.

Price per Quarter.	Rent in Wheat.	Rent in Money.	Profit in Wheat.	Profit in Money.	Wages in Wheat.	Wages in Money.	Total of Money for Wages, Profit, and Rent.
£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
A. 4 0 0	None.	None.	120 qrs	480 0 0	60 qrs.	240 0 0	720 0 0
B. 4 4 8	10 qrs.	42 7 6	111·7 ...	473 0 0	58·3 ...	247 0 0	762 7 6
C. 4 10 0	20 ...	90 0 0	103·4 ...	465 8 0	56·6 ...	255 0 0	810 0 0
D. 4 16 0	30 ...	144 0 0	95·0 ...	456 0 0	55 ...	264 0 0	864 0 0
E. 5 2 10	40 ...	205 13 4	86·7 ...	445 15 0	53·3 ...	274 5 0	925 13 4

COMMENTARY.

In this table the case A indicates the original condition of rural husbandry, when as yet no land is under culture but the best (or No. 1 of the Diagrams). Case B indicates, therefore, the secondary condition, when No. 2 is called for. Case C the tertiary condition, when No. 3 is called for, and so onwards. The price of wheat per quarter in the one sole case A, must be understood to have been *arbitrarily* assumed by Ricardo; everywhere else it is *not*

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powerful and original minds, he found no genial pleasure in *communicating* knowledge; 2dly, His mind was in a fermenting state, so that his knowledge was often provisional and tentative. The prodigious events of his era, the vast experiments (even in the relations of commerce and political economy) forced upon nations by the Titan struggle of England with a barbarising despot, taught him often to suspend—to watch—and to listen, as it were, for something yet to come. Hence it happened, that certain great principles, few, but sufficient, for a *total* revolution in economy—these he held with the grasp of Talus, the iron man of Crete. In the outlying parts of his own system, meantime, he was sceptical; and what was not determinate to himself, the could not make so to others.

arbitrary. It could not signify what price was assumed at the starting-point, only that Ricardo should have explained how much of his table *was* assumption, and not have left to students a perplexing inquiry about his reasons, where, in fact, no reasons at all existed. It was sufficient at the starting-point to take for a basis any possible price *ad libitum*. But ever afterwards, in the descending scale of cases B, C, D, &c., there is no further room for discretion or arbitrary choice. Each price of wheat in the four which follow is determined by an *à priori* principle: it is derived (as will be shown immediately) by a rule of three proportions from the amount of produce on the land, compared with the same amount when diminished by the growing deductions for rent. These modifications of price, derived from rent, are very important; for through this organ of price it is, that rent operates upon the money compensations (however imperfect compensations) to decaying wages, and still more decaying profits. By throwing his eye down the proper columns, the reader will see that wages are always declining in wheat returns, but always rising (though not proportionably rising) in money returns. Profits, on the other hand, suffer in both modes Their corn returns sell, indeed, with the same advantage from the new price of wheat as that which benefits the wages; but still, as the positive declension of these corn returns is considerably greater for profits than for wages, the money returns will be seen to decline *absolutely* for profits, and not merely (as in the case of wages) proportionately. Lastly, by looking down the two contiguous columns for the changes on rent, the reader will see that rent benefits in both ways—viz., in corn returns, and in money returns. And even *that* is a careless expression of the case; for, in a sense, both wages, and even profits benefit; that is, if they suffer, they

certainly suffer less than they otherwise would do, in consequence of a higher price being obtained for land produce concurrently with *every* expansion of rent. How, then does the case of rent differ from *their* case? It differs thus: rent benefits *absolutely* in all senses, in wheat not less than in money; wages benefit in money, but lose upon the wheat return; profits lose upon both returns. Originally, for instance (case A), ten labourers had received, collectively, 60 quarters of wheat, or (at L.4 per quarter) L.240 sterling, —giving to each man six quarters, or, in money, L.24. Now, in case B, when rent has commenced, the abstraction of ten quarters for this purpose makes it impossible that the remainder, left for distribution between wages and profits, can allow the same corn return. Accordingly, wages sink in wheat from 60 to 58 quarters, *plus* three-tenths of a quarter. But, on the other hand, as a compensation *pro tanto*, this diminished quantity of wheat sells for L.7 more. The ten labourers receive now L.247 instead of L.240. Does that addition (of 14s. a man) reimburse his loss? Not at all. To do this, the money addition ought to have been double. Each man, if no part of his expenditure were for bread and flour, might rejoice* that his money wages were more, even if not commensurately more. But, for

* "*Might rejoice.*"—No, he might *not* rejoice. In any case he is bound to mourn, says the man of the superannuated economic systems smashed by Ricardo. But why does he say so? Consistently enough; his doctrine, his creed, is known; wages, for *him*, constitute the basis of price. Do wages happen to rise under a rise of wheat? Prices, he holds, must rise commensurately. *Ergo*, as *all* men use grain or other landed produce, to him it seems that *all* prices must rise; and *pro tanto*. But *we*, Ricardian Protestants, know far otherwise. Even the novice is now aware that a rise in wages would leave prices undisturbed. And now, perhaps, by this practical application of his knowledge, the novice begins to suspect that his studies upon value were not quite so aerial.

every eight bushels of wheat which his family consumes, he must now pay four guineas, *plus* eightpence, instead of four pounds. Say that his household were of four and a half heads, here (under the usual random computation of eight bushels annually per head) we have four and a half times four shillings and eightpence *extra*—that is, precisely one guinea extra on the man's annual outlay; whilst, upon the table of Ricardo, his relief proceeds no further than by 14s., *i.e.*, two-thirds of his loss. This, besides, in the case B; but, if such things happen in the green ear, what will happen in the full harvest of development under C, D, E, and quarters of the alphabet still more ominous? By any law that Ricardo impresses on his student, the very wheels of the social *watchwork* must be clogged and motionless long before the land-scale would come in sight of detestable M, or even of gloomy H. Only through that great antagonist force for ever at work in Great Britain—through skill, capital, and the energy of freemen; only by an antagonist law for ever operative in throwing back the descents—in raising the soil of case E, in the year 1700, to the level of B as it was in 1500—the soil of O, in the year 1800, to the level of E as it stood in 1600,—thus, and only thus do we escape, have escaped, and shall escape, the action of rent; which action, by the just exposures of Ricardo, tends always to engulf us; which action, by the unjust concealments of Ricardo, ought long ago to have frozen us into a dead lock—anything to the contrary, notwithstanding, which has ever been insisted on by that great master of economy. The *tendencies* of a natural law like that of rent (which word *rent* I use as a shorthand expression for the case, otherwise it is not rent, but the cause of rent, or degradation of soils, which in very truth is the original principle of movement)—these tendencies it is always right

to expose; and Ricardo first *did* expose them. Others had discovered the law; he first applied his sagacious sense to its consequences upon profits, wages, price; and, through them, upon universal economy. That was right; for that we are irredeemably his debtors. But it was *not* righ to keep studiously out of sight that eternal counter-movement which tends, by an equivalent agency, to redress the disturbed balance. This concealment has the effect of introducing marvels into a severe science; since, else, what other than a miracle is it that rent has not long ago absorbed the whole landed produce—a result to which so manifestly it tends? Secondly, this concealment withdraws from the notice of young students a truly philosophic instance, or case, of that providential benignity which meets every natural growth of comprehensive evil by a commensurate compensation, or else by a process of positive counteraction. Our own social system seems to harbour within itself the germ of our ruin. Either we must destroy rent, *i.e.*, that which causes rent, or rent will destroy *us*, unless in the one sole case where this destroying agency can be headed back uniformly as it touches the point of danger—that point where it would enter into combination with evil co-agencies. Now this great case of reservation, this saving clause (which, by the intervention of an "*unless*," *i.e.*, of an "*if not*," entitled, of course, to the benefits of a Shakspearian "*if*," defeats a dreadful tendency always lying *couchant* in our social mechanism), being almost unnoticed by Ricardo, or not finding a systematic *locus* in his exposition, besides leaving room for a sort of wonderment not creditable to a severe science, has the further bad effect of inviting a malignant political disaffection. Both in France, Germany, and England, a dreadful class is forming itself of systematic enemies to property.

As a wild, ferocious instinct, blind as a Cyclops and strong as a Cyclops, this anti-social frenzy has naturally but too deep a root in the predispositions of hopeless poverty. And it happens (though certainly not with any intentional sanction from so upright a man as David Ricardo) that in no instance has the policy of gloomy disorganising Jacobinism, fitfully reviving from age to age, received any essential aid from science, excepting in this one painful corollary from Ricardo's triad of chapters on Rent, Profit, and Wages. A stress lies on this word *triad;* for it is not from insulated views of rent that the wicked inference arises: it is by combined speculations upon the three. Separate, the doctrine of rent offers little encouragement to the anarchist; it is in connection with other views that it ripens into an instrument of mischief the most incendiary. Since Ricardo's time, the anti-social Jacobins —attacking, in France, the whole theory of taxation, of public worship, of national education; in England, attacking the fabric of civil administration, the liability of one generation to the debts or civil obligations of another, the right to property or to accumulations of any kind; and, in Germany, going far beyond these insanities of licentiousness —find often a convenient policy in having exoteric and minor degrees of initiation. To the aspirant, during his noviciate, they preach the abolition of entails, of regal courts, of ambassadors, and privileged bodies of soldiery, as appendages of courts; but on no phasis of the social economy now prevailing do they dwell with more effectual bitterness than on the tendencies of rent as exposed by Ricardo. Here is a man, they argue, not hostile to social institutions, not thinking of them in connection with any question of elementary justice, who reveals as a mere sequel, as an indirect consequence, as a collateral effect

from one ordinary arrangement of landed property, that it does, and must encroach steadily, by perpetual stages, upon other landed claims, through all varieties of kind and of degree. The evil, they allege, is in the nature of an eclipse; it travels by digits over the face of the planet. A shadow of death steals gradually over the whole disk of what once had offered a luminous field of promise. And that which was meant for the auspicious guarantee of indefinite expansion to human generations—viz., the indefinite expansibility of food and clothing from the land—becomes the main counteraction to these purposes of Providence, and the most injurious monument of social misarrangement. The class of landlords, they urge, is the merest realisation of a scriptural idea—*unjust men reaping where they have not sown.* They prosper, not pending the ruin, not in spite of the ruin, but *by* the ruin of the fraternal classes associated with themselves on the land. Not by accident, but by necessity—not by intermitting effects of position, but by very coercion of their original tenure—it is the organic function of rent-receivers to encroach, to engulf *all* the shares at last, and to approximate this consummation of total absorption by yearly stages of partial absorption; like Schiller's cannon-ball,

"Shattering *what* it reaches, and shattering that it *may* reach."

And thus, whilst universal society is viewed as the victim of institutions, yet this fatal necessity is received as no plea for those whom it coerces; but the noblest order of men amongst us, our landed aristocracy, is treated as the essential scourge of all orders beside. Now, were all this true, God forbid that it should be charged upon Ricardo as an offence to have exposed it! But it is the little learning here, as elsewhere, which grounds the ignor-

ance and propagates the calumny. No man could know this better than Ricardo. And yet he has suffered these perilous falsehoods (perilous, because fatally "simular" of truth) to accredit themselves upon his authority. These pestilent errors, oftentimes preached by dull men, have borrowed wings and buoyancy from his profound truths unfortunately mutilated. For the whole truth, when not one hemisphere, but both hemispheres are exhibited at once, is, that, logically speaking, rents are themselves inevitable consequences, bound up with the necessities of the case; secondly, that, *as* inevitable results, these increments upon land import no blame to landlords, seeing that, under any system of civil interests, and any administration of those interests, such increments eternally arising must be enjoyed by somebody; thirdly, that having thus reduced the question to a simple case of comparison between country gentlemen (as the most ordinary class of rent-receivers) and any other assignable receivers, Ricardo was too conscientious to pretend that this class was not, amongst us, one of our noblest. If we have led Europe in political counsels since 1642, if we first founded a representative government—by whom else than our country gentlemen, in Parliament assembled, were we ourselves guided?

But, fourthly, Ricardo is chiefly blamable as overlooking that great pursuing counter-agency which travels after the tendency on land, overtakes it continually, and once at least in each century, like an *annus Platonicus*, restores the old relations of our system. Ricardo knew, in that extent which made it a duty to proclaim, that to this indefinite expansion of rent, absolutely unlimited as it is by original tendency, on that very argument, and merely by that proof, some active and commensurate remedy

must have always been operating. Too evidently the evil must have found or have generated its own check, else why had it not long ago destroyed us? I have made it a point to dwell a little on this great question, because here chiefly it is that political economy inosculates with politics and the philosophy of social life; and because, from mere inadvertence, Ricardo is here found in a painful collusion with the most hateful of anarchists.

Now remains one sole task. The novice has seen generally, that the labourer and the capitalist are affected by changes in rent; it remains to ask, In what exact proportions? Although every fresh projection of rent is carried off "neat" and entire by its own class of owners, and therefore it might be supposed that this class would go off, leaving the two other classes to settle their dividends undisturbed by the action of rent, *that* is not so. Every fresh pulse of rent causes a new arrangement even for that which rent leaves behind, and this new arrangement more and more favours wages at the expense of profits. One short explanation will make this clear, and finish the whole development.

Looking back to Ricardo's table, let us take the case C.*

* "*The case* C."—One, and perhaps the very largest, vice in the science of teaching is—that the teacher, chained up by his own subjective pre-occupations, cannot see with the eyes of the novice; cannot dismiss his own difficulties, and enter, as into an inheritance, upon those of his pupil. Not until this moment did it strike me, that the reader having lately heard and read so much of the land-scale (which means the devolution of culture through all gradations of soil, from optimism down to pessimism, in order to meet the expansions of population), will naturally suppose that Ricardo's table rests upon a basis of that kind; that the case D, for instance, means land which is one degree worse than that in case B. Not at all. A, B, C, D, and E, all represent one and the same soil, but continually forced, by *other* soils, into fresh expansions of rent.

And, in order to begin at the beginning, what is the *principium movendi?* Where arises the initial movement? It arises in the fact that, by some descent upon a worse soil, a second separation of rent has taken place. In the first descent, marked B, there had occurred a separation of 10 quarters for rent; in the second descent, marked C, a separation (upon the same soil) of 20 quarters has occurred for the same purpose.

Here pause: for now comes the screw which moves the whole machine. The produce of the soil under discussion is assumed always to be the same total quantity—viz., 180 quarters; for the reader has been told that it is one and the same soil concerned in all the five cases. Consequently, when 10 quarters were made disposable for rent, the remainder was 170; when 20 are taken, the remainder is 160. Now, as

160 : 180 : : L.4 : L.4, 10s.

When the original move had been made, wheat was selling at eighty shillings a quarter: it rose under this first move (B) to eighty-four shillings and eightpence. And why? because 170 is to 180 as L.4 is to L.4, 4s. 8d. But when another move (C) has abstracted from the total crop of 180 quarters not less than 20 for rent, by a rule-of-three proportion we see that the price will rise to ninety shillings.

Step the Second.—Next, after this case of price, comes the case of wages. How it is that Ricardo would himself have explained the process of adjustment (as sketched on his own table) between wages and the changes caused by rent, perhaps nobody can say. My explanation is this, which must (I presume) be sound, as it coincides in the arithmetical result with *his*. Look down the column

of prices for wheat, and uniformly the difference between any case, as C and the original case A, must be halved. Thus the half of ten shillings (the difference between C and A) is five. Then, because each labourer's original share had been six quarters, multiply six by five shillings, and the product is thirty shillings. This, for ten labourers, will make, collectively, L.15; and so much additional money wages—viz., L.15—must be paid to the aggregate share of wages under case C, compared with case A. Accordingly, in the column of "wages in money," you see that, having had L.240 in case A, the ten labourers will have L.255 in case C. Again, for a similar reason,* in case D, the price of wheat per quarter is sixteen shillings more than in case A. Half sixteen shillings is eight shillings; and multiplying the original quarters of each labourer, viz., six, by eight, you have forty-eight shillings as the additional sum for each labourer, L.24 therefore as the aggregate addition for ten labourers. Accordingly, by the same column of "wages in money," you see that the share of wages on case D, as compared with case A, has risen from L.240 to L.264.

Step the Third—Remains to ask, what will be the share left for profits? When abstracting Ricardo's law of profits, I said—by way of condensing the truth in a brief formula—"Profits are the leavings of wages:" meaning, that whatever addition is assigned to wages by the law controlling them, must be taken from profits; for, if not, whence can it come? What other source is available? Here (as you see) the initial movement, by abstracting 20

* "*A similar reason.*"—viz. because 30 quarters out of 180 being now disposable for rent, leaving only 150 for wages and profits, then by the rule of three—150 : 180 : : L.4 : L.4, 16s.

quarters from the land produce for rent, has determinately forced on another movement—viz., a change in wages. This has given L.15 extra to the ten workmen; but where was that L.15 obtained? If you say it was obtained from the new price of wheat, now much enhanced, I reply—No: that is quite impossible. First, from the fact—the price of wheat is now 10s. a quarter more than it was under case A. This extra sum upon 180 quarters makes exactly L.90. But L.90 is the very sum now paid for rent; the 20 quarters for rent, at L.4, 10s., amount to L.90. Consequently, all that is gained in the new money price of wheat goes away upon rent. Secondly, the same thing may be shown *d priori*. For what is it that has raised the price of wheat? The cause of that new price is the inferiority of some new soil not particularly noticed in Ricardo's table, except in its effects. This worse soil, which for that reason regulates the price upon *all* soils, could not furnish the same produce of 180 quarters, except at a higher cost. That higher cost appears to be L.90. So far only, and by this process, has the price of wheat been raised; but not through any rise of wages, which rise, besides, is consequential and posterior to the rise in wheat, and cannot therefore have been causative to the new price of wheat. Not to insist again, at this point, on the doctrine of Ricardo, so fully demonstrated, that no change in price can ever be effected by a change in wages. In the instance now before us, the L.15 extra must be paid from some quarter; but it is doubly demonstrated that it cannot have been paid by the new price—*i.e.*, by consumers. It remains, therefore, that it must be paid out of profits; for no other fund exists. And accordingly, by looking into the column of money profits, you see that, in case C, these profits have sunk from L.480

to L.465. In other words, the 30s. per man, paid extra to the labourer, making L.15 for the ten labourers, has been obtained entirely at the cost of profits. The labourers obtain L.15 more; but the capitalist is left with L.15 less.

Thus, finally, we read off the table of Ricardo into its true interpretation. We are able to *construct* it into a scientific sense for the understanding. The last column to the right hand, I must observe, simply adds to the invariable sum of L.720, always disposable for profit and wages, the new sum obtained by a new price of wheat for rent. For example, in case C, where 20 quarters become disposable for rent, and therefore, in money, L.90 under the new price of wheat, add this L.90 to the old L.720, and the total money produce of the land under C is L.810. So again, under E, where the price of wheat has risen to L.5, 2s. 10d. per quarter, the total money value of rent, now claiming 40 quarters of the 180, will be L.205, 13s. 4d.; and this sum, added to the old L.720, makes (as we see) L.925, 13s. 4d. But now, if we strike out this final column on the right hand, which is simply an arithmetical register or summation of values travelling along with the expansions of rent, we shall have seven columns remaining —viz., one for the *prices* of wheat, two for *rent*, two for *profits*, and two for *wages*. And the Ariadne's thread for passing along the labyrinth is briefly this: that the second column is a pure assumption, and justly so, where you are entitled to take any quantities you please for a basis. From this second column you take your start; and, by a comparison derived from this assumption of wheat rent, in a way already explained (viz., by stating the remainder of wheat produce, suppose 150 quarters after paying rent, against the invariable total of wheat produce—viz., 180 quarters), you determine to a fraction the new price per

quarter of wheat. This known, next, by a rule which *seems* arbitrary, you learn precisely the new amount (as in column seventh) that will now be required for money wages. But, because the new price of wheat is also known, out of *that* (combined with the money addition to the labourer's wages) you are able to determine the question of column sixth—viz., how much the labourer has lost in corn wages; and then, as the money gained to the labourer measures the money lost to the capitalist, easily you settle the question of column fifth (money profits) out of column seventh (money wages). Next, through the price of wheat (known *in* column first, and *by* column second), you ascertain readily the question of column fourth; *i.e.*, of wheat profits. There remains only column third (the money value of rent). But this is obviously nothing more than a multiplication of column second, as to any given item, by the corresponding item in column first. As to the objections against the rule for deriving the new rate of money wages—that it *seems* to be arbitrary—I fancy that Ricardo referred to a basis assumed in the chapter on wages, which represents the labourer as *originally* requiring one half of his wages for food or for wheat; so that the increase in *money* wages acts only on that half. To the latter part of that chapter, in my own account of it, I therefore refer the reader.

CHAPTER V.

PROFITS.

This chapter will occupy us for a longer space than the rest; *first*, because (as a dependency upon rent and wages) it furnishes a sort of commentary on those doctrines; *secondly*, because, more than any other doctrine, it is liable, on its own account, to popular fallacies.

Price, rent, and wages, having now been developed, we may say, with respect to the law of profits, not so properly that it is deduced from these three principles by Ricardo, as that it deduces itself. Let me not be thought, in saying *that*, to mean any disparagement of Ricardo's services. Greater cannot be imagined. He it was who first made it possible to deduce wages from rent—and therefore to deduce profits from wages. He had so disembarrassed the ground of all perplexities by the time he reached this question of profits, that the true theory rather flowed spontaneously from the conditions, as they had been now explained, than called for any effort of inference. But then the very necessity and inevitableness of this inference, the very possibility of dispensing with further discoveries, were due exclusively to Ricardo's previous simplifications. Only by having merited so much in former stages, could he have made it possible, even for himself, to merit so little in this.

In one brief *formula*, it might be said of profits—that

they are the leavings of wages: so much will the profit be upon any act of production, whether agricultural or manufacturing, as the wages upon that act permit to be left behind.

But left behind from what? From the price. The price, even of landed produce, splits always into wages and profits; and what the price is—predetermines the *joint* amount for wages and profits. If the price is ten shillings, then by this principle, it is asserted—that wages and profits, taken as a whole, cannot exceed ten shillings. (No rise in wages could increase this sum of ten shillings). But do not the wages and profits as a whole, themselves, on the contrary, predetermine the price? No; that is the old superannuated doctrine. But the new economy has shown that all price is governed by proportional quantity of the producing labour, and by that only. Being itself once settled, then, *ipso facto*, price settles the fund out of which both wages and profits must draw their separate dividends. Call the price x: that sum, that x, makes up the joint values of wages and profits. Taken together, the two functions of wages and profits will always compose x; cannot be less, cannot be more.

But, if *that* is true, then it follows that wages and profits vary inversely: whatever the one loses the other gains; and the gain of either can only be through the loss of the other. Neither of the two can gain *absolutely* or irrespectively of the other: wages being eight shillings, and profits two, then it is possible that profits might rise to three, but only by wages previously falling to seven. Any other rise in profits, such as should leave wages virtually undiminished, could be only an apparent rise through some depreciation in the currency; and that depreciation, changing any one thing nominally, must

change all other things: affecting all apparently, really it would affect none.

This being settled, viz., that any motion or change between wages and profits will always be reciprocal, next comes the question—in which of the two will such a change commence? Is it possible, for instance, that an *original* change should take place in profits, and that wages should be affected only in a secondary way? No; this is not possible. Any change that can disturb the existing relations between wages and profits, must originate in wages: whatever change may silently take place in profits, always we must view as recording and measuring a previous change in wages.

Hence we are brought to the conclusion—that to wages, and to wages only, we must look for an explanation of all principles which govern either themselves or profits. Ricardo's chapter upon profits is substantially no more than a reiteration of his two chapters upon wages and rent. It is known already from those chapters, that in all national communities alike, there is the same constant tendency (through the increase of population) to descend upon worse soils. There is a counter-tendency which holds this primal tendency in check; viz., the gradual elevation of bad soils to the rank of better, by means of improving science. But this antagonist principle acts very unequally in different communities, and in the same community at different periods. Consequently, the tendency to increased cost of food, by continual descent upon worse wheat land, worse barley land, and worse grazing land, is sometimes for a century together proceeding with activity; whilst the counter-tendency, which depends much upon previous improvements in roads, markets, &c., and upon *general* progress in science, may be altogether

torpid. We see, therefore, a natural reason why wages upon the land should, through such a century, continually grow heavier, and the profits, therefore, continually decline. It is only when the antagonist tendency gets into powerful play, or whilst the population happens to be stagnant, that this downward movement is checked. But says the student, by a most natural objection, what has *that* to do with manufactures? Industry, applied to land, grows dearer, because the declining qualities of the soil oblige the cultivator to employ eleven or twelve men on the worst soil used in the last year of a century; whereas, upon the worst soil used in the first year of that century, there were employed only ten. It is the *quantity* of labour which has increased (viz., as must always be remembered, or the lowest or *regulating* soil); and that explains why the manufacturer of wheat or oxen must have more wages to pay; he has twelve men to pay instead of ten. But why should the manufacturer of shoes be affected by such a change? Because more men are required upon a score of acres, it will not follow that more will be required upon a score of boots or shoes. Why, therefore, should not the effect upon profits confine itself to capitals employed upon land? The answer is this—even upon shoes there will be a small increase of labour, because the raw material will grow a little dearer as hides grow dearer; and hides will grow dearer as cattle grow dearer, by descending upon worse pasture lands. But this is not the channel through which profits are affected, either upon one sort of industry or another. It is not because the *quantity* of labour increases, that corn profits will diminish. That change will merely affect prices. A farmer, indeed, who has to pay an eleventh labourer, will certainly have more wages to pay. Where he paid two hundred pounds formerly, now he

must pay two hundred and twenty. But the shoemaker will need no eleventh man. True; yet he must pay his ten men at a higher rate. The payment fastened upon the farmer for an extra man, for an extra quantity of labour, is not that payment which will diminish his profits. For that he will be indemnified in the altered price of his produce. Sect. 3. of Chap. I. (on value) has sufficiently established—that all changes in the *quantity* of producing labour, whether up or down, settle by corresponding changes upon the price: if the labour required is more, the price of the product is more: if less, less. And the new price indemnifies the employer—whether farmer or shoemaker—for the new quantity of labour. So far, therefore, the cost of the eleventh man is nothing to *him:* yet the eleventh man must be paid for; and that is something to the public, for, in order to pay him, ten per cent. will now be added to the price of their wheat. But thus far the farmer is no further affected by the change than as he also, in the persons of his household, is a *consumer* of wheat. To that extent he must be a sufferer in common with every body else, but not as a *producer.* Next, however, comes another change: in consequence of this rise in wheat, caused by the necessity of an eleventh man, all the ten men and the eleventh besides will need extra wages. Some addition must be made to their wages, or else at the new price of wheat a class of men, to whom wheat forms so large an item upon so small a total expenditure, would sink suddenly in the scale. Now, *here* it is that the shoemaker will be caught. His shoes, it is true, will not cost more *labour* in making, because wheat costs more labour, except indeed by the trifle additional on hides; and that trifle will be repaid in the price of shoes. But how will *that* indemnify the shoemaker for the new

rate of wages paid to the old quantity of labour? Suppose him to keep ten journeymen, he (you allege) is not in the situation of the farmer: he is under no call to employ an eleventh, as a *conditio sine quâ non* for obtaining the old amount of produce. Ten men will produce as many shoes now as they did before. True: but will these ten men be contented with the same rate of wages? They cannot: upon them, as much as upon the farmer's men, rests a necessity for reimbursement with respect to the new ten per cent. charged upon wheat. Suppose wheat to form one-half of their household expenditure, then five per cent. upon their total wages will be requisite to meet the ten per cent. upon grain. Suppose (which is more probable) that wheat forms one-third of their total expenditure, then L.3, 6s. 8d. upon every hundred pounds paid in wages will be the requisite increase. But, considering the concurrent increase which will affect all articles (such as wool) depending equally with wheat upon the home soil, and considering the increased costs upon advances of capital, it is not too much to say—that a ten per cent. rise in grain will raise wages universally by five per cent. And in that word "*universally*" we are reminded of the *nexus* between agricultural and manufacturing industry, which effects the translation of changes from the one to the other. The original "move" in the game, viz., the descent upon a soil of lower capacities, is undeniably nothing to the shoemaker. His shoemaking does not therefore descend upon less productive journeymen or more intractable hides: wheat is less in quantity, but shoes are not less in quantity. No; but soon the re-agency of the first change travels back upon the shoemaker by a second. Wheat forms a conspicuous part in the household system of diet for *all* labourers alike. A man does not grow fat, because

he drives fat oxen; nor does a ploughman's family consume more wheat, because the head of it produces wheat. The shoemaker's family consumes as much. And although the primary change, viz., the increased labour upon growing wheat, is a matter of very great interest to the landowners, and of very little interest to the owners of shoemaking industry; yet eventually, that primary change which throws new labour on the land, has the secondary effect of raising price upon its produce: and then the change becomes quite as interesting to shoemakers as to ploughmen. The shoemaker escapes at first: true; and there is no wonder in *that;* for even the farmer escapes. He hires a new man; but he knows that the new price to be anticipated for grain will pay for the new man. Yet, no sooner is this prospect realised, than the farmer finds *himself* suddenly reached by the new price in his character of consumer; and unfortunately every workman in his service, both ten old ones and an eleventh superadded, is also a consumer. So here comes a sudden call for a *bonus* to twelve families, those of the farmer and his eleven men, notwithstanding the payment of the eleventh man (as to the *old* rate of wages) is undertaken by the public in the new price of wheat. But precisely these secondary changes reach the shoemaker and all *his* workmen through the very same agency at the same time.

Here, therefore, in this complex process, always existing by way of tendency in improving countries, we read the whole law of profits. A change commences upon the land, which is nothing at the first to any interest *but* the landed. Originally it is a change which has its beginning and its end upon the land. But unfortunately that inevitable "end" is an augmentation of price upon the produce of land. And then in one hour all the world is overtaken

by the change—every man in his consumption; capitalists in wages. In *every* department of industry, unless so far as it is conducted by non-wheat-consuming machines, wages rise so as to indemnify the animal labourer (man, horse, or bullock), for the increased cost of his consumption. And yet this rise of wages, this rise in the *price* of labour (as opposed to a rise in the *quantity* of labour) cannot be fetched back in the price of the products: that has been shown at length in Chapter I.: nevertheless it must be paid; and what fund is there available for the payment, except profits? Clearly there is no other; and therefore profits must eternally pay by diminution for these increases in the rate of wages. Consequently, by the natural *nisus* in every country, profits are always descending. But, on the other hand, there is a *nisus*, directly antithetic to this, which is always tending to raise profits, viz., the continual improvement of soils (either α as to the cost of working them, or β as to the amount of their produce under the same cost), which in effect, upon any period of two centuries, acts for us precisely as an original endowment of the land with much higher capacities. Land, which ranked as No. 20 at the Crusades, may now perhaps stand at the same rating on the scale, it is still No. 20; but the No. 20 land of these days is equal in absolute produce to the No. 4 land of the Crusades. Hence it is, viz., by this counter-*nisus* in the land, that profits have not long ago fallen to nothing. There is a continual tendency towards nothing, which would soon become effectual, through the expansion of population forcing land upon worse soils, were it not continually retarded and fought back through his opposite expansion in the everlasting improvement of science, practical skill, social arrangements, or capital. But whether profits, under the one tendency, are hurrying

downwards for half a century, or, under the antagonist tendency, are abruptly ascending, or, under the two acting in combination, are held stationary—alike in all cases we see that it is the land which gives the original impulse to profits; and, alike in all cases, by and through the same agency of wages. Always there can be no rise or fall for profits which will not presuppose a corresponding fall and rise for wages; always the *initial* movement must take place in the wages.

One sole evasion of this doctrine I can imagine as possible even to a thoughtful man, since I have been acquainted with Mr Malthus's "Economy."* He might argue thus:—"You talk of an eleventh man, as required by the descent of tillage upon a worse soil. And probably you make way for your arguments by that assumption; but there is no such necessity. Tillage descends upon the inferior soil by means of the ten men." Well, be it so; but mark what follows. The produce under these men must be less, or else the very case in discussion is abandoned; the soil would *not* be inferior, if ten men (the same number as work the penultimate land) could obtain the same produce. The produce is less by the very terms of the hypothesis. Now, it signifies not a straw for the principle concerned *how* much less. But say that each man raises, by one-tenth part, less than he did upon the next superior land. Each in short raises from the new land nine-tenths of his former product upon superior land: so that, had the total product of the ten been 100 quarters of wheat before the change, it will be 90 after the change. But who does not see that, by mere conversion of the terms, if the whole

* "Principles of Political Economy,"—first published in 1820.

produce of 100 has been reduced to 90, then each individual quarter of wheat has cost one-ninth of a man, whereas before it cost only one-tenth of a man? Yet this most obvious truth Mr Malthus failed to see; and he has repeatedly argued, in a case where the produce had sunk whilst the labour employed was the same, as though the return had varied, but not by any variation in the producing labour. It is, indeed, the common paralogism, and too natural to excite much wonder for itself, that if upon the same farm you have always kept five men, and in 1800 their product was 25 quarters, but in 1840 was 50 quarters, you are apt to view the produce only as variable, and the labour as constant: whereas *virtually* both have varied. In 1800, each quarter must have cost one-fifth part of a man. In 1840, each has cost no more than one-tenth part of a man. If the wheat harvest of 1844, by some unprecedented blight or locust attacking the plant in England, should fall suddenly to one-tenth part of what it was in 1843, you could not say with any accuracy that the labour had been the same, but the result different. On the contrary, for the very reason that the number of labourers had been the same, the producing labour must have been by ten times greater. For surely it has cost, by the supposition, ten times as much labour to raise any given portion of produce (one bushel, a thousand bushels, &c.), as it did in 1843. It is, therefore, a matter of no consequence at all whether we assume an eleventh man in order to sustain the *same* produce, or assume a diminished produce from the ten men. This is but an inversion of the same *formula*.* Nor would it have deserved this notice, were

* "*An inversion of the same formula.*"—Such an inversion, the reader may fancy, might escape a clever man's eye for itself, but hardly when pursued to its consequences. Mr Malthus, however, has

not the blunder so common, and specially so in the "Principles" of Mr Malthus.

In this instance, therefore, the objector is silenced; because his own case, supposing a less produce with the same labour, does in so many words confess—that, with the same number of men to pay (viz., ten, upon his way of stating the case), there will, in the first place, be a diminished fund for paying them. Undoubtedly, in the second place, this diminished corn fund will be compensated in a higher money price. But then, in the third place, this higher price, which merely restores to the farmer the lost powers of labour (that is, makes the ten less effective men equally valuable to him in the money result as the ten men on the old standard), will not also pay the difference between the old and new wages; for the same cause which makes the total produce smaller, makes each bushel of that produce dearer: in this it is alleged the farmer finds his indemnification. True, he does so: but that cuts both ways; for precisely in this higher and indemnifying price, when it comes to affect the consumption of himself and his men, he finds also his own damage.

But there is still a final evasion likely to move sub-consciously in the thoughts of a student, which it is better to deepen and strengthen until it becomes generally visible—than to leave it behind as a rankling perplexity. He has a confused idea that, in the distributions of landed pro

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persisted in this blunder, even where it was so pursued, and where it deeply affected the inference, viz., during his long attempt to overthrow Ricardo's doctrine of value. He refuses to see, nay he positively denies, that if two men (never more, never less) produce a variable result of ten and five, then in one case each unit of the result has cost double the labour which it has cost in the other. On the contrary because there are always two men, Mr M. obstinately insists that the cost in labour is constant.

duce, the shares which grow less in quantity sometimes grow larger in value. If a labourer, who got 6 quarters last year, gets only 5 this year, undeniably his corn wages have fallen, and yet his money wages may have risen: for 5 quarters, when wheat is selling for five guineas, will be worth twenty-five guineas; whereas 6 quarters, when wheat sold for four guineas, would be worth only twenty-four guineas. The labourer is therefore poorer in wheat, but he is a little richer in money. Now, the student may fancy that, by an indemnity similar in kind, but perhaps even greater in degree, profits may evade the declension which otherwise accompanies the expansion of agriculture. Where the value of each assignable part may be less, might not a larger quantity fall to the share of profits; and, where a smaller quantity was allotted to profits, might it not compensate that defect by a much greater value? No: if the reader pursues the turns of the case through all changes, he will find the following result invariably following:—as worse land is taken into use, the landlord's share rises both in quantity and value: secondly, the labourer's share lessens in quantity but increases in value; whilst, thirdly, the profitee's (or farmer's) share lessens both in quantity and value. Of two possible advantages, allowed under the circumstances, Rent comes in for both—Wages for one—Profits for neither. And the sole resource for profits against a never-ending declension, is that antagonist tendency by which from time to time man defeats the original tendency of the land, raising indifferent land in 1840 to the level of what was very good land 1340—consequently restoring profits (and often much more than restoring them) to that station which they had lost in the interval.

Except by this eternal counter-agency, profits cannot

protect themselves by any special remedy against a continual degradation; that redress, which for rent procures much more than an indemnity, and for wages an imperfect indemnity, will not operate at all in behalf of profits. And this shall be exemplified in a simple case. Eight men, upon a known farm, have hitherto raised eighty quarters of wheat. By a descent upon worse land, under the coercion of rising population, ten men are now required to produce the same eighty quarters. That is, heretofore each man of the eight produced ten; but now, on the lower soil, each man of the ten produces eight. Consequently, *on that land which determines the price of wheat* (see Chapter III. on Rent), eight men now produce sixty-four quarters. This produce (since the *least* advantageously grown must rule the price) now becomes the regulating scale for price. Last year, when the produce of 80 quarters from eight men had been the lowest round of the ladder, the price had been L.4 the quarter. Now, when a produce of 64 quarters from eight men is the lowest, the price will rise to L.5. For 64 : 80 : : L.4 : L.5.

But, when the produce was 80 quarters, selling at L.4, the total money produce was L.320. From which amount deduct the wages of eight men (receiving, suppose each 5 quarters, or L.160 in the whole), and there will remain L.160 for the profits.

Now, when the produce is 64 quarters, selling at L.5, the total money produce will be still L.320; the higher price having so far compensated the lower produce. From which amount deduct the wages of eight men—receiving each the value of 5 quarters (or L.200 in the whole), and there will remain only L.120 for profits.

It is true that the new rate of wages will not proceed on the old scale of *quantity;* the corn wages will somewhat

decline; but this will not help the result: each man may not receive 5 quarters as heretofore, but always he will receive the value of more than 4 quarters at L.5: always the eight men will receive more than L.160; or else their wages will not have risen under a rise in the price of corn. Always, therefore, from the same fixed sum of L.320, the deduction for wages being greater, what remains for profit *must* be less.

This, however, it may be said, is an example drawn from the last round of the ladder—from the very last land under culture; first, from that which *was* last some time back; secondly, from that which at present *is* last. Now, upon such land, it has been shown already (Chapter III. on Rent), that the entire return always divides between wages and profits; nothing at all is retained for rent. But you persuade yourself that on superior land, on rent-paying land, possibly the result for profits might turn out otherwise. One sentence will settle that point, and convince you that the logic of the case cannot be disturbed. What is it that determines the amount of rent upon any land whatever? It is simply the *difference* of product between the land assigned and the lowest under cultivation. For instance, in the case just now considered, the difference between the produce of the land now lowest, and that of the land lately lowest, is the difference between 80 quarters and 64; that is, a difference of 16 quarters. This *whole* difference would become rent upon the penultimate land. And therefore it will serve no purpose to plead the higher money value upon each one of the 64, compared with the old value upon the 80. For it is evident, that when the 16 are deducted for rent, no matter at what price, the remainder of 64 must follow the same exact division between wages and profits as took effect upon the 64 of the lowest land according to the first

exemplification. When the rent is deducted, precisely the same quantity remains for the penultimate land as on the very lowest land—disposable for precisely the same two calls of wages and profits—and disposable under the precisely same law of division.

Here, therefore, we see the whole law of profits as it acts upon the largest scale. But at the same time we are made sensible, that under this law there must be exceptions. The law is founded ultimately on the decline of land, and consequently of profits on land; to which sort of profits, speaking generally, all others must conform. Yet that sometimes they do *not*, is evident from this, that in that case no rate of profits in any one speculation would or could differ from the ordinary rate. The land is always the same, and subject to the same sort of gradual degradation. If, therefore, the land furnished the *sole* principle of regulation, then in any one country (as England), having the same common land-standard, there could be only one rate of profit. But this we all know to be false. Whence, therefore, come the anomalies? Where lie the other principles which modify and disturb that derived from the land?

It is generally and rightly pleaded, as a sufficient explanation of the irregularities in profits, that originally they ranged themselves upon a scale, differing *apparently* in order that they might *not* differ virtually; in fact, on the same principle as wages. Why do wages differ? Why is it that one workmen gets a guinea a-day, and another has some difficulty in obtaining a shilling? Notoriously because, whilst rude labour is open almost to universal competition, some special labour is hazardous, or disgusting, or under a variable demand, or even disreputable from its incidents; but above all, because it happens to be difficult of execution, and presupposes an elaborate (generally an

expensive) education. The labourer is often to be regarded not in the light of a man receiving merely wages, but of a man receiving wages for his daily work, and a considerable interest on the capital which he has been obliged to sink in his education. And often it happens that, as the modern processes of art or trade become more and more scientific, wages are continually rising. The qualifications of a master or of a mate, even in the commercial navy, are now steadily rising. Possibly the wider range of chemical knowledge, in such employments as dyeing, brewing, calico-printing, may devolve in its growing responsibilities chiefly upon a superior rank of workmen. In coining, or striking medals, where the ambition of nations is now driving their governments into substituting for that base mechanic art prevalent in Christendom, the noble fine art patronised in Pagan ages, it is probable that a higher class of workmen is slowly coming into request. And in the business of forgery applied to bank-notes, a business which once gave employment to much capital and various talent, simply by rise in one qualification, that whole interest has been suppressed. Besides a peculiar paper, manufactured with difficulty and hazard, the talent of engraving was required in provincial practice. Now, the profits might have paid for skill of that nature; an accomplice might have been elaborately educated for the purpose; but inevitably, as this man obtained the requisite point of excellence, he found that his talent was opening to him a safer channel for employing it: he could now keep a conscience. In the service of one vast public agency, that of travelling, so great has been the rise of qualifications, that of late even an academic examination has been talked of for the working engineers, &c., or (as a vicarious measure) a probationary appointment, contingent for its ratification upon the results

of a rigorous trial. In medicine again, the improvement, having kept pace with the expansions of chemistry, botany, and physiology, has spread downwards to the body of druggists: these are the lowest class of medical practitioners; and I believe that now they look for higher attainments in their servants, or for a higher fee as the condition of communicating such advantages.

The writer of the "Critical Dissertation on Value" offended heavily against logic, when he represented these varieties of level in wages as inconsistent with Ricardo's doctrine upon the relative quantities of labour. Too readily he allowed himself to suppose that Ricardo had "*overlooked*" facts or consequences, which, by possibility, to have overlooked, would have argued a sheer incompetence in one whom elsewhere he does not deny to have been vigilant as well as able. Prices, says Ricardo, are directly as the producing quantities of labour; and the objection is—that an article which costs three days' labour at half a crown, bears a price, suppose of ten shillings; whilst another article, costing the very same quantity of labour, but of labour paid at the rate of one guinea a-day, may bear a price, possibly of five guineas. How, then, does mere quantity of labour express itself exactly in the price? *Answer*—The gamut, the scale of differences as to the *quality* of labour, is postulated from the first; no man could be so slothful in his intellect as to have overlooked that: it forms the starting-point of the whole calculation. In this objection there is nothing which affects Ricardo. He is not called upon to reply. What *would* be an objection—is the case in which it should be shown that, doubling or trebling the quantities of labour, you would not therefore double or treble the prices of the product. Show that, on the rise of labour, in each case, from three days to six

days, the price would not rise from ten shillings to twenty, or that it would not rise from five guineas to ten (after making the allowances for machinery, &c., which it is superfluous to repeat), and then you have destroyed Ricardo —but not else.

To profits the very same considerations apply. Profits are a mode of wages upon capital; and, naturally, men must be tempted by higher gains, contingent upon success, in order to compensate greater disadvantages arising to themselves from a particular employment. For instance, amongst modern Christian nations, what between a few sincere and many insincere prohibitions, at length the commerce in slaves has been denounced and made punishable. But that which at any period sustained and alimented this extensive trade, was the institution of slavery. Now this, considered as a bribe on the trade in slaves, flourishes more than ever. So long as a vast machinery of servile labour exists diffused through the continent and islands of America, so long there will be a silent bounty always proclaiming itself upon the supplies needed for keeping up that machinery; for African slaves, under whatsoever causes, rarely keep up their own race. Talk, therefore, in what delusive or self-deluding language they may, our home politicians have yet devised no effectual means for suppressing a trade continually more lucrative, or for defeating a commercial interest which thrives by its own ruins. The losses by interception are very great. Doubtless; but these losses furnish a sound plea for extra profits. The higher profit, up to a certain point, is indeed no more than insurance upon the general adventure; but the great advance on the personal share of the risk, which cannot be shifted from the captain, or chief authority on board, entitles him to look separately for an

advance on his own individual dividend. This rate of advance, concurrent between the two interests of the captain and the owner, must grow with the growing embarrassments of the trade. At length, indeed, these excesses of risk might reach a point at which they would no longer be supported by a corresponding development in the *affirmative* values of slave labour. A cost or negative value cannot transcend the affirmative value. A slave is but a working machine. So much work may be extracted from him; and the value of this work will mount for a time, as the cost of the slave mounts. But at length the work itself, the product of the slave, will have reached its *maximum* of price. After *that*, if the cost should still go on increasing, the slave passes into a source of loss. This tendency, according to the variety of circumstances, local or personal, ranges through a large scale of degrees: not until it becomes absolute can we look for an extinction of the commerce.

Such and many other causes for variation in profits are always at work. And this variation is real, and proportional to its known causes. But, finally, we are crossed by a new consideration, which sometimes seems to concern the mere *ratio cognoscendi*, and sometimes the *ratio essendi*. Often, to this day, it continues to be difficult, and in ruder times it must have been impossible, to approximate, even by conjecture, towards the true rate of profits in very many employments of capital. The dispute is not on the realities of the case (here the profits are twenty—there, for no adequate cause, fifty), but on the constructions of the case (this man rates the profits at twenty—that man at fifty): or again, the differences are reversed. Alternately, in short, we are puzzled by the *principium essendi*, and again, by the *principium cognoscendi*.

Now, then, with respect to both of these principles, the principle which makes profits what they are, and the principle which appreciates profits, I will call the reader's attention to four important mistakes.

1. It has been a blunder long current in books, and yet so momentous in its consequences, that no epithet of blame can be too strong for it, practically to confound the mere *replacement* of capital with the *profits* upon that capital. When a man distributes the cost of all articles into rent, profit, and wages, or when, upon a sounder economy, he distributes this cost into profits and wages, evidently he commits that mistake: much of the cost is frequently *neither* rent, profit, nor wages. It is simply a restitution of capital, which leaves the whole *positive* returns unaffected.

II. Adam Smith has sharpened our attention to the common case, where that, which really is no more than wages for services performed, ranks in popular appreciation as profit. A surgeon, for instance, receives as the reward or *honorarium* of his science, what is falsely classed as profit on his capital. Under the former case, that which is alike foreign to profit and wages was classed as profit; under this, the confusion takes place internally between the two.

III. When the question arises: How are profits kept down to the average level, or, in other words, suppose that, by any combination amongst capitalists, it were determined arbitrarily to raise profits, where lies the true natural counteraction to such an attempt?—the common answer is, in competition. It is rashly assumed that all

such injurious attempts are defeated by the instantaneous introduction of more capital, under rival interests, into the trade or manufacture. But this is not always possible. Capitalists do not so easily enter a trade or withdraw from it. In a country so exquisitely organised as England, it is true that capital moves with velocity where the capitalist cannot move; and of this we have a luminous explanation in Ricardo.

Ricardo, who, as a stockbroker, stood in the very centre of the vast money machinery accumulated in London, had peculiar advantages for observing and for investigating the play of this machinery. If our human vision were fitted for detecting agencies so impalpable, and if a station of view could be had, we might sometimes behold vast arches of electric matter continually passing and repassing between either pole and the equatorial regions. Accordingly as the equilibrium were disturbed suddenly or redressed, would be the phenomena of tropical hurricanes, or of auroral lights. Somewhat in the same silent arches of continual transition, ebbing and flowing like tides, do the re-agencies of the capital accumulated in London modify, without sound or echo, much commerce in all parts of the kingdom. Faithful to the monetary symptoms, and the fluctuations this way or that, eternally perceptible in the condition of every trade, the great monied capitalist standing at the centre of this enormous web, throws over his arch of capital or withdraws it, with the precision of a fireman directing columns of water from an engine upon the remotest quarter of a conflagration. It is not, as Ricardo almost *professionally* explains to us, by looking out for new men qualified to enter an aspiring trade, or by withdrawing some of the old men from a decaying trade, that the equilibrium is recovered. Such operations are difficult,

dilatory, often personally ruinous, and disproportionately noisy to the public ear in the process of execution. But the true operation goes on as silently as the growth of light. The monied man stands equi-distantly related to many different staple interests—the silk trade, the cotton trade, the iron trade, the timber and grain trade. Rarely does he act upon any one of them by direct interpolation of new firms, or direct withdrawals of old ones. An effect of this extent is generally as much beyond his power as beyond his interest.

Not a man has been shifted from his station; possibly not a man has been intruded, yet power and virtue have been thrown into vast laboratories of trade, like shells into a city. But all has been accomplished in one night by the inaudible agency of the post-office, co-operating with the equally inaudible agencies of capital moving through banks and through national debts, funded or unfunded. Such is the perfection of our civilisation. By the simple pressure of a finger upon the centre of so vast an organisation, a breath of life is hurried along the tubes—a pulse is enlivened or depressed—a circulation is precipitated or checked, without those ponderous processes of change indispensable on the Continent, and which so injuriously disturb the smooth working of general business. Acknowledging, therefore, as a fact first exposed clearly by Ricardo, that enormous changes may be effected, and continually *are* effected, without noise or tumult, through the exquisite resources of artificial action, first made possible by the great social development of England; acknowledging by consequence that, for the purposes of competition, capital to any amount may be discharged with a velocity inappreciable to the Continent, upon a considerable variety of creative industry, there is yet good reason to deny the

possibility of that competition which is so generally relied on for the practical limitation of profits seeming to be in excess.

Upon serious reflection, how can any rational man imagine that, as a matter of course, by increasing the manufacture of razors or of scissors, he could increase their sale? That sale is predetermined by the need; and though undoubtedly a very slight need may come to operate as a great need when the price is suddenly or much lowered, yet *that* is merely a transitional effect; the lower price is probably *binomial* price, and binomial price cannot last; by its very nature it is a force tending to a particular effect, viz., to equilibrate the supply with the demand, and as soon as that tendency is accomplished, *there* it ceases.

The expression, however, of such a case may be designedly made equivocal. Let us, therefore, force the lurking notions in this sophistry to "show out" and expose themselves; by which means we shall know how to shape the reply.

Case a.—The insinuation is sometimes this—That the *rate* of profits will be diminished; that there will be a difference of so much per cent. on the manufacture of the given article; and that, by giving to the buyer the benefit of this difference, free competition will reduce profits through an extended sale. But in a large mass of cases no such agency is possible. A man buys an article of instant applicability to his own purposes the more readily and the more largely as it happens to be cheaper: silk handkerchiefs having fallen to half price, he will buy, perhaps, in threefold quantity; but he does not buy more steam-engines because the price is lowered. His demand for steam-engines is almost always predetermined by the

circumstances of his situation. So far as he considers the cost at all, it is much more the cost of working this engine than the cost upon its purchase. But there are many articles for which the market is absolutely and merely limited by a pre-existing *system*, to which those articles are attached as subordinate parts or members. How could we force the dials or faces of timepieces by artificial cheapness to sell more plentifully than the inner works or movements of such timepieces? Could the sale of wine-vaults be increased without increasing the sale of wine? Or the tools of shipwrights find an enlarged market whilst shipbuilding was stationary? The articles and the manufacturing interests are past counting which conform to the case here stated, viz., which are so interorganised with other articles or other interests, that apart from that relation—standing upon their own separate footing—they *cannot* be diminished in price through any means or any motive depending upon the extension of sale. Offer to a town of 3000 inhabitants a stock of hearses, no cheapness will tempt that town into buying more than one. Offer a stock of yachts, the chief cost lies in manning, victualling, repairing; no diminution upon the mere price to a purchaser will tempt into the market any man whose rank, habits, and propensities had not already disposed him to such a purchase. So of professional costume for bishops, lawyers, students at Oxford, or the separate costume for Cantabs.

From cases of the same class, absolutely past counting, we must be sure that the conceit of competition, having any unconditional power answerably to contract or expand the market for commodities, is fitted only for a childish or inactive understanding. Universally all things which are sold may be thrown into three classes—first, a small class,

in which the very least bias given favourably to the price will increase the sale; secondly, a much larger class, in which nothing short of a very strong bias will avail for such an increase; thirdly, a class the largest, in which no bias whatever, from the very strongest impulse communicated to the price, can overcome the obstacles to an extended sale.

Case β.—But under this delusive form of words lurks often quite another meaning: not the *rate* of profit is to be diminished by competition, but the separate dividends of each individual. It is not that profits are to fall from 16 to 12 per cent.; no, the 16 per cent. is to continue; but the ten thousand pounds annually disposable on such a 16 per cent. will be otherwise distributed; forty capitalists will have crowded in, to average a gain of L.250 for each, where previously twenty had averaged L.500. This, however, is a change in many cases quite impracticable; in others, far from beneficial* to the public interests; and in any case, having no tendency at all to the diminution of price, consequently no possible tendency to an extension of the market. What puzzles the student is this: from Ricardo he has learned—that a change in profits will not produce any change in price. Such a change settles upon wages;

* In reality, the disposition to the engrossment, by large capitalists, of many farms, or of many cotton-mills, which is often complained of injudiciously as a morbid phenomenon in our modern tendencies, is partly to be regarded as an antagonist tendency, meeting and combating that other tendency irregularly manifested towards a subdivision too minute in the ordinary callings of trade. The efforts continually made to intrude upon the *system* of a town, or a quarter, by interpolating an extra baker, grocer, or druggist, naturally reacts, by irritating the counter tendency to absorb into one hand many separate mills, &c., or to blend into one function many separate trades. In Scotland, for instance, grocers are also wine-dealers, spirit-dealers, cheesemongers, oilmen.

in fact, it has settled already upon wages. Any change in profits argues "a foregone conclusion," presupposes a corresponding change *already* made in wages, before the change in profits could arise. And if, therefore, a violent or conventional reduction should take place *originally* in profits, he is at a loss to trace the consequences of what he has been taught to view as impossible. For Ricardo has taught him that a change cannot *commence* in profits; that function of industry is not liable to any *original* affection of change; any change must be derivative, must be secondary, which reaches profits. Yet how, if a sudden and violent reduction were made primarily upon individual profits as a desperate resource of competition? Conventionally and arbitrarily such a change might be made by a little faction of sellers for the sake of underselling others, without any power on their part to meddle with wages. Out of a profit nominally 30 per cent. the piratical minority might agree to sacrifice a third; and sometimes the more easily, because on large establishments a considerable *percentage* is often made into a mere fund for replacement of costs that do not exist for petty establishments. For instance, the virtual obligation resting upon a great inn, to keep rooms, with fires burning, and other accommodations, baths, servants, &c., *always* in readiness for summary calls, forms one of the titles under which such an inn charges a higher price for a dinner substantially the same in quality, than a petty inn exonerated from a similar obligation. As much as 10 per cent. calculated on a mean proportional between the little inn and the great inn, may perhaps be sequestered for such *extra* replacements, before the great inn and the little one could start fairly in competition. So that, undoubtedly, there is room, there is an opening, for such a violent reduction of profits; and, *à fortiori*, there is room

when there happen to be two funds for meeting that reduction—viz., the fund of replacement (falsely called profits), pressing exclusively on the one of two competitors; the fund of true profits, accidentally high for both. Yet, supposing such a case actually to occur, eventually it will not disturb any reasonings of Ricardo. After all, it is no more than that case of competition so common in England before the era of railways, where two rival coach proprietors ran down the ladder of prices until at length the strife lay on the other side the equation—which of the two competitors should have the honour of giving the more costly dinner *gratuitously* to their passengers. I have myself travelled by coaches who were rapidly nearing the point at which their contest would be—not for payment to be received, but for payment to be given. How did all such struggles end? By the defeat and retirement of the one party when exhausted of his resources, by the final establishment of the other in a virtual monopoly. Yet on behalf of our English social condition it speaks well, that this monopoly, out of which the victor naturally paid himself for his sacrifices, was never pushed to any blameable excess. "True," it will be said; "but *that* was because he feared to provoke another competition." Very possibly; and often undoubtedly it was so. Yet that result of itself shows how excellent is the training of a sound and healthy economic state for moderation, equity, reasonable enterprise, and all the moral qualities incident to the position of capitalists in that rank. This is a separate theme hitherto untouched; but, undoubtedly, it will furnish a subject hereafter for special speculation—that as a good police, a good system of national education, a good legislation, a good executive jurisprudence, so also a good basis of political economy recommends itself, *inter alia*, by showing

a far greater natural adaptation to the virtues which need encouragement in the productive classes. The case, as a difficulty in political economy, or as any demur to Ricardo, does not merit consideration; nor should I have considered it, except that naturally it arises in the series of phenomena for some notice, and that M. Baptiste Say (who, with as little logical power as Malthus, has even more of ingenuity) chooses, under another form, to consider it weighty. Meantime it is sufficient to reply as to any conceivable disturbance in price accomplished by a sudden conventional renunciation of profits—that it falls to the ground through one simple explanation. Political Economy undertakes to explain the natural and mechanic effects from the inter-agencies of certain elements; but, wherever these effects are disturbed by voluntary human interferences, there ceases the duty of economy. As well might you demonstrate the 47th of 1st "Euclid" by sabring a man who should deny it; or insist that the cost of wheat at forty shillings a quarter would not govern its price, because a Turkish pacha, under those circumstances, had fixed the *maximum* at thirty shillings; or that gravitation would not cause a guinea to tend downwards, because you had nailed it to the wall. Once for all, the tendencies or natural effects in political economy, any more than in physics, are not overruled as principles, because an external coercion hinders them from operating as facts. *Silent inter arma leges;* and the same thing is true of natural and immanent laws, such as those which silently govern the agencies and re-agencies of the several forces at work in Political Economy. External coercion suspends those laws; and for the time of suspension Political Economy has no existence.

IV. Upon this subject of profits, it becomes plain as we advance—that the *esse* is closely connected with the *scire*. To make even a plausible guess at the possibility of diminishing profits, it is essential to know what regularly they are. Now when it is considered how often mere wages pass for profits (as noticed at page 425 under No. II.)—how often the simple replacement of costs will pass for profits (as explained at page 425 under No. I.)—how often an excess of profits will be fancied when there is merely a remuneration for *extra* skill, *extra* risk, *extra* trouble, *extra* uncertainty (as noticed at page 431)—everybody must see that it is a very elaborate problem to ascertain even for one year, still more for a fair average of years, *what* has been the true rate of profits upon the capital employed in any one trade. Nobody but the individual tradesmen has the means of ascertaining his own profits; even he very uncertainly; and, as regards the profits of his own occupation generally, he can do no more than guess at them. How, then, is anything at all known to economists on this subject, or even to practical enterprisers? I answer that, as a general case, very little *is* known. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no man knows even the gross nominal profit, far less the true and net profit which remains after all the allowances and distinctions explained. Confidential servants, it is true, and banking-houses, cause the revelation of many secrets; for a manufacturer, eager to obtain aid, will volunteer to his banker that unreserved communication of his affairs which he would scornfully refuse to the demand of curiosity. But no man can reveal more than he knows; and it is certain that, unless in those simple trades which rests on a primary necessity of life (as for instance, the trade of a miller or of a baker), few managers of an extensive business could safely declare any *rate* of

profit upon less than a seven years' average. When an outward-bound vessel from England arrives at Madras or Calcutta, she can declare a daily rate of sailing; but it would be impossible for her to do so (not being a steamer) in any serviceable sense, after a single fortnight's absence from the Thames. Now, when to this difficulty of approximating towards any representative rate of profit, is added the impossibility already explained, in a majority of cases, for any competitor to *act* upon such a declaration of profits, unless he could also, and simultaneously, extend the sale of the article—enough has been said to show the puerility of that little receipt current amongst economists, viz., unlimited competition for keeping down profits to one uniform level. The sole principle under which profits can rudely be known, is the principle under which, in any age, profits can at all exist. And what is *that?* As already explained, it is the rate of profit allowed upon land. For, through one natural link, viz., the equal necessity of landed produce to all workmen alike, this rate becomes the operative rate, in a gross sense, for all productive industry whatsoever. The pasture land and the corn land of every nation constitute, in effect, the *vis regulatrix* for appraising the rate of profit upon all capital, in whatever direction employed. But, because cultivation is always travelling downwards towards land worse and worse, does not this general law of profit authorise us to say, that profits must be continually descending as society advances? No. The student knows, but he cannot too often be reminded of a truth everywhere forgotten by Ricardo, that always the land is travelling downwards, but that always the productive management of land is travelling upwards. The two tendencies are eternally moving upon opposite tacks; and the result is—that now, in 1844,

under the great lady of the isles, profits are undoubtedly higher than in 1344, a period of corresponding splendour under Edward III. Not in an *absolute* sense merely they are higher, as if total England in one age were balanced against total England in another—*that* they are by an excess too enormous to measure—but in the *ratio* they are higher in the returns relatively to the capital employed.

Is there no other mode, simpler and shorter, for ascertaining the rate of profits? Can we no otherwise learn what profits *are* than by reading *à priori* in the agriculture what the possibilities will allow them to be? Yes, notoriously there is an index, far simpler and readier of application, had it always been kept true to itself. This index is INTEREST. Much will be given for money, when much can be made of it. But, unfortunately, in semi-barbarous ages the converse does not hold; the inference is not good, that much can be then made of money, simply because much is given for it. Until insurance offices, a regular post-office, mercantile law, international intercourse, and other securities to commerce had arisen with rising civilisation, a very large proportion of all usury exhausted itself upon the mere insecurity of capital: the losses were then enormous through social imperfections; and, after ten years' run in such a lottery, the real profits would oftentimes be less than under the very moderate usury now exacted. Trading upon borrowed capital was then undoubtedly a rare case. This is to be lamented; because else, interest would be a common measure for profits as between all ages alike. We might then say universally, that the rate of interest was the *principium cognoscendi* in relation to mean profits; and reciprocally, that the rate of profits was the *principium essendi* in relation to ordinary interest. Profits would *cause* interest to be thus or thus:

interest would *ascertain* profits to be thus or thus. But, between ages in which the proportions allowed on every loan for its mere insurance vary so widely, the ratio of the two is no safe criterion.

Even at present there is a form of speech current amongst public men, silently corrected by the knowledge of all who have any experience, and yet in the last degree misleading to the recluse economist and to the public. It is said daily in every morning paper, it is said in the House of Commons, that money is not at this time worth 2 per cent. Why, surely it is not pretended that as yet there has been any difficulty found in buying into the funds. Now the funds will give a trifle more than 3 per cent.; whilst upon a small part of these funds, for the foolish reason that the dividends upon them are paid at the South Sea house and not at the Bank (which leads people into fancying that they are less solidly engrafted on the national faith), a trifle more can be had. "Ay, but this was money, you are to understand, which I wished to employ during an odd interval between two other employments of it." Yes, now the truth comes out; the brief explanation is, that the money could be lent only under the condition of recalling it on a summary notice, or on none at all; and for this condition, which constitutes a special privilege in favour of the lender, naturally (as for any other privilege) he is obliged to pay. A peculiar case has entitled the borrower to a peculiar discount: how does *that* establish any general or prevailing rate of interest? The very case of Exchequer bills may show that it does not. Ricardo, as a man daily witnessing the traffic in such bills, and himself largely partaking in it, reasonably had his attention drawn to the fact, that they bore an interest far from corresponding to that on the funded debt. The interest

was not so high as it ought to be. Yet why? Could it be denied that the security was equal upon the Exchequer bills? Nay, was it not the very same? For that man deceives himself who fancies that the wicked anti-social enemies of our public prosperity—"Socialists"—"Jacobins"—"Chartists"—would make any distinction between a debt resting upon the assignment of special funds, and another debt resting only upon pledges of Parliamentary faith. If that fatal day should ever dawn upon England, when villains of this quality will be able "to lay their hands upon the ark of our magnificent and awful cause," of the two debts, they would treat with more consideration this latter, as being rarely more than one to forty when compared with the other. But what *they* might choose to do in an event abominated by all upright men, luckily has never yet seemed near enough to be worth estimating on the tariff of evil contingencies. No fraction of interest has yet been paid *extra* on the chance of being spared by public robbers; no fraction has been deducted from interest on the notion of standing first in the lists of confiscation. It could not be *here*, it could not be in this remote contingency, that the lower interest yielded by an Exchequer bill found its justification. No, it lay in the *instant* convertibility of this security into money. Had you lodged a thousand pounds with a London banker, doubtless you could draw it out by a cheque within the next ten minutes; but then for that very reason, by way of balancing so summary a liability, this London banker will allow you no interest, not if you left it in his hands for five years. On the other hand, had you lodged it with an Edinburgh or Glasgow banker, he would have allowed you a fair interest on the sum, whilst the security would be equal; but then for that very reason,

by way of balancing that liability to interest, the Scotch banker will not allow you to draw it out unless after a long notice. But throw your thousand pounds into the shape of an Exchequer bill, and without further anxiety you may place it in your writing-desk, certain of realising both advantages, viz., the London advantage of instant availability, the Scotch (or English provincial) advantage of current interest during the interval of non-employment. So far the Exchequer bill has a conspicuous advantage, which, under a limitation to the amount of such bills, is very considerable. As compared again with stock in the 3 per cent. consols, the Exchequer bill has other advantages, which for a banker become very important. In reality, so great were the advantages when Ricardo wrote (1817), that he estimates the interest per cent. on an Exchequer bill at L.4½; whilst on a hundred pounds of a stock then existing at 5 per cent. (which could be bought at that moment for L.95), the interest was about L.5½. The advantage must evidently have been inversely as the interest; and that advantage lay partly in the instant convertibility, partly in other accidents of convenience valuable to bankers.

But in many other cases of advantage, which upon a gross view seems equalised, there is often an excess upon one side from causes not instantly perceptible. Why should a 3 per cent. stock have been more valuable than a 5 per cent. stock, both debts having been contracted on the same *virtual* basis of interest? It is not so where circumstances forbid any expectation that either will be paid off. But when the fall of interest in the general market has made it certain that a prudent government will use the opportunity for reducing their debt, it becomes evident that in England they will commence the operation upon

the 5 per cents. If money should *really* sink to 2 per cent. it will then answer to pay off the 3 per cents. But we are safe until that happens; and we are safe even after it happens, so long as any higher stock of sufficient magnitude interposes to receive the first assault. A $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or a 4 per cent. stock becomes an outwork, exhausting for some years the efforts of government, and in the meantime giving security to the inner citadel of the 3 per cents. That sacred fund enjoys the privilege of *Outis* in the den of the Cyclops, viz., of being swallowed last of all. Consequently it must pay for that privilege. And thus, but not until times in which the downward tendency of interest*

* "*But not until the downward tendency of interest*," &c.—And on the other hand, by parity of reason, if, 1, through draining; 2, guano; 3, bone dust; 4, spade culture, &c., the agriculturists of this country should (as probably they will, if not disturbed by corn traitors), through the known antagonist movement to that of rent, translate the land of England within the next century to a higher key, so that No. 250 were to become equal in power with the present No. 210—and so regressively, No. 40 equal with the present No. 1—in that case all functions of capital (wages, rent, profit) would rise gradually and concurrently, though not equally. Through the known *nexus* between landed capital and all other capital, it would follow that all manufacturing capital (wages and profit) must rise; since, after all, however far removed by its quality or its habits from agricultural industry, not the less the very ultimate refinements of industry in the arts or manufactures must still come back to the land for its main demand, viz., of beef, mutton, butter, cheese, milk, bread, hides, barks, tallow, flax, &c.: even for the haughty artist of cities, the coarse rural industry must be the final *vis regulatrix*. This being so, it follows, that under an advance in our agriculture, such as even the next generation will probably secure (through the growing combination of science and enormous capital), profits must rise in their *rate*, and therefore interest. Consequently it will not then answer to the government, under the legal *par* of the English funds, to borrow for the sake of paying off any stock whatever. They will not be able to obtain money on any terms that could offer a temptation for paying off a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent stock.

should raise a growing presumption of extensive operations for diminishing the public debt, might a 3 per cent. fund bear a higher relative price in the market than a 3½ per cent. (both being supposed to stand on our present English footing in their origin).

Ricardo mentions another case, with which I will close this sub-section—as furnishing in fact the direct converse to the case so mendaciously paraded, where money yields only 2 per cent., and as furnishing therefore the appropriate answer. "To pay the interest of the national debt, large sums of money are withdrawn from circulation four times in the year for a few days." *Four* times, and not *twice*, because the half-yearly dividends fall at one period for certain stocks, at a different period for other stocks; by which means the disturbance, though reiterated more frequently, is lightened for each operation. Such is the fact —what is the consequence? "These demands for money, being only temporary, seldom affect prices; they are generally surmounted by the payment of a large rate of interest" (P. 415). Now, would it not be monstrous to urge that casual tilt upwards in the rate of interest as a representative change in the current and prevailing rate? Equally dishonest it is, *ex analogo*, to urge, under the notion of being any representative rate, that occasional 2 per cent. which is caught at by elaborate artists in the use of money, not as in itself the highest interest, but as the highest compatible with a much higher rate lying in the rear, though suspended for a few weeks.

V. From all these details of the 4th section, I argue—that although the τὸ *esse* and the τὸ *percipi*, with respect to profits, stand in some practical relation to each other, especially under the guidance which exists in the mean rate of

interest—still even this guidance, as regards any given mode of industry, is doubtful, and not at all certain as the index to the average; whilst to *act* upon it, to apply fresh capital simply because there seems to be an opening advertised for such an application in the reputed rate profits, would often be found impossible—often ruinous. It would be saying in effect—"Because the Grand Junction Canal is reputed to pay a higher return on its shares than is customary since the depression of canals by railroads, therefore we will make two Grand Junction Canals." The profits perhaps, after all, are not accurately known under all the quinquennial or decennial deductions for repairs, for fluctuations of traffic, for injurious taxes, &c.; but, if they *were*, so far from justifying a second canal, that second canal would probably ruin both. Meantime there is one cause of difference in the very *esse* of profits, as alleged by M. Jean Baptiste Say,* which is too momentous if true, and too extravagant if false, to permit me to pass it over in silence. There is a special reason why no English writer should overlook M. Baptiste Say, since he (according to the remark at p. 365, vol. i. of his translator and very able annotator, Mr Prinsep), beyond other French economists, "has profited so largely by his observation of English affairs, and his acquaintance with English writers." M. Say did not altogether understand Ricardo; but he first, amongst all Frenchmen, read him, adopted him, and at times fancied that he opposed him. In the present question of profits, he had properly and thoughtfully distinguished between profit as "derivable from the employ-

* This circumstantiality is requisite, because there is another Monsieur Say in the market, of whom (being dead, I believe) it may now be said, without offence, in the words of an ancient Joe Millerism that if *he* is a counsellor also, he is not a counsellor *likewise*.

ment of capital" on the one hand, and profit on the other hand as "derivable from the industry which turns it to account" (p. 153, vol. ii.) So far he is right, if I understand him; and it is difficult to explain the sudden perverseness of his annotator, Mr Prinsep, who chooses to reject the distinction *in toto* as a "useless refinement."

But, in the course of an attempt (which immediately follows) to illustrate the distinction, he puts forward this case:—"Suppose two houses, in the fur trade for example, to work each upon a capital of 100,000 *francs;* and to make on the average an annual profit—the one of 24,000 *francs*—the other of 6000 *francs* only; a difference of 18,000 *francs.*" Very well; what is the inference, what is the "moral" which M. Say deduces from such an astonishing disparity in the profits? Upon a capital of little more than four thousand pounds sterling, the one furrier raises annually for himself a net return of not less than a thousand pounds; whilst his rival pockets only two hundred and forty pounds upon the very same capital, invested at the same time in the very same trade. Now, if this were the result of some single year, it would express no more than one of those casualties (through bad debts, property uninsured, losses by embezzlements, &c.), to which all commercial houses are liable in turn. But this by the supposition, is the *regular* relation between the parties from year to year. How then is it explained by M. Say? How does he wish us to understand it? Why, as "fairly referable to the different degrees of skill and labour:"—the thousand pound man is active and intelligent; the two hundred and forty pound man is stupid and lazy. Personal qualities, in short, make the difference.

Yet is that possible? Not, undoubtedly, for the logical purpose to which it is applied by M. Say. Differences

there may be, and differences there are, and differences even to that extent between man and man—between house and house; but not founded on that open and professed negligence. For this, under the action of our social machinery, hardly any opening exists.

> "Nobis non licet esse tam disertis
> Qui musas colimus severiores."

Excesses of negligence, amounting to such a result annually, would, in the case where they are possible, offer no instruction; in the case where they could offer instruction, they would not be possible. For, if M. Say is exposing a mere *lacheté* of youthful luxury, then it is a case rather for a moralist than for an economist. But, if he means it as a representative case, involving some principle as yet undiscussed, then it is insufficiently explained. But it is impossible; and precisely on the following argument:—If, by employing four thousand pounds in his trade, the man could annually clear only two hundred and forty (or very little more than the interest at five per cent.), which, without risk or trouble, he could have obtained at the date of M. Say's book, and this at the very time when others were realising four times as much; in that case, the true difference must arise from *his* turning over his capital only once, whilst his rivals turned over *theirs* four and five times. But every prudent tradesman would accept this as a warning to withdraw three-fourths of his capital, when a second year's experience had taught him that he could obtain only one-fourth of the profits reaped by others trading on the same terms as himself; and, *à fortiori*, this policy will be adopted by M. Say's furrier, who is supposed to act in mere laziness. His profits will be the same upon one-fourth of the capital employed unintermittingly, as upon the four-fourths employed in succession: his risk

will be reduced; and there will be a clear gain by the interest upon the three-fourths of capital now transferred to other hands. Consequently, as cases to be argued in political economy, as *exemplary* cases, these extreme ratios of profit, low and high, stated hypothetically by M. Say, could not exist. As individual accidents, ceasing to operate from the moment when they are ascertained, they fall into that general fund of *known* counter-agencies, which, upon all modes of productive industry, compel us to compute by averages and by prevailing tendencies. No man could persist in so perverse a conflict with the manifest current and set of the tide running against him. Or, in the case of actually persisting, his folly would indicate a mere individual anomaly; and such irregularities having no scientific influence on any general principles of economy, it could be no purpose of M. Say to deal with.

Yet, generally, that many openings exist for a licentious latitude of profits, under circumstances the very same to the public eye, had been long apparent. It was impossible to be otherwise than incredulous as to the current assertions on this subject, which were equally discredited, *à priori*, by the known difficulty of ascertaining *anything*, and *à posteriori*, by the frequent inconsistency of their own particular results. That the current rate of profits, as a thing settled and defined, must be a chimera —this was certain; and for the simple reason—that, in each separate walk of commerce, this rate of profits was a thing imperfectly known to the tradesman concerned. If he—if the men exercising the trade—cannot tell you the general rate of profits even in this one trade, or even his own rate after allowing for all the numerous deductions to be made upon an average of ten years, how much less can

a non-commercial economist pretend to draw such a representative estimate for *all* trades? The pretence is monstrous under any machinery which as yet we command for such a purpose.

In harmony with these views, let the reader take the following case of *judicial* exposure upon this subject, remembering that similar exposures are almost of weekly recurrence:—A bankrupt (described as a mercer) was under examination before a commissioner of bankruptcy, or of insolvency. The commissioner asked him—What, to the best of his belief and knowledge, had been his customary rate of profit? The bankrupt replied firmly, "Six per cent." How, thought every man of consideration, did you indeed face for years this risk, laborious attendance, and (worst of all) this anxiety, for so miserable an addition (two and a half per cent.) upon that income which, without either labour, or risk, or anxiety, you might at any rate have obtained from the national funds of your country? In less than a quarter of an hour, by some turn in the examination, it was extracted from him—that he turned over his capital every two months. The commodity in which he had chiefly dealt appeared to have been Parisian silks, &c.; and in this trade, upon every thousand pounds the sum gained was not *sixty* pounds annually, as he had led the court previously to suppose, but six times sixty, or three hundred and sixty. It is true on the other hand—that not improbably the bankrupt had taken no pains to distinguish the mere *replacements* from the profits, strictly so called. But still it could not be doubted, that in the very strictest sense, his profits were far beyond the low standard understood by the court at first—if not thirty-six per cent., probably twenty-five to twenty-eight per cent.; whilst, from the language of the court, as it fell under each

impression successively, no inference could be drawn that either had been viewed as startling.*

Now, what is it that I infer from this case? I infer, 1*st*, that no definite rate of profit can be notorious to the world of commerce, where a court, which may be considered one of its organs, can so quietly adopt by turns a statement so entirely different. I infer, 2*ndly*, that M. Baptiste Say has, in a partial sense, grounds for his doctrine; it cannot be denied him, that a possible tradesman may turn over his large capital, three, four, or six times, whilst an obscure tradesman in the same line may barely turn over his own small capital once. The very fact of a large capital is by itself a sort of invitation to such a result; for gods and men alike disapprove of the wretch who cannot offer credit. Now, the annual rate upon each hundred pounds must be four times greater to him who four times raises a profit upon that hundred, than

* These courts for insolvencies, as well as for bankrupteies, present many openings for discovery to the political economist. In the course of this very examination, another truth came out which may serve to convince the "knowing" men upon town, that they are not always so knowing as they think themselves. What notion is more popular amongst the prudential masters of life, than the hollow pretensions of cheap shops, and the mere impossibility that they should have any power to offer "bargains?" Now, few people are more disposed to that opinion, as generally sound, than myself. To see "tickets" or "labels" indicating prices below the standard, is for every man of sense a caution against that establishment. Yet still the possible exceptions are not few. In this instance, it was proved beyond a doubt, that for many months the bankrupt had gone upon the principle of raising money, for his own instant uses, by selling the Parisian goods below the original cost of the *manufacturer*. Such dishonourable practices certainly soon exhaust their own principle of movement. But, in so vast a community as London, always there must be new cases arising; consequently, always there must be some limited possibility of *real* bargains.

to him who raises such a profit but once. This is undeniable; and it is therefore undeniable that, upon the two extremes in respect of advantages for selling, the annual profits may be in any degree different. But in answer to M. Say, it must be argued—1*st*, that from all such extreme cases the practice is and must be to abstract; and that, probably, such extremes compensate each the other; the average, the prevailing tendency, is what we look at:—2*ndly*, that such a case does not prove any different *rate* of profits; for anything that appears to the contrary, the little tradesman has realised the same *rate* of profit upon each hundred pounds as the big tradesman, only his absolute profits have been less, both in the ratio of his less capital, and of his less power to employ it with effect. Power to turn over a hundred pounds four times instead of once, is in fact no more than the power to command four hundred pounds instead of one. The same consequences will take place. And, reciprocally, where a man really *has* the four hundred, with a virtual power only of profitably employing one hundred (which case is the very case propounded by M. Say), he will think himself obliged to withdraw three of the hundreds; for he will look upon it as the locking up of so much useless capital. Or, if M. Say should retort "No: just the contrary; because this man can turn over his hundred pounds only once against the four turns of the big man; *à fortiori*, he must work his four hundred where else he might be content to work one hundred: that is the only resource towards balancing matters—so far, at least, as his power extends;" yet, on the other hand, this is not the case put by M. Say. He supposed a man to make less profit, through industry in that proportion less; but, in this possible answer of M. Say, we have a disadvantage of mere position balancing

itself, or tending to do so, by industry in that proportion greater. And in the last result we find the true moral of the case to be, simply that one man in the same trade can employ a greater capital than another; sometimes directly, by employing twenty hundreds of pounds where the other can employ only five; sometimes indirectly, by turning over several times (*i.e.*, by using for several distinct operations) each separate portion of capital, whilst the other man turns it over only once. But of all such differences between man and man, we may say either that they do not affect the *rate* of profits by the least disturbance; or if in any case they do, in a world of practice where the principle of average must be applied to wages, to rent, and to every mode of return, the inference will simply be, that we must apply that principle also to profits. I have already stated my own incredulity as to the *notoriety* (not as to the existence) of any definite rate upon profits at any period. Such a rate may be approximated conjecturally; it cannot be known. But if it could, that result must be obtained by abstracting from all extremes, whether one way or the other; and therefore to have proved an extreme would not have disproved a mean rate.

Finally, I will answer two important questions likely to rise up in the end before every student:—

Is there, he will ask, any known objection or demur to the law of profits, as stated by Ricardo? That is, any demur to this particular doctrine as distinct from objection to the entire system of Ricardo? I answer that there is none, except the following of Mr Malthus. He in his Principles, at p. 301 (1st edit.) insists upon it, that there is "a main cause which influences profits," quite overlooked by Ricardo. What may that cause be? "The proportion which capital bears to labour." Ricardo had

laid it down, that the rate of profit upon the land last brought under tillage—upon that land which is presumably the worst in use—must be the regulating rate for all profits whatsoever. No, replies Mr Malthus; not necessarily. That is one regulating cause, no doubt; but there is another. "When capital is abundant compared with labour, nothing can prevent low profits;" and inversely, no fertility in the land as yet taken up can separately maintain high profits, "unless capital is scarce compared with labour." But to this, however tortuous the objection becomes by Mr Malthus's clouded logic, the answer is short. The action is supposed to lie through wages. Mr Malthus means that the labourers will receive higher wages when capital is redundant, so that the part of the produce left for profits will be smaller; and *versâ vice*. But without entering into the changes incident to the price of labour (for labour does not depend for its value upon any one element as capital, but upon several, which may be all acting in one direction, or all in opposite directions), thus much is evident, that only the binomial (or market) price of the labour could be affected in the circumstances supposed, consequently only the binomial value of profits. A disturbed relation between capital and labour would no otherwise affect labour in its price than as the rate of population would affect it. When population advances too rapidly, the tendency of wages must *pro tanto* be downwards; and so of other elements concurring to the complex value of labour. But none of these potential modifications escaped the eye of Ricardo: again and again he has pointed them out as fit subjects for allowance when they occur, though he has designedly and avowedly neglected them where they would have interfered with the simplicity of the principal law. What Mr Malthus brings

forward as a second law, such as ought therefore to be capable of defeating and intercepting the first, is nothing more than a tendency to modify the first. In the same spirit of high promise and trivial performance, Mr Malthus had menaced the whole of Ricardo's doctrine upon value. The quantity of labour, he would show us, did *not* always constitute the cost of an article; nor the cost of an article always constitute its price. Why, then, what *did*? With loud laughter Ricardo heard, as if this were some new and strange proposition, that by possibility the too much or too little of the article might *also* affect the price—a price of twenty might by a scarcity of five be raised to twenty-five, or by a redundancy of five be lowered to fifteen. But who doubted, or had ever doubted, this? That is *binomial* price. All the points which Malthus exposed as weak and assailable points, had always been exposed by Ricardo as points liable to a separate caution. But this is not to answer Ricardo's doctrine of profits: this is simply to exhibit Ricardo's doctrine with those modifications broadly expanded, which for good reasons Ricardo had left indicated in a briefer shape.

The other question remains a practical question, and carrying along with it a sting of anxiety to whole generations. It is this. Amongst all men (even those who pretend to no scientific economy) there is a misgiving that profits, and by consequence interest, must be under a fatal necessity of gradually sinking, until at length they touch the point of extinction. Even Ricardo has too much authorised this false idea. There is no *essential* tendency downwards in profits, more than upwards. True, there is a constant motion downwards upon the landscale from good to bad, from bad to worse; and as that happens to be chiefly concerned in the doctrine of rent, which again

reappears in the doctrines of profits and wages, Ricardo had a disproportionate necessity for continually dwelling on that particular movement. But to this, which acts from year to year, there is a tendency strictly antagonist, which acts much more slowly at times, and is felt most from century to century. The principle has been repeatedly brought forward and explained, so that there is no reason for dwelling on it here. But, by way of a single illustration from our modern experience in this particular, it may be well to mention these facts. Go back to a period two centuries from 1844, and the current rate of interest will be found nearer to 8 than 7 per cent. Go back to a period only one century from 1844, and interest is found to have fallen so low as 3 per cent. This was the prevailing rate through that part of Sir Robert Walpole's public life which lay in the reign of George II., or, in general terms, from 1727 to about 1739–43. In the course of this latter period, interest again began to advance; and in forty or forty-five years more it had risen beyond 5 per cent. During the great Revolutionary war, although limited at that time by law, interest rose in the market much beyond that legal *maximum*. It was more than double what it had been in the reign of George II. In our present era of peace, uninterrupted for twenty-eight years, it has again receded. But this brief abstract of experience through two centuries, unites with the *d priori* theory in showing, that the rate of interest is under no immutable law of declension. During these two centuries it has not uniformly declined—on the contrary, it has *oscillated* in all directions; and by that one fact, so abundantly established, we are released from all apprehensions of a downward *destiny*. Our fate in that respect is not sealed; it rests very much in our own hands.

MODERN GREECE.*

WHAT are the nuisances, special to Greece, which repel tourists from that country? They are three—robbers, fleas, and dogs. It is remarkable that all are, in one sense, respectable nuisances—they are ancient, and of classical descent. The monuments still existing from pre-Christian ages, in memory of honest travellers assassinated by brigands of klephts (Κλεπται), show that the old respectable calling of freebooters by sea and land, which Thucydides, in a well-known passage, describes as so reputable an investment for capital during the times preceding his own, and, as to northern Greece, even during his own, had never entirely languished, as with us it has done, for two generations, on the heaths of Bagshot, Hounslow, or Finchley. Well situated as these grounds were for doing business, lying at such convenient distances from the metropolis, and studying the convenience of all parties (since, if a man were destined to lose a burden on his road, surely it was pleasing to his feelings that he had not been suffered to act as porter over ninety or a hundred miles, in the service of one who would neither pay him nor thank him); yet,

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* 1842. *Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands.* By William Mure of Caldwell.

finally, what through banks, and what through policemen, the concern has dwindled to nothing. In England, we believe, this concern was technically known amongst men of business and "family men," as the "Low Toby." In Greece it was called λησταια; and Homerically speaking, it was perhaps the only profession thoroughly respectable. A few other callings are mentioned in the Odyssey as furnishing regular bread to decent men—viz., the doctor's, the fortune-teller's or conjurer's, and the armourer's. Indeed it is clear, from the offer made to Ulysses of a job, in the way of hedging and ditching, that sturdy big-boned beggars, or what used to be called "Abraham men" in southern England, were not held to have forfeited any heraldic dignity attached to the rank of pauper (which was considerable), by taking a farmer's pay where mendicancy happened to be "looking downwards." Even honest labour was tolerated, though, of course, disgraceful. But the Corinthian order of society, to borrow Burke's image, was the bold sea-rover, the buccaneer, or (if you will call him so) the robber in all his varieties. Titles were, at that time not much in use—honorary titles we mean; but had our prefix of "Right Honourable" existed, it would have been assigned to burglars, and by no means to privy-councillors; as again our English prefix of "Venerable" would have been settled, not on so sheepish a character as the archdeacon, but on the spirited appropriator of church plate. We were surprised lately to find, in a German work of some authority, so gross a misconception of Thucydides, as that of supposing him to be in jest. Nothing of the sort. The question which he represents as once current, on speaking a ship in the Mediterranean, "Pray, gentlemen, are you robbers?" actually occurs in Homer; and to Homer, no doubt, the historian alludes. It neither was, nor could be

conceived, as other than complimentary; for the alternative supposition presumed him that mean and well-known character—the merchant, who basely paid for what he took. It was plainly asking, Are you a knight grand-cross of some martial order, or a sort of costermonger? And we give it as no hasty or fanciful opinion, that the South Sea islands (which Bougainville held to be in a state of considerable civilisation) had, in fact, reached the precise stage of Homeric Greece. The power of levying war, as yet not sequestered by the ruling power of each community, was a private right inherent in every individual of any one state against all individuals of any other. Captain Cook's ship, the Resolution, and her consort, the Adventure, were as much independent states and objects of lawful war to the islanders, as Owyhee, in the Sandwich group, was to Tongataboo in the Friendly group. So that to have taken an Old Bailey view of the thefts committed on the deck was unjust, and, besides, ineffectual; the true remedy being by way of treaty or convention with the chiefs of every island. And perhaps, if Homer had tried it, the same remedy (in effect, regular payments of *black-mail*) might have been found available in *his* day.

It is too late to suggest *that* idea now. The princely pirates are gone; and the last dividend has been paid upon their booty; so that, whether he gained or lost by them, Homer's estate is not liable to any future inquisitions from commissioners of bankruptcy or other sharks. He, whether amongst the plundered, or, as is more probable, a considerable shareholder in the joint-stock privateers from Tenedos, &c., is safe both from further funding and refunding. We are not. And the first question of moment to any future tourist is, What may be the present value, at a British insurance office, of any given life risked upon a tour in

Greece? Much will, of course, depend upon the extent and the particular route. A late prime minister of Greece, under the reigning king Otho, actually perished by means of one day's pleasure excursion from Athens, though meeting neither thief nor robber. He lost his way; and this being scandalous in an ex-chancellor of the exchequer having ladies under his guidance, who were obliged, like those in the Midsummer Night's Dream, to pass the night in an Athenian wood, his excellency died of vexation. Where may not men find a death? But we ask after the calculation of any office which takes extra risks; and, as a basis for such a calculation, we submit the range of tour sketched by Pausanias, more than sixteen centuries back—that Παυσανιακη περιοδος, as Colonel Leake describes it, which carries a man through the heart of all that can chiefly interest in Greece. Where are the chances, upon such a compass of Greek travelling, having only the ordinary escort and arms, or having *no* arms (which the learned agree in thinking the safer plan at present), that a given traveller will revisit the glimpses of an English moon, or again embrace his "placens uxor?" As with regard to Ireland, it is one stock trick of Whiggery to treat the chances of assassination in the light of an English hypochondriacal chimera, so for a different reason it has been with regard to Italy, and soon will be for Greece. Twenty years ago it was a fine subject for jesting—the English idea of stilettos in Rome, and masqued bravos, and assassins who charged so much an inch for the depth of their wounds. But all the laughter did not save a youthful English marriage-party from being atrociously massacred; a grave English professional man with his wife from being carried off to a mountainous captivity, and reserved from slaughter only by the prospect of ransom; a British nobleman's son from death

or the consequences of Italian barbarity; or a prince, made such by the universal Father of Christendom, the brother of Napoleon, from having the security of his mansion violated, and the most valuable captives carried off by daylight from his household. In Greece apparently the state of things is worse, because absolutely worse under a far slighter temptation. But Mr. Mure is of opinion that Greek robbers have private reasons as yet for sparing English tourists.

So far then is certain: viz., that the positive danger is greater in poverty-stricken Greece than in rich and splendid Italy. But as to the valuation of the danger, positively and not relatively, it is probably as yet imperfect from mere defect of experience: the total amount of travellers is unknown. And it may be argued that at least Colonel Leake, Mr. Dodwell, and our present Mr. Mure, with as many more as have written books, cannot be among the killed, wounded, and missing. There is evidence in octavo that they are yet "to the fore." Still with respect to books, after all, they may have been posthumous works: or, to put the case in another form, who knows how many excellent works in medium quarto, not less than crown octavo, may have been suppressed and intercepted in their rudiments by these expurgatorial ruffians? Mr. Mure mentions as the exquisite reason for the present fashion of shooting from an ambush first, and settling accounts afterwards, that by this means they evade the chances of a contest. The Greek robber, it seems, knows as well as Cicero that "non semper viator a latrone, nonnunquam etiam latro a viatore occiditur"—a disappointment that makes one laugh exceedingly. Now this rule as to armed travellers is likely to bear hard upon our countrymen, who being rich (else how come they in Greece?) will surely be

brilliantly armed; and thus again it may be said, in a sense somewhat different from Juvenal's—

"Et *vacuus* cantat coram latrone viator;"

Vacuus not of money, but of pistols. Yet on the other hand, though possibly sound law for the thickets of Mount Cithæron, this would be too unsafe a policy as a general rule: too often it is the exposure of a helpless exterior which first suggests the outrage. And perhaps the best suggestion for the present would be, that travellers should carry in their hands an apparent telescope or a reputed walking-cane; which peaceful and natural part of his appointments will first operate to draw out his lurking forest friend from his advantage; and on closer colloquy, if this friend should turn restive, then the "Tuscan artist's tube," contrived of course a double debt to pay, will suddenly reveal another sort of tube, insinuating an argument sufficient for the refutation of any sophism whatever. This is the best compromise which we can put forward with the present dilemma in Greece, where it seems that to be armed or to be unarmed is almost equally perilous—to be armed is to insure a shot from an ambush. But our secret opinion is, that in all countries alike, the only absolute safeguard against highway robbery is—a railway; for then the tables are turned; not he who is stopped incurs the risk, but he who stops: we question whether Samson himself could have pulled up his namesake on the Liverpool railway. Recently, indeed, in the Court of Common Pleas, on a motion to show cause by Sergeant Bompas, in Hewitt *v.* Price, Tindal (Chief-Justice) said—"We cannot call a railway a public security,* I think" (*laughter*); but *we*

* Chief-Justice squinted probably at the Versailles affair, where parties were incinerated; for which, in Yorkshire, there is a local

think otherwise. In spite of "laughter," we consider it a specific against the "Low Toby." And, *en attendant*, there is but one step towards amelioration of things for Greece, which lies in summary ejecting of the Bavarian locusts. Where all offices of profit or honour are engrossed by needy aliens, you cannot expect a cheerful temper in the people. And, unhappily, from moody discontent in Greece to the taking of purses is short transition.

Thus have we disposed of "St. Nicholas's Clerks." Next we come to fleas and dogs: Have we a remedy for these? We have: but as to fleas, applicable or not, according to the purpose with which a man travels. If, as happened at times to Mr. Mure, a natural, and, for his readers, a beneficial anxiety to see something of domestic habits, overcomes all sense of personal inconvenience, he will wish, at any cost, to sleep in Grecian bedrooms, and to sit by German hearths. On the other hand, though sensible of the honour attached to being bit by a flea lineally descended from an Athenian flea that in one day may possibly have bit three such men as Pericles, Phidias, and Euripides, many quiet, unambitious travellers might choose to dispense with "glory," and content themselves with a view of Greek *external* nature. To these persons we would recommend the plan of carrying amongst their baggage a tent, with portable camp-beds; one of those, as originally invented upon the encouragement of the Peninsular campaigns from 1809 to 1814, and subsequently

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word—*crozelled*, applied to those who lie down upon a treacherous lime-pit, whose crust gives way to their weight. But if he meant security in the sense of public funds, Chief-Justice was still more in error, as he will soon learn. For the British railways now yield a regular income of three millions per annum—one-tenth of the interest of the national debt; offer as steady an investment as the three per cent. consols: and will soon be quoted in other securities.

improved, would meet all ordinary wants. It is objected, indeed, that by this time the Grecian fleas must have colonized the very hills and woods: as once, we remember, upon Westminster Bridge, to a person who proposed bathing in the Thames by way of a ready ablution from the July dust, another replied, "My dear sir, by no means; the river itself is dusty. Consider what it is to have received the dust of London for nineteen hundred years since Cæsar's invasion, without having once been swept." But in any case the water-cups, in which the bed-posts rest, forbid the transit of creatures not able to swim or to fly. A flea indeed leaps; and, by all report, in a way that far beats a tiger—taking the standard of measurement from the bodies of the competitors. But even this may be remedied: giving the maximum leap of a normal flea, it is always easy to raise the bed indefinitely from the ground—space upwards is unlimited—and the supporters of the bed may be made to meet in one pillar, coated with so viscous a substance as to put even a flea into chancery.

As to dogs, the case is not so easily settled; and before the reader is in a condition to judge of our remedy, he ought to understand the evil in its whole extent. After all allowances for vermin that waken you before your time, or assassins that send you to sleep before your time, no single Greek nuisance can be placed on the same scale with the dogs attached to every *menage*, whether household or pastoral. Surely as a stranger approaches to any inhospitable door of the peasantry, often before he knows of such a door as in *rerum natura*, out bounds upon him by huge careering leaps a horrid infuriated ruffian of a dog—oftentimes a huge *molos*, big as an English cow—active as a leopard, fierce as a hyena, but more powerful by much, and quite as little disposed to hear reason. So situated—seeing

an enemy in motion with whom it would be as idle to negotiate as with an earthquake—what is the bravest man to do? Shoot him? Ay; that was pretty much the course taken by a young man who lived before Troy: and see what came of it. This man, in fact a boy of seventeen, had walked out to see the city of Mycenæ—which in those day was as fashionable as Baden-Baden—leaving his elder cousin at the hotel sipping his wine. Out sprang a huge dog from the principal house in what you might call the High Street of Mycenæ; the young man's heart began to palpitate; he was in that state of excitement which affects most people when fear mingles with excessive anger. What was he to do? Pistols he had none, not even Colt's revolvers. And, as nobody came out to his aid, he put his hand to the ground; seized a *chermadion* (or paving-stone), smashed the skull of the odious brute, and with quite as much merit as Count Robert of Paris was entitled to have claimed from his lucky hit in the dungeon, then walked off to report his little exploit to his cousin at the hotel? But what followed? The wretches in the house, who never cared to show themselves so long as it might only be the dog killing a boy, all came tumbling out by crowds when once it became clear that a boy had killed the dog. "*A la lanterne!*" they yelled out; valiantly charged *en masse;* and among them they managed to kill the boy. But there was a reckoning to pay for this. Had they known who it was that sat drinking at the hotel, they would have thought twice before they hacked their brute. That cousin, whom the poor boy had left at his wine, happened to be an ugly customer—Hercules *incog.* It is needless to specify the result. The child unborn had reason to rue the murder of the boy. For his cousin proved quite as deaf to all argument or submission as their own foul

thief of a dog or themselves. Suffice it that the royal house of Mycenæ, in the language of Napoleon's edicts, ceased to reign. But here is the evil; few men leave a Hercules at their hotel; and all will have to stand the vindictive fury of the natives for their canine friends, if you should happen to pistol them. Be it in deliverance of your own life, or even of a lady's by your side, no apology would be listened to. In fact, besides the disproportionate annoyance to a traveller's nerves, that he shall be kept uneasy at every turn of the road in mere anxiety as to the next recurrence of struggles so desperate, it arms the indignation of a bold Briton beforehand—that a horrid brute shall be thought entitled to kill *him;* and if he *does*, it is pronounced an accident: but if he, a son of the mighty island, kills the brute, instantly a little hybrid Greek peasant shall treat it as murder.

Many years ago, we experienced the selfsame annoyance in the north of England. Let no man talk of courage in such cases. Most justly did Maréchal Saxe ask an officer sneeringly, who protested that he had never known the sensation of fear, and could not well imagine what it was like, had he never snuffed a candle with his fingers? "Because, in that case," said the veteran, "I fancy you must have felt afraid of burning your thumb." A brave man, on a service of known danger, braces up his mind by a distinct effort to the necessities of his duty. The great sentiment that it is his duty, the sentiments of honour and of country, reconcile him to the service while it lasts. No use, besides, in ducking before shot, or dodging, or skulking; he that faces the storm most cheerfully, has after all the best chance of escaping—were that the object of consideration. But, as soon as this trial is over, and the energy called forth by a high tension of duty has relaxed, the very

same man often shrinks from ordinary trials of his prowess. Having, perhaps, little reason for confidence in his own bodily strength, seeing no honour in the struggle, and sure that no duty would be hallowed by any result, he shrinks from it in a way which surprises those who have heard of his martial character. Brave men in extremities are many times the most nervous, and the shyest under perils of a mean order. We, without claiming the benefit of these particular distinctions, happened to be specially "soft" on on this one danger from dogs. Not from the mere terror of a bite, but from the shocking doubt besieging such a case for four or five months that hydrophobia may supervene. Think, excellent reader, if we should suddenly prove hydrophobous in the middle of this paper, how would you distinguish the hydrophobous from the non-hydrophobous parts? You would say, as Voltaire of Rousseau, "Sa plume apparemment brûlera le papier." Such being the horror ever before our mind—images of eyeballs starting from their sockets, spasms suffocating the throat—we could not see a dog starting off into a yell of sudden discovery bound for the foot of our legs, but that undoubtedly a mixed sensation of panic and fury overshadowed us; a χερμαδιον was not always at hand; and without practice we could have little confidence in our power of sending it home, else many is the head we should have crushed. Sometimes, where more than one dog happened to be accomplices in the outrage, we were not altogether out of danger. "Euripides," we said, "was really torn to pieces by the dogs of a sovereign prince; in Hounslow, but a month since, a little girl was all but worried by the buck-hounds of a greater sovereign than Archelaus; and why not we by the dogs of a farmer?" The scene lay in Westmoreland and Cumberland. Oftentimes it would happen that in summer we had turned aside

from the road, or perhaps the road itself forced us to pass a farm-house from which the family might be absent in the hay-field. Unhappily the dogs in such a case are often left behind. And many have been the fierce contests in which we have embarked; for, as to retreating, be it known that there (as in Greece) the murderous savages will pursue you—sometimes far into the highroad. That result it was which uniformly brought us back to a sense of our own wrong, and finally of our rights. "Come," we used to say, "this is too much; here at least is the king's highway, and things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if we, who partake of a common nature with the king, and write good Latin, whereas all the world knows what sort of Latin is found among dogs, may not have as good a right to standing-room as a low-bred quadruped with a tail like you." Non usque adeo summis permiscuit ima longa dies, &c. We remember no instance which ever so powerfully illustrated the courage given by the consciousness of rectitude. So long as we felt that we were trespassing on the grounds of a stranger we certainly sneaked, we seek not to deny it. But once landed on the highroad, where we knew our own title to be as good as the dog's, not all the world should have persuaded us to budge one foot.

Our reason for going back to these old Cumbrian remembrances will be found in what follows. Deeply incensed at the insults we had been obliged to put up with for years, brooding oftentimes over

"Wrongs unredress'd, and insults unavenged,"

we asked ourselves—Is vengeance hopeless? And at length we hit upon the following scheme of retribution. This it is—useless to myself as it happened on English ground—which we propose as applicable to Greece. Well acquainted with the indomitable spirit of the bull-dog, and the fidelity

of the mastiff, we determined to obtain two such companions; to re-traverse all our old ground; to make a point, like Tulus, of visiting every house where we had been grossly insulted by dogs; and to commit our cause to the management of these new allies. "Let us see," said we, "if they will speak in the same bullying tone *this* time." "But with what ulterior views?" the dispassionate reader asks. The same, we answer, which Mr. Pitt professed as the objects of the Revolutionary war—"Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Years, however, passed on; Charles X. fell from his throne; the Reform Bill passed; other things occurred, and at last this change struck us—that the dogs, on whom our vengeance would alight, generally speaking, must belong to a second generation, or even a third, in descent from our personal enemies. Now, this vengeance "by procuration" seemed no vengeance at all. But a plan which failed as regarded our own past wrongs, may yet apply admirably to a wrong current and in progress. If we Englishmen may not pistol Greek canine ruffians, at any rate we suppose an English bull-dog has a right to make a tour in Greece. A mastiff, if he pays for his food and lodgings, possesses as good a title to see Athens and the Peloponnesus as a Bavarian, perhaps even as Themistocles in times of old, and a better than a Turk; and, if he cannot be suffered to pass quietly along the roads on his own private affairs, the more is the pity. But assuredly the consequences will not fall on *him;* we know enough of the sublime courage bestowed on that heroic animal, to be satisfied that he will shake the life out of any enemy that Greece can show. The embassy sent by Napoleon to the Shah of Persia about the year 1810, complained much and often of the huge dogs scattered over all parts of Western Asia, whether Turkish or Persian; and, by later

travels amongst the Himalayas, it seems that the same gigantic ruffians prevail in Central Asia. But the noble English bull-dogs, who, being but three in number, did not hesitate for one instant to rush upon the enormous lion at Warwick, will face any enemy in the world, and will come off victors, unless hyperbolically overweighted; a peril which need not be apprehended, except perhaps in Laconia or Messenia.

Here, therefore, we should be disposed to leave the subject. But, as it is curious for itself, is confessedly of importance to the traveller, and has thrown light upon a passage in the Odyssey that had previously been unintelligible, we go on to one other suggestion furnished by the author before us. It is really a discovery; and is more worthy of a place in annotations upon Homer than nine in ten of all that we read :—

"Among the numerous points of resemblance with which the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck, between the habits of pastoral and agricultural life, as still exemplified in Greece, and those which formerly prevailed in the same country, there is none more calculated to arrest his attention than the correspondence of the shepherds' encampments, scattered on the face of the less cultivated districts, with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are so frequently brought forward in the imagery of the Iliad and Odyssey. Accordingly, the passage of Homer to which the existing peculiarity above described" (viz., of pelting off dogs by large jagged stones) "affords the most appropriate commentary, is the scene where Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, in approaching the farm of the swineherd, is fiercely assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the establishment. Pope's translation, with the exception of one or two expressions" (amongst which Mr. Mure notices *mastiff* as

"not a good term for a sheep-dog"), "here conveys with tolerable fidelity the spirit of the original :—

> "'Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew
> With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew;
> Down sate the sage; and, cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
> Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls;
> And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
> With showers of stones he drives them far away;
> The scatter'd dogs around at distance bay.'"—
>
> Odyss. xiv. 29.

First, however, let us state the personal adventure which occasions this reference to Homer, as it illustrates a feature in Greek scenery, and in the composition of Greek society. In the early part of his travels, on a day when Mr. Mure was within a few hours of the immortal Missolonghi, he (as better mounted) had ridden ahead of his suite. Suddenly he came upon "an encampment of small, low, reed wigwams," which in form resembled "the pastoral capanne of the Roman plain," but were "vastly inferior in size and structure." Women and children were sitting outside : but finally there crawled forth from the little miserable hovels two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions as seemed beyond the capacity of the entire dwellings. Several others joined them, all remarkable for size and beauty. And one, whose air of authority bespoke his real rank of chief, Mr. Mure pronounces "a most magnificent-looking barbarian." This was a nomad tribe of Wallachian shepherds, descended (it is supposed) from the Dacian colonies, Romans intermingled with natives, founded by the later Cæsars ; the prevalent features of their faces are, it seems, Italian ; their language is powerfully veined with Latin ; their dress, differing from that of all their Albanian neighbours, resembles the dress of Dacian captives sculptured on

the triumphal monuments of Rome; and lastly, their peculiar name, *Vlack Wallachian*, indicates in the Sclavonic language pretty much the same relation to a foreign origin, as in German is indicated by the word *Welsh:* an affinity of which word is said to exist in our word *Walnut*, where *wall* (as the late Mr. Coleridge thinks) means *alien, outlandish.* The evidence, therefore, is as direct for their non-Grecian descent as could be desired. But they are interesting to Greece at this time, because annually migrating from Thessaly in the summer, and diffusing themselves in the patriarchal style with their wives, their children, and their flocks, over the sunny vales of Bœotia, of Peloponnesus, and in general of southern Greece. Their men are huge, but they are the mildest of the human race. Their dogs are huge also; so far the parallel holds. We regret that strict regard to truth forbids us to pursue the comparison.

"I found myself on a sudden," says Mr. Mure, "surrounded by a fierce pack of dogs, of size proportioned to that of their masters, and which rushed forth on every side as if bent on devouring both myself and beast: being altogether unprovided with any means of defence but the rope-end of the same halter that supplied my stirrups, I was (I confess) not a little disconcerted by the assault of so unexpected an enemy." From this he was soon delivered at the moment by some of the gentle giants, who "pelted off the animals with the large loose stones that lay scattered over the rocky surface of the heath." But upon the character of the nuisance, and upon the particular remedy employed, both of which are classical, and older than Troy, Mr. Mure makes the following explanations:—

"The number and ferocity of the dogs that guard the Greek hamlets and sheepfolds, as compared with those kept

for similar purposes in other parts of the world, is one of the peculiarities of this country, which not only first attracts the attention of the tourist, but is chiefly calculated to excite his alarm, and call into exercise his prowess or presence of mind. It is also amongst the features of modern Greek life that supply the most curious illustrations of classical antiquity. Their attacks are not confined to those who approach the premises of which they are the appointed guardians;" they do not limit themselves to defensive war: "in many districts they are in the habit of rushing from a considerable distance to torment the traveller passing along the public track: and when the pastoral colonies, as is often the case, occur at frequent intervals, the nusiance becomes quite intolerable." But in cases where the succession is less continuous, we should imagine that the nuisance was in the same proportion more dangerous; and Mr. Mure acknowledges that under certain circumstances, to a solitary stranger, the risk would be serious; though generally, and in the case of cavalcades, the dogs fasten chiefly upon the horses.

But endless are the compensations which we find in the distributions of nature. Is there a bane? Near it lies an antidote. Is there a disease? Look for a specific in that same neighbourhood. Here, also, the universal rule prevails. As it was destined that Greece in all ages should be scourged by this intestine enemy, it was provided that a twofold specific should travel concurrently with the evil. And because the vegetable specific, in the shape of oaken cudgels, was liable to local failure (at this moment, in fact, from the wreck of her woods by means of incendiary armies, Greece is, for a season, disafforested), there exists a second specific of a mineral character, which (please Heaven?) shall never fail, so long as Greece is Greece. "The usual weapons of defence, employed in such cases by the natives, are the

large loose stones with which the soil is *everywhere* strewed —a natural feature of this region, to which also belongs its own proper share of classic interest." The character of the rocks prevailing in those mountain ridges which intersect the whole of Greece is, that whilst in its interior texture "of iron-hard consistency," yet at the surface it is "broken into detached fragments of infinitely varied dimensions." Balls, bullets, grape, and canister shot, have all been "parked" in inexhaustible magazines; whilst the leading feature which strikes the mind with amazement in this natural artillery, is its fine *retail* distribution. Everywhere you may meet an enemy: stoop, and everywhere there is shot piled for use. We see a Leibnitzian pre-established harmony between the character of the stratification and the character of the dogs.

Cardinal de Retz explains why that war, in the minority of Louis XIV., was called the *Fronde;* and it seems that in Greece, where an immortal *fronde* was inevitable, an immortal magazine was supplied for it—one which has been and will continue to be, under all revolutions; for the uncultured tracts present the missiles equally diffused, and the first rudiments of culture show themselves in collections of missiles along the roads. Hence, in fact, a general mistake of tourists. "It is certain," says Mr. Mure, "that many of the circular mounds, which are noticed in the itineraries under the rubric of *ancient tumulus*, have been heaped up in this manner. It is to these stones that travellers, and the population at large, instinctively have recourse as the most effectual weapon against the assaults of the dogs." The small shot of pebbles, however, or even stones equal to pigeon's eggs, would avail nothing: "those selected are seldom smaller than what a man, exerting his whole force, can conveniently lift and throw with one hand." Thence, in

fact, and from no other cause, comes (as Mr. Mure observes) the Homeric designation of such stones, viz., *chermadion*, or handful; of which he also cites the definition given by Lucian, λιθος χειροπληθης, *a hand-filling stone.* Ninety generations have passed since the Trojan war, and each of the ninety has used the same bountiful magazine. All readers of the *Iliad* must remember how often Ajax or Hector took up *chermadia*, "such as twice five men in our degenerate days could barely lift," launching them at light-armed foes, who positively would not come nearer to take their just share of the sword or spear. "The weapon is the more effectual, owing to the nature of the rock itself, broken as it is in its whole surface into angular and sharp-pointed inequalities, which add greatly to the severity of the wound inflicted. Hence, as most travellers will have experienced, a fall amongst the Greek rocks is unusually painful." It is pleasing to find Homer familiar not only with the use of the weapon, but with its finest external "developments." Not only the stone must be a bouncer, a *chermadion*, with some of the properties (we believe) marking a good cricket-ball, but it ought to be ὀκριοεις—such is the Homeric epithet of endearment, his caressing description of a good brainer, viz., *splinting-jagged.*

This fact of the *chermadic* weight attached to the good war-stone explains, as Mr. Mure ingeniously remarks, a simile of Homer's, which ought to have been pure nonsense for Pope and Cowper, viz., that in describing a dense mist, such as we foolishly imagine peculiar to our own British climate, and meaning to say that a man could scarcely descry an object somewhat ahead of his own station, he says, τοσσον τις τ' ἐπι λευσσει ὁσον τ' ἐπι λααν ἠσι: *so far does man see as he hurls a stone.* Now, in the skirmish of "bickering," this would argue no great limitation of eye-

sight. "Why, man, how far *would* you see? Would you see round a corner?" "A shot of several hundred yards,' says Mr. Mure, "were no great feat for a country lad well skilled in the art of stone-throwing." But this is not Homer's meaning—"The cloud of dust" (which went before an army advancing, and which it is that Homer compares to a mist on the hills perplexing the shepherd) "was certainly much denser than to admit of the view extending to such a distance. In the Homeric sense, as allusive to the hurling of the ponderous *chermadion*, the figure is correct and expressive." And here, as everywhere, we see the Horatian parenthesis upon Homer, as one *qui nil molitur inepte*, who never speaks vaguely, never wants a reason, and never loses sight of a reality, amply sustained. Here, then, is a local resource to the British tourist besides the imported one of the bull-dog; and it is remarkable that, except where the dogs are preternaturally audacious, a mere hint of the chermadion suffices. Late in our own experience, too late for glory, we made the discovery that all dogs have a mysterious reverence for a trundling-stone. It calls off attention from the human object, and strikes alarm into the caitiff's mind. He thinks the stone alive. Upon this hint we thought it possible to improve: Stooping down, we "made believe" to launch a stone, when in fact we had none; and the effect generally followed. So well is this understood in Greece, that, according to a popular opinion reported by Mr. Mure, the prevailing habit in Grecian dogs, as well as bitches, of absenting themselves from church, grows out of the frequent bowing and genuflexions practised in the course of the service. The congregation, one and all, simultaneously stoop; the dog's wickedness has made him well acquainted with the meaning of that act; it is a symbol but too significant to his

conscience; and he takes to his heels with the belief that a whole salvo of one hundred and one *chermadia* are fastening on his devoted "hurdies."

Here, therefore, is a suggestion at once practically useful, and which furnishes more than one important elucidation to passages in Homer hitherto unintelligible. For the sake of one other such passage, we shall, before dismissing the subject, pause upon a novel fact communicated by Mr. Mure, which is equally seasonable as a new Homeric light, and as a serviceable hint in a situation of extremity.

In the passage already quoted under Pope's version from *Odyssey*, xiv. 29, what is the meaning of that singular couplet—

> "Down sate the sage; and cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand."*

Mr. Mure's very singular explanation will remind the naturalist of something resembling it in the habits of buffaloes. Dampier mentions a case which he witnessed in some oriental island with a Malay population, where a herd of buffaloes continued to describe concentric circles, continually narrowing around a party of sailors, and at last submitted only to the control of children *not too far beyond the state of infancy*. The white breed of wild cattle, once so well known at Lord Tankerville's, in Northumberland, and at one point in the south-west of Scotland, had a similar instinct for regulating the fury of their own attack;

* As respects the *elegance* of this translation, there is good reason to warn the reader that much of the *Odyssey* was let off by contract, like any poor-house proposal for "clods" and "stickings" of beef, to low undertakers, such as Broome and Fenton. Considering the ample fortune which Pope drew from the whole work, we have often been struck by the inexplicable indulgence with which this scandalous partition is treated by Pope's biographers. It is simply the lowest act of self-degradation ever connected with literature.

but it was understood that when the final circle had been woven the spell was perfect, and that the herd would "do business" most effectually. As respects the Homeric case, "I," says Mr. Mure, "am probably not the only reader who has been puzzled to understand the object of this manœuvre" (the sitting down) "on the part of the hero. I was first led to appreciate its full value in the following manner:—At Argos one evening, at the table of General Gordon" (then commanding-in-chief throughout the Morea, and the best historian of the Greek Revolution, but who subsequently resigned, and died in the spring of 1841 at his seat in Aberdeenshire), "the conversation happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are in company, on this very subject of the number and fierceness of the Grecian dogs, when one of the company remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for appeasing their fury. Happening on a journey to miss his road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the consequences might have been serious had he not been rescued by an old shepherd (the Eumeus of the fold), who, after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable reception in his hut. The guest made some remark on the zeal of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been exposed from their attack. The old man replied that it was his own fault, from not taking the customary precaution in such an emergency; that he ought to have stopped, and *sate down* until some person came to protect him." Here we have the very act of Ulysses, with the necessary circumstance that he laid aside his arms; after which the two parties were under a provisional treaty. And Adam Smith's doubtful assumption that dogs are incapable of exchange, or of any reciprocal

understanding, seems still more doubtful. As this expedient was new to the traveller, "he made some further inquiries; and was assured that, if any person in such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat in a circle round him; that, as long as he remains quiet, they will follow his example; but that as soon as he rises and moves forward, they will renew their assault. This story, though told without the least reference to the *Odyssey*, at once brought home to my own mind the scene at the fold of Eumeus with the most vivid reality. The existence of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, from their own observation or experience." Yet, what if the night were such as is often found even in Southern Greece during winter—a black frost; and that all the belligerents were found in the morning symmetrically grouped as petrifactions? However, here again we have the Homer *qui nil molitur inepte*, who addressed a people of known habits. Yet *quære*—as a matter of some moment for Homeric disputes—were these habits of Ionian colonies, or exclusively of Greece Proper, on which Homer may, after all, not be so good an authority as Murray, price 8s. 6d.

But enough of the repulsive features in Greek travelling. We, for our part, have endeavoured to meet them with remedies both good and novel. Now let us turn to a different question. What are the positive attractions of Greece? What motives are there to a tour so costly? What are the *pros*, supposing the *cons* dismissed? This is a more difficult question than is imagined: so difficult that most people set out without waiting for the answer; they travel first and leave to providential contingencies the chance that, on a review of the tour in its course, some adequate motive may suggest itself. Certainly it may be said, that the word

Greece already in itself contains an adequate motive, and we do not deny that a young man, full of animal ardour and high classical recollections, may, without blame, give way to the mere instincts of wandering. It is a fine thing to bundle up your traps at an hour's warning, and fixing your eye upon some bright particular star, to say, "I will travel after thee; I will have no other mark; I will chase thy rising or thy setting;" that is, on Mr. Wordsworth's hint derived from a Scottish lake, to move on a general object of *stepping westwards*, or *stepping eastwards*. But there are few men qualified to travel, who stand in this free "unhoused" condition of license to spend money, to lose time, or to court peril. In balancing the pretensions of different regions to a distinction so costly as an *effectual* tour, money it is, simply the consideration of cost, which furnishes the chief or sole ground of administration; having but £100 disposable in any one summer, a man finds his field of choice circumscribed at once; and rare is the household that can allow twice that sum annually. He contents himself with the Rhine, or possibly, if more adventurous, he may explore the passes of the Pyrenees; he may unthread the mazes of romantic Auvergne, or make a stretch even to the Western Alps of Savoy.

But for the Mediterranean, and especially for the Levant —these he resigns to richer men; to those who can command from £300 to £500. And next, having submitted to this preliminary limitation of radius, he is guided in selecting from what remains by some indistinct prejudice of his early reading. Many are they in England who start with a blind faith, inherited from Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and thousands beside, that, in Southern France or in Italy, from the Milanese down to the furthest nook of the Sicilies, it is physically impossible for the tourist to go wrong. And

thus it happens that a spectacle, somewhat painful to good sense, is annually renewed of confiding households leaving a real Calabria in Montgomeryshire or Devonshire, for dreary, sunburned flats in Bavaria, in Provence, in Languedoc, or in the "Legations" of the Papal territory. "Vintagers," at a distance, how romantic a sound! Hops, on the other hand, how mercenary, nay, how culinary, by the feeling connected with their use, or their taxation! Arcadian shepherds again, or Sicilian from the "bank of delicate Galesus," can these be other than poetic? The hunter of the Alpine ibex—can he be other than picturesque? A sandalled monk mysteriously cowled, and in the *distance* (but be sure of *that!*) a band of robbers reposing at noon amidst some Salvator-Rosa-looking solitudes of Calabria—how often have such elements, semi-consciously grouped, and flashing upon the indistinct mirrors lighted up by early reading, seduced English good sense into undertakings terminating in angry disappointment? We acknowledge that the English are the only nation under this romantic delusion; but so saying, we pronounce a very mixed censure upon our country. In itself it is certainly a folly which other nations (Germany excepted) are not above, but very far below; a folly which presupposes a most remarkable distinction for our literature, significant in a high moral degree. The plain truth is, that Southern Europe has no romance in its household literature; has not an organ for comprehending what it is that we mean by Radcliffian romance. The old ancestral romance of knightly adventure, the *Sangrêal*, the *Round Table*, &c., exists for Southern Europe as an antiquarian subject; or if treated æsthetically, simply as a subject adapted to the ludicrous. And the secondary romance of our later literature is to the south unintelligible. No Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, at all comprehends the grand

poetic feeling employed and nursed by narrative fictions through the last seventy years in England, though connected by us with their own foolishly exaggerated scenery.

Generally, in speaking of Southern Europe, it may be affirmed that the idea of heightening any of the grander passions by association with the shadowy and darker forms of natural scenery, heaths, mountainous recesses, "forests drear," or the sad desolation of a silent sea-shore, of the desert, or of the ocean, is an idea not developed amongst them, nor capable of combining with their serious feelings. By the evidence of their literature, viz., of their poetry, their drama, their novels, it is an interest to which the whole race is deaf and blind. A Frenchman or an Italian (for the Italian, in many features of Gallic insensibility, will be found ultra-Gallican) can understand a state in which the moving principle is sympathy with the world of conscience. Not that his own country will furnish him with any grand exemplification of such an interest; but, merely as a human being, he cannot escape from a certain degree of human sympathy with the dread tumults going on in that vast theatre—a conscience-haunted mind. So far he stands on common ground with ourselves; but how this mode of shedding terror can borrow any alliance from chapels, from ruins, from monastic piles, from Inquisition dungeons, inscrutable to human justice, or dread confessionals,—all this is unfathomably mysterious to Southern Europe. The Southern imagination is passively and abjectly dependent on *social* interests; and these must conform to modern types. Hence, partly, the reason that only the British travel. The German is generally too poor. The Frenchman desires nothing but what he finds at home: having Paris at hand, why should he seek an inferior Paris in distant lands? To an Englishman this demur could sol-

dom exist. He may think, and, with introductions into the higher modes of aristocratic life, he may know that London and St. Petersburg are far more magnificent capitals than Paris; but *that* will not repel his travelling instincts. A superior London he does not credit or desire; but what he seeks is not a superior, it is a different life; not new degrees of old things, but new kinds of experience are what he asks. His scale of conception is ampler; whereas, generally, the Frenchman is absorbed into one ideal. Why else is it, that, after you have allowed for a few Frenchmen carried of necessity into foreign lands by the diplomatic concerns of so vast a country, and for a few artists travelling in quest of gain or improvement, we hear of no French travellers as a class? And why is it that, except as regards Egypt, where there happens to lurk a secret political object in reversion for France, German literature builds its historic or antiquarian researches almost exclusively upon English travellers? Our travellers may happen or not to be professional; but they are never found travelling for professional objects. Some have been merchants or bankers, many have been ecclesiastics; but neither commercial nor clerical or religious purposes have furnished any working motive, unless where, as express missionaries, they have prepared their readers to expect such a bias to their researches. Colonel Leake, the most accurate of travellers, is a soldier; and in reviewing the field of Marathon, of Platæa, and others deriving their interest from later wars, he makes a casual use of his soldiership. Captain Beaufort, again, as a sailor, uses his nautical skill where it is properly called for. But in the larger proportions of their works, even the professional are not professional; whilst such is our academic discipline, that all alike are scholars. And in this quality of merit the author before us holds a distin-

guished rank. He is no artist, though manifesting the eye learned in art and in landscape. He is not professionally a soldier; he is so only by that secondary tie, which, in our island, connects the landed aristocracy with the landed militia; yet though not, in a technical sense, military, he disputes, with such as *are*, difficult questions of Greek martial history. He is no regular agriculturist, yet he conveys a good general impression of the Greek condition with relation to landed wealth or landed skill, as modified at this moment by the unfortunate restraints on a soil handed over, in its best parts, by a Turkish aristocracy that had engrossed them, to a Bavarian that cannot use them. In short, Mr. Mure is simply a territorial gentleman; elevated enough to have stood a contest for the representation of a great Scottish county; of general information; and, in particular, he is an excellent Greek scholar; which latter fact we gather, not from anything we have heard, but from these three indications meeting together: 1. That his verbal use of Greek, in trying the true meaning of names (such as Mycene, the island of Asteris, &c.), is original as well as accurate. 2. That his display of reading (not volunteered or selected, but determined by accidents of local suggestion) is ample. 3. That the frugality of his Greek citations is as remarkable as their pertinence. He is never tempted into trite references; nor ever allows his page to be encumbered by more of such learning than is severely needed.

With regard to the general motives for travelling, *his* for Greece had naturally some relation to his previous reading; but perhaps an occasional cause, making his true motives operative, may have been his casual proximity to Greece at starting—for he was then residing in Italy. Others, however, amongst those qualified to succeed him,

wanting this advantage, will desire some positive objects of a high value, in a tour both difficult as regards hardships, costly, and too tedious, even with the aids of steam, for those whose starting-point is England. These objects, real or imaginary, in a Greek tour, co-extensive with the new limits of Greek jurisdiction, let us now review :—

I. *The Greek People.*—It is with a view to the Greeks personally, the men, women, and children, who in one sense at least, viz., as occupants of the Greek soil, represent the ancient classical Greeks, that the traveller will undertake this labour. Representatives in one sense! Why, how now? are they not such in all senses? Do they not trace their descent from the classical Greeks? We are sorry to say *not;* or in so doubtful a way, that the interest derived from that source is too languid to sustain itself against the opposing considerations. Some authors have peremptorily denied that one drop of genuine Grecian blood, transmitted from the countrymen of Pericles, now flows in the veins of any Greek subject. Falmereyer, the German, is at the head (we believe) of those who take that view. And many who think Falmereyer in excess, make these unpleasant concessions, viz., 1*st*, That in Athens and throughout Attica, where, by special preference, one would wish to see the Grecian cast of face predominating, *there*, to a single family almost, you may affirm all to be Albanian. Well; but what is Albanian? For the Albanian race, as having its head-quarters in regions once undoubtedly occupied by a Greek race, Epirus, for instance, Acarnania, &c., may still be Grecian by descent: but unfortunately it is not so. The Albanians are no more Grecian, and notoriously no more represent the old legitimate Greeks, who thumped the Persians and whom the Romans thumped, than the modern English represent the Britons, or the modern Lowland

Scotch represent the Scoti, of the centuries immediately following the Christian era. Both English and Lowland Scotch, for the first five centuries after the Christian era, were ranging the forests of north Germany or of southern Sweden. The men who fought with Cæsar, if now represented at all, are so in Wales, in Cornwall, or other western recesses of the island. And the Albanians are held to be a Sclavonic race—such at least is the accredited theory; so that modern Greece is connected with Russia not merely by the bond of a common church, but also by blood, since the Russian people is the supreme branch of the Sclavonic race. This is the first concession made which limits any remnant of the true Greek blood to parts of the ancient Hellas not foremost in general interest, nor most likely to be visited.

A second is, that if any claim to a true Grecian descent does exist extensively, it must be looked for amongst Mahometan clans, descended from renegades of former days, now confounded with our Mussulmans ejected from Greece, and living in Thrace, or other regions under the Sultan's sceptre. But even here the purity of the descent is in the last degree uncertain.

This case is remarkable. From the stationary character of all things in the East, there was a probability beforehand, that several nations—as in particular, four that we will mention: the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Affghans—should have presented the same purity of descent, untainted by alien blood, which we find in the children of Ishmael, and the children of his half-brother the patriarch Isaac. Yet, in that case, where would have been the miraculous unity of race predicted for these two nations exclusively by the Scriptures? The fact is, the four nations mentioned have been so profoundly changed by deluges of foreign conquest or

foreign intrusion, that at this day, perhaps, no solitary individual could be found whose ancestral line had not been confounded with other bloods. The Arabs only, and the Jews, are under no suspicion of this hybrid mixture. Vast deserts, which insulate one side of the Arabian peninsula; the sea, which insulates the other sides, have, with other causes, preserved the Arab blood from all general attaint of its purity. Ceremonies, institutions, awful scruples of conscience, and through many centuries, misery and legal persecution, have maintained a still more impassable gulf between the Jews and other races. Spain is the only Christian land where the native blood was at any time intermingled with the Jewish; and hence one cause for the early vigilance of the Inquisition in that country more than elsewhere; hence also the horror of a Jewish taint in the Spanish hidalgo; Judaism masking itself in Christianity, was so keenly suspected, or so haughtily disclaimed, simply because so largely it existed. It was, however, under a very peculiar state of society, that, even during an interval, and in a corner, Jews *could* have intermarried with Christians. Generally, the intensity of reciprocated hatred, long oppression upon the one side, deep degradation upon the other, perpetuated the alienation, had the repulsion of creeds even relaxed. And hence, at this day, the intense purity of the Jewish blood, though probably more than six millions of individuals.

But with respect to the Grecians, as no barrier has ever existed between them and any other race than the Turks,*

* Some will urge the intolerance of the Greeks for Christians of the Latin Church. But that did not hinder alliances, and ambitious attempts at such alliances, with their Venetian masters in the most distinguished of the Greek houses. Witness the infernal atrocities by which the Venetian government avenged at times what they viewed as unpardonable presumption. See their own records.

and these only in the shape of religious scruples, which on one side had the highest political temptation to give way, there was no pledge stronger than individual character, there could be no national or corporate pledge, for the maintenance of this insulation. As therefore, in many recorded cases, the strongest barrier (viz., that against Mahometan alliances) is known to have given way, as in other cases (innumerable, but forgotten), it must be presumed to have given way ; this inference follows, viz., that if anywhere the Grecian blood remains in purity, the fact will be entirely without evidence ; and for us, the result will be the same as if the fact had no existence. Simply as a matter of curiosity, if our own opinion were asked as to the probability, that in any situation, a true-blooded population yet survives at this day, we should answer that, if anywhere, it will be found in the most sterile of the Greek islands. Yet, even there the bare probability of such a result will have been open to many disturbances ; and especially if the island happen to be much in the way of navigators, or the harbours happen to be convenient, or if it happen to furnish a good stage in a succession of stages (according to the ancient usages of Mediterranean seamanship), or if it possessed towns containing accumulations of provisions or other stores, or offered good watering-places ; under any of these endowments, an island might be tempting to pirates, or to roving adventures, or to remote overpeopled parts of Italy, Africa, Asia Minor, &c. ; in short, to any vicious city where but one man amongst the poorer classes knew the local invitations to murderous aggressions. Under so many contingencies operative through so many centuries, and revolutions so vast upon nations so multiplied, we believe that even a poor unproductive soil is no absolute pledge for non-molestation to the most obscure of recesses.

For instance, the poorest district of the large island Crete, might (if any could) be presumed to have a true Greek population. There is little to be found in that district beyond the means of bare subsistence; and (considering the prodigious advantages of the ground for defensive war) little to be looked for by an invader but hard knocks, "more kicks than halfpence," so long as there was any indigenous population to stand up and kick. But often it must have happened in a course of centuries, that plague, small-pox, cholera, the sweating-sickness, or other scourges of universal Europe and Asia, would absolutely depopulate a region no larger than an island; as in fact, within our brief knowledge of the New Hollanders, has happened through small-pox alone, to entire tribes of those savages; and, upon a scale still more awful, to the American Indians. In such cases, mere strangers would oftentimes enter upon the lands as a derelict. The Sfakians, in that recess of Crete which we have noticed, are not supposed by scholars to be a true Grecian race; nor do we account them such. And one reason of our own, superadded to the common reasons against allowing a Greek origin, is this:—The Sfakians are a large-limbed, fine-looking race, more resembling the Wallachians whom we have already noticed, than the other races of Crete, or the other Greek islanders, and like the Wallachians, are often of colossal stature. But the classical Greeks, we are pretty certain, were a race of little men. We have more arguments than one for this belief. But one will be sufficient. The Athenian painter who recorded the Battle of Marathon in fresco upon the walls of a portico, was fined for representing the Persians as conspicuously taller than the Greeks. But why? Why should any artist have ascribed such an advantage to the enemy, unless because it was a fact?

What plausible motive, other than the notoriety of the fact, can be imagined in the painter? In reality, this artist proceeded as a general rule amongst the Greeks, and a rule strictly, if not almost superstitiously observed, and of ancient establishment, which was, that all conquerors in any contest, or at any games, olympic, or whatsoever they might be, were memorialized by statues exactly representing the living man in the year of victory, taken even with their personal defects. The dimensions were preserved with such painful fidelity, as though the object had been to collect and preserve for posterity, a series from every generation, of those men who might be presumed by their trophies to have been the models by natural prefiguration for that particular gymnastic accomplishment in which they had severally excelled. [See the *Acad. des Inscriptions*, about the year 1725.] At the time of Marathon, fought against the lieutenant of Darius, the Olympic games had existed for two hundred years, *minus* thirteen; and at the closing battle of Platæa, fought against the lieutenant of Xerxes, for two hundred, *minus* only two. During all this period, it is known for certain, perhaps even from far older times, that this rule of exact *portraiture*, a rigid demand for duplicates or fac-similes of the individual men, had prevailed in Greece. The enormous amount of Persian corpses buried by the Greeks (or perhaps by Persian prisoners), in the Polyandrium on the field of battle, would be measured and observed by the artists against the public application for their services. And the armour of those select men-at-arms, or ὁπλιται, who *had* regular suits of armour, would remain for many centuries suspended as consecrated αναθηματα in the Grecian temples; so that Greek artists would never want sure records of the Persian dimensions. Were it not for this rule, applied sternly to all real conflicts, it might

have been open to imagine that the artist had exaggerated the persons of the enemy by way of exalting to posterity the terrors which their ancestors had faced; a more logical vanity than that inverse artifice imputed to Alexander, of burying in the Punjab gigantic mangers and hyperbolical suits of armour, under the conceit of impressing remote ages with a romantic idea of the bodily proportions in the men and horses composing the *élite* of the Macedonian army. This was the true secret for disenchanting the martial pretensions of his army. Were you indeed such colossal men? In that case, the less is your merit; of which most part belongs manifestly to a *physical* advantage: and in the ages of no gunpowder the advantage was less equivocal than it is at present. In the other direction, the logic of the Greek artist who painted Marathon is more cogent. The Persians were numerically superior, though doubtless this superiority has been greatly exaggerated, not wilfully so much as from natural mistakes incident to the oriental composition of armies; and still more on the Grecian side, from extreme inaccuracy in the original reports, which was so great that even Herodotus, who stood removed from Platæa at the time of commencing his labours, by pretty much the same interval as we in 1842 from Waterloo, is rightly observed by Colonel Leake (*Travels in Greece*) to have stated to him the Greek numbers on the great day of Platæa, rather from the basis of fixed rateable contingents which each state was bound to furnish, than of any positive return that he could allege. However, on the whole, it seems undeniable that even at Platæa, much more at Marathon, the Persians had the advantage in numbers. If, besides this numerical advantage, they had another in qualities of bodily structure, the inference was the greater to the Grecian merit. So far from slighting a Persian advantage

which really existed, a Greek painter might rather be suspected of inventing one which did not. We apprehend, however, that he invented nothing. For, besides that subsequent intercourse with Persians would have defeated the effect of his representation had it reposed on a fiction, it is known that the Greeks did not rightly appreciate tallness. "Procerity," to use Dr. Johnson's tall word in speaking of the Prussian regiment, was underrated in Greece; perhaps for this reason, that in some principal gymnastic contests, running, leaping, horsemanship, and charioteering, it really *was* a disadvantage. The best jockeys at Newmarket and Doncaster are always little men. And hence possibly arose a fact which has been often noticed with surprise, viz., that the legendary Hercules was never delineated by the Greek artists as more than an athletic man of the ordinary standard with respect to height and bulk. The Greek imagination was extravagantly mastered by physical excellence; this is proved by the almost inconceivable value attached to gymnastic merit. Nowhere, except in Greece, could a lyrical enthusiasm have been made available in such a service. But amongst physical qualities they did not adequately value that of lofty stature. At all events, the rule of portraiture —the whole portrait and nothing but the portrait—which we have mentioned as absolute for Greece, coerced the painter into the advantageous distinction for the Persians which we have mentioned. And this rule, *as servile to the fact*, is decisive for the Greek proportions of body in comparison with the Persian.

But were not some tribes amongst the Greeks celebrated for their stature? Yes; the Daulians, for instance, both men and women: and in some modern tourist we remember a distinction of the same kind claimed for the *present* occupants of Daulis. But the ancient claim had reference

only to the Grecian scale. Tall, were they? Yes, but tall for Grecians. The Romans were possibly a shade taller than the Greeks, but they also were a little race of men. This is certain. And, if a man were incautious enough to plead in answer the standard of the modern Italians, who are often both tall and athletic, he must be reminded that to Tramontanes, in fact, such as Goths, Heruli, Scyrra, Lombards, and other tribes of the Rhine, Lech, or Danube, Italy is indebted for the improved breed of her carcases.* Man, instead of degenerating according to the scandalous folly of books, very slowly improves everywhere; and the carcases of the existing generation, weighed off, million for million, against the carcases of any pre-Christian generation,

* It may be remarked, as a general prevailing tendency amongst the great Italian masters of painting, that there is the same conspicuous leaning to regard the gigantic as a vulgar straining after effect. Witness St. Paul before Agrippa, and St. Paul at Athens; Alexander the Great, or the Archangel Michael. Nowhere throughout the whole world is the opposite defect carried to a more intolerable excess than amongst the low (but we regret to add—and in all but the very highest) of London artists. Many things, which the wretched Von Raumer said of English art, were abominable and malicious falsehoods; circulated not for London, but for Berlin, and Dresden, where English engravers and landscape-painters are too justly prized by the wealthy purchasers not to be hated by the needy sellers. Indeed, to hear Von Raumer's account of our water-colour exhibitions, you would suppose that such men as Turner, Dewint, Prout, and many others, had no merit whatever, and no name except in London. Raumer is not an honest man. But had he fixed his charges on the book-decorators amongst us, what an unlimited field for ridicule the most reasonable! In most sentimental poems, the musing young gentlemen and ladies usually run to seven and eight feet high. And in a late popular novel connected with the Tower of London, by Mr. Ainsworth [which really pushes its falsifications of history to an unpardonable length, as *e.g.* in the case of the gentle victim Lady Jane Grey], the Spanish ambassador seems to us at least fourteen feet high; and his legs meant for some ambassador who happened to be twenty-seven feet high.

we feel confident would be found to have the advantage by many thousands of stones [the butchers' stone is eight pounds] upon each million. And universally the best *prima facie* title to a pure Greek descent will be an elegantly formed, but somewhat under-sized, person, with a lively, animated, and intelligent physiognomy; of which last may be said, that, if never in the highest sense rising to the noble, on the other hand, it never sinks to the brutal. At Liverpool, we used to see in one day many hundreds of Greek sailors from all parts of the Levant; these were amongst the most probable descendants from the children of Ion or of Œolus, and the character of their person was what we describe—short but symmetrical figures and faces, upon the whole, delicately chiselled. These men generally came from the Greek islands.

Meantime, what is Mr. Mure's opinion upon this much-vexed question? Into the general problem he declines to enter; not, we may be sure, from want of ability to treat it with novelty and truth. But we collect that he sees no reason for disputing the general impression, that an Albanian or hybrid population is mainly in possession of the soil, and that perhaps he would say, *lis est de paupere regno;* for, if there is no beauty concerned in the decision, nor any of the quality of physical superiority, the less seems the value of the dispute. To appropriate a set of plain faces, to identify the descent of ordinary bodies, seems labour lost. And in the race now nominally claiming to be Grecian, Mr. Mure evidently finds only plain faces, and ordinary bodies. Those, whom at any time he commends for beauty or other advantages of person, are tribes confessedly alien; and, on the other hand, with respect to those claiming to be Greek, he pronounces a pointed condemnation by disparaging their women. It is notoriously

a duty of the female sex to be beautiful, if they can, with a view to the recreation of us males—whom Lily's Grammar affirms to be "of the worthier gender." Sitting at breakfast (which consisted "of red herrings and Gruyère cheese"), upon the shore of Megara, Mr. Mure beheld the Megarensian lasses mustering in force for a general ablution of the Megarensian linen. The nymphs had not turned out upon the usual principles of female gatherings—

"Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ;"

and yet, between them, the two parties reciprocated the functions. Each to the other was a true spectacle. A long Scotchman,

"Qui siccâ solus secum spatiatur arenâ,"

and holding in his dexter mauley a red herring, whilst a white table-cloth (the centre of his motions) would proclaim some mysterious rite, must to the young ladies have seemed a merman suddenly come up from the sea, without sound of conch; whilst to him the large deputation from female Megara furnished an extra theatre for the inspection of Greek beauty. "There was no river mouth visible, the operation being performed in the briny sea itself;" and, so far from this being unusual, Mr. Mure notices it as a question of embarrassment to the men of Plutarch's age, why the Phœacian princess in the Odyssey did *not* wash in the sea, but mysteriously preferred the river (*Sympos. I. qu.* 9); but as to beauty, says Mr. Mure, "I looked in vain for a figure, which either as to face or form could claim even a remote resemblance to Nausicaä. The modern Greek woman indeed appeared to me, upon the whole, about the most ill-favoured I have met with in any country." And it attests the self-consistency of Mr. Mure, that in Arácova, the only place where he notices the women as having any

pretensions to beauty, he and others agree that their countenances are not true to the national type; they are generally reputed to offer something much nearer to the bloom and the *embonpoint* of female rustics in Germany; and accordingly, it is by the Bavarian officers of King Otho's army that these fair Arácovites have been chiefly raised into celebrity. We cannot immediately find the passage in Mr. Mure's book relating to Arácova; but we remember that, although admitting the men to be a tolerably handsome race, he was disappointed in the females. Tall they are, and stout, but not, he thinks, beautiful.

Yet, in dismissing this subject of personal appearance, as the most plausible test now surviving for the claim of a pure Greek descent, we must not forget to explain—that it is far from our design to countenance the hypothesis of any *abrupt* supercession, at any period or by any means, to the old Grecian blood. The very phrase of "national type," which we used in the last paragraph, and the diffusion of a language essentially Greek, argue at once a slow and gradational transition of the population into its present physical condition. Mr. Mure somewhere describes, as amongst the characteristics of the present race, swarthiness and leanness. These we suspect to have been also characteristic of the old original *ton d'apameibomenoi* Greeks. If so, the fact would seem to argue, that the changes, after all, had not been on a scale sufficient to obliterate the primitive type of Hellenic nature; whilst the existence of any *diffused* type marks a tendency to national unity, and shows that some one element has so much predominated as to fuse the rest into a homogeneous whole. Indeed, it is pretty certain that a powerful cross in any human breed, whatever effects it may have in other respects, leaves the intellect improved—if not in the very highest qualities, yet

in mobility, activity, and pertinacity of attention. The Greek nation has also shown itself morally improved; their revolutionary war evoked and tried, as in a furnace, the very finest qualities of courage, both adventurous and enduring; and we heartily agree in the sentiment delivered so ably by Mr. Mure, that the struggles of these poor shepherds and herdsmen, driven into caves and thickets, and having no great rallying principle but the banner of the Cross against the Crescent, were as much more truly sublime in suffering and in daring, than the classical struggles against the Persians, as they are and will be more obscure in the page of general history. We do not at all question great stamina and noble elements in the modern Greek character—generations of independence will carry this character to excellence; but still we affirm, that he who looks for direct descendants from the race of Miltiades, Pericles, or Epaminondas, is likely to be disappointed; and most disappointed in that Athens, which for all of us alike (as appealing to our imaginative feelings) still continues to be what it was for Cicero—true and very Greece; in which, therefore, of all cities locally recalling the classical times, we can least brook a disappointment.

If not the people of Greece, is it then the NATURAL SCENERY of Greece which can justify the tourist in this preference? Upon this subject it is difficult to dispute. What a man is likely to relish in scenery—what style or mode of the natural picturesque; and, *secondly*, what weight or value he will allow to his own preferences—are questions exceedingly variable. And the latter of these questions is the more important, for the objection is far less likely to arise against this mode of scenery or that, since every *characteristic* mode is relished as a change, than universally against all modes alike as adequate indemnifications

for the toils of travelling. Female travellers are apt to talk of "scenery" as all in all, but men require a social interest superadded. Mere scenery palls upon the mind, where it is the sole and ever-present attraction relied on. It should come unbidden and unthought of, like the warbling of birds, to sustain itself in power. And at feeding-time, we observe that men of all nations and languages, *Tros Tyriusve*, grow savage, if, by a fine scene, you endeavour to make amends for a bad beef-steak. The scenery of the Himalaya will not "draw houses" till it finds itself on a line of good hotels.

This difference, noted above, between the knowledge and the power of a scenery-hunter may be often seen illustrated in the fields of art. How common is the old sapless connoisseur in pictures, who retains his learned eye and his distinguished skill, but whose sensibilities are as dry as summer dust to the interests of the art? On the other hand, daily you see young people whose hearts and souls are in the forests and the hills, but for whom the eye is perfectly untutored. If, now, to the differences in this respect you add the extensive differences which prevail as to the kinds of scenery, it is easy to understand how rich in the materials for schism must be every party that starts up on the excitement of mere scenery. Some laud the Caucasus; some the northern and eastern valleys of Spain; some the Alpine scenery; some the Pyrenean. All these are different; and from all alike differs again what Mr. Mure classes as the classical character of scenery. For this, he thinks a regular education of the eye requisite. Such an education he himself had obtained from a residence in Italy. And, subject to that condition, he supposes the scenery on the Eurotas (to the eastern side of the Peloponnesus) the most delightful in Europe. We know not. It

may be so. For ourselves, the obscure sense of being or moving under a vast superincumbency of some great natural power, as of a mighty forest, or a trackless succession of mountainous labyrinths, has a charm of secret force far better than any distinct scenes to which we are introduced. Such things ought not to be. But still so it is, that tours in search of the picturesque are particularly apt to break up in quarrels. Perhaps on the same principle which has caused a fact generally noticed, viz., that conchologists, butterfly-fanciers, &c., are unusually prone to commit felonies, because too little of a human interest circulates through their arid pursuits. The morbid irritation accumulates until the amateur rushes out with a knife, lets blood in some quarter, and so restores his own connexion with the vitalities of human nature. In any case, we advise the Greek tourist to have at least two strings to his bow besides scenery.

III.—Is it, then, the monuments of the antique, the memorials of Pericles and Phidias, which a man should seek in Greece? If so, no great use in going beyond Athens. Because, though more solemn images survive in other places, associated with powers more mysterious and ages more remote, as the gate of Lions at Mycenæ, or the relics yet standing (and perhaps to stand for ever) of Cyclopean cities, forms of art that for thousands of years have been dying away through dimness of outlines and vegetable overgrowth into forms of nature—yet in Athens only is there a great open museum of such monuments. The Athenian buildings, though none of them Homeric in point of origin, are old enough for us. Two-and-a-half millennia satisfy our grovelling aspirations. And Mr. Mure himself, whilst insisting on their too youthful character, admits that they are "superior in number, variety, and elegance to

those which the united cities of Greece can now show." Yet even these pure monuments have been combined with modern aftergrowths, as in the case of the Propylœa, of which multitudes doubt [Mr. Mure in particular] whether they can now be detached from the connexion with effect. For more reasons than one, it will, perhaps, be advisable to leave them in their present condition, and that is as hybrid as the population. But, with respect to Athenian buildings, it strikes our feelings, that finish and harmony are essential conditions to their effect. Ruins are becoming to Gothic buildings; decay is there seen in a graceful form; but to an Attic building decay is more expressive of disease—it is scrofula; it is phagedænic ulcer. And unless the Bavarian government can do more than is now held out or hoped, towards the restoration and *disengagement* of the public buildings surmounting the city, we doubt whether there will not be as much of pain as of an artist's pleasure in a visit to the Athenian capital, though now raised to the rank of metropolis for universal Greece.

IV.—There are, however, mixed monuments, not artificial in their origin, but which gradually came to act upon the feelings as such from their use and habitual connexion with human purposes. Such for instance is the Acro-Corinthus, of which Mr. Mure says, that it "is by far the most striking object that I have ever seen, either abroad or at home. Neither the Acropolis of Athens, nor the Larissa of Argos, nor even Gibraltar, can enter into the remotest competition with this gigantic citadel." Indeed, when a man is aware of the impression produced by a perpendicular rock over six hundred feet high, he may judge of the stupendous effect from a citadel rising almost insulated in the centre of a plain, sloping to the sea, and ascending to the height of nineteen hundred feet.

Objects of this class, together with the mournful Pelasgic remains, the ruins or ruined plans which point back to Egypt, and to Phœnicia, these may serve as a further bribe to the tourist in Greece. If a collection of all the objects in every class, according to the best order of succession for the traveller, were arranged skilfully, we believe that a maritime circuit of Greece, with a few landings and short excursions, would bring the whole of what is first-rate within a brief period of weeks and an easy effort. As to the people, they will become more or less entitled to a separate interest, according to the improvement and improved popularity of their government. And upon that will depend much of the comfort, much even of the safety, to be looked for by tourists. The prospects at present are not brilliant. A government and a court, drawn from a needy aristocracy like the Bavarian, are not suited to a needy people, struggling with the difficulties of a new colony. However, we will hope for the best. And for the tourist in *Greece as it is*, perhaps Mr. Mure's work is the best fitted for popularity. He touches all things sufficiently, but exhausts none. And we add, very sincerely, this antithesis, as due to him, that of what may be called personal guides, or those who maintain a current of personal interest in their adventures, or in the selecting from their private experience, he is the most learned; whilst of learned guides he is, in the sense explained, the most amusingly personal.

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